

On Jet Lag

Pinegrove

don't tell me that the west has won
we worked hard to reverse that notion
closer than anyone, but we're not for each other, no
i've got to crack my eyes to watch the wind blow
Cat's Cradle is a fable, we all know that
soon as i can i will slide that under the table
i met your mother and you father & I liked them
they bicker the way we bicker
the way we bicker
a black cat just snuck up on me
activities and distractions are my remedy
you're writing by lamp light, you're writing by the moon rise
a stark contrast to the Montclairian buzz skies
Cat's Cradle is a fable, we all know that
Soon as i can i will slide that under the table
i met your mother and you father & i liked them
they bicker the way we bicker
back when our blood was thicker than oil
& the soil was in every spark & every pore
& everything
my departure made my nerves sting
it's leaving a person place or thing you know you shouldn't
on jet lag: i'm past that
plainly, none of this is that bad
he said, 'let me be clear this woman's crazy'
i caught a glimpse of your truth as you turned to me
& it was kind & it was stubborn, just like i'd like mine to be
so i will dissuade, i will just sleep
i can be patient, probably
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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