

Mix Tapes/Cellmates

Rocky Votolato

I am a prisoner in the sunlight
You are my cellmate in the darkness
There's a box full of mix tapes with titles you came up with
They can show us where we came from but not how to get back there
Listening to the songs can't heal my broken fingers
It's just weight for the anchor to keep your ship here Goldfish crackers in a zip-lock bag
In a gas station garbage can
I'm filling up this evening so I won't have to at 6am
On my way into work but that could have been me
Working behind that counter on the curb there smoking
We're really not that different just a few steps from exploding Now I'm serving time
'Till I've earned the right
To go back to the place where we started from
Now I'm serving time
'Till I've earned the right
Baby I swear one day we'll get the money straight I am a prisoner in the sunlight
You are my cellmate in the darkness
I just hope I wake up before this streetlight changes
You know this world is eating him alive
But you just can't find the metaphor to describe
The bottle of pills and the emptiness in the soft light

Songwriters

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