

Pothole

Modern Baseball

The fossils of my footsteps will be unearthed at a far off date, unknown
Impressed in concrete from walking home alone after walking you home
And the mops of greasy hair will romanticize my despair
But they wont know that I didn't care
I like the silence, I like the empty streets
Crawl down on my hands and knees in a heartbeat if I had to
I owe 'em that at the very least The map had faded out but I could have sworn I noted every stride
I guess the rain hit before the ink had dried
And where i thought id be was not what I perceived
Assessing the progress from beneath your sheets
That's why I need the silence, I need the empty streets
Just as bad as they don't need me
Its a sick, sad, sham of a marriage
But its all there is, its all I need
I can be everything you need if you make me
I can be every crack in your concrete if you let me off easy
I can be easily deceived if you want that
But you are the ember of my heart, whether you like that or not
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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