

# Meeting Again for the First Time

## Poison the Well

Barely able to keep the lids open  
At times I might think I need the rest  
But who would want to go back there? It's already hard enough to say I need it  
Bad memories and good times  
Keep me from believing that I can still jump off No longer, no longer the same  
You grow accustomed to seeing  
The sun in a different location Standing still becomes a chore  
Anxious to get the pavement moving The easy solution to this  
And everything else is to move on  
It comes equipped with the last word They find ways to drag you along  
And dismantle what you created It's already hard enough to say I need it  
Bad memories and good times  
Keep me from believing that I can still jump off No longer, no longer the same  
You grow accustomed to seeing  
The sun in a different location Standing still becomes a chore  
Anxious to get the pavement moving  
Happiness is not having to lie on the floor dead alone Happiness is not having to

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