

Windows and Doorways

Owen

bad backs and hardwood floors
i'm so sick of waking up sore
not knowing where i am
and this was a lot of fun
when the music meant something to someone
that didn't have a girlfriend
well somehow, getting out the same way that the earth moves around the sun
i won't stray too far, or be gone too long windows and doorways, i don't know which way
to leave this room because i'm afraid of heights
and i'm afraid of you tonight
those striped socks and punk rock pajamas
some ways i changed, in most ways i'm the same for better or worse i can't say
only time will tell
like an addict, i'm cursed in a good way
i've done it so long and i'm not sure how not to the same way that the earth moves around the sun will be gravity
pulls on everyone
dead beats and dead friends
my god, when will it end?

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