

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

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