

Makeshift

The Cyclist

So should I try and repair the ruined
Our makeshift ways now run too deep
And with our tongues twist-tied
These false conclusions
Are hanging on every word that we say
Trust me to feed you lies like you want me to
Trust me to close my eyes and pretend you never looked at me straight
Trust me...
Low am I
To share this proven
Makeshift way to let things be
Well, I'll offer up just one solution
Let your guard down

Become irate
[chorus]Slow down, slow down
Numb me from inside out
What now, what now
Wake up just to lay down
I'm sinking in the sand
Go on
Sink down
Then sink deeper
[chorus]

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