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 offNo longer, no longer the same
You grow accustomed to seeing
The sun in a different locationStanding still becomes a chore
Anxious to get the pavement movingThe easy solution to this
And everything else is to move on
It comes equipped with the last wordThey find ways to drag you along
And dismantle what you createdIt's already hard enough to say I need it
Bad memories and good times
Keep me from believing that I can still jump offNo longer, no longer the same
You grow accustomed to seeing
The sun in a different locationStanding still becomes a chore
Anxious to get the pavement moving
Happiness is not having to lie on the floor dead aloneHappiness is not having to

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