

# Sketchbooks

## On My Honor

We have one week left  
And damn, I love these accents  
But, my God, I miss my bed  
And reading signs I understand  
I still do love this  
And I said I could keep it up  
Though I knew that it'd be rough  
Maybe I didn't understand  
There are nights I'd rather stay at home  
In the floor with my friends  
Singing songs that embarrass us all  
From the times when we first met  
I'm keeping sketchbooks again  
But they're less pages than spine  
As every body's newer chapters  
Keep me grasping at mine  
If I were only two inches shorter  
I'd sleep so perfectly in this van  
But my head stays full, while my body is sore  
Six feet of puny arms and nightmares  
Five years on top of wheels  
Breaking my back in this floor  
For glorified ideas of home  
That I know, simply don't exist anymore  
I'm keeping sketchbooks again  
But they're less pages than spine  
As every body's newer chapters  
Keep me grasping at mine  
Wrecked my own nerves  
Twisted and bent into the worst positions  
Who could I expect to love  
A mangled man with expired ambitions  
Despite the weather being overcast, I'll keep sunglasses on  
For the first two of this ten hour drive  
Let me cope through this backseat view of capitols  
Listening to all the songs  
That made me want to be here in the first place  
Let me cope through this backseat view of capitols  
Listening to any song  
That made me want to be here in the first place  
I'm keeping sketchbooks again  
But they're less pages than spine  
As every body's newer chapters  
Keep me grasping at mine