

# Laboratory

## Waxwing

You can spend your life, trying to reach the highest  
But know, most planes make awful boats,  
So sink to the lowest of the low,  
Hello, I've made my home in the second guess, Always second best  
The taste of my skin, is purest bitterness. Till I remember january may be cold and wet here,  
someone's singing summer songs in Australia  
It seems each new day, has got a job to do,  
to take its days worth of pain  
Out of me and you. Tireless Traveler, I don't care anymore how I appear  
Tireless Traveler, Things are going to be different around here Let the sunlight shine to give me distrustful eyes  
I've seen happiness before, I know what it means man,  
I know how it looks ya.  
More eerie irregular than it was when I was a kid  
It's teaching me a constant lesson in how to keep learning nothing.

Lyrics provided by

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