Local Language

Into It. Over It.

I'm always struggling to find the best place to start.
I'm always in the in between and where the car is parked,
but then you made yourself clear:
A high court of common low rent judicial peers.
So I swore off your local language and started backing off.Well, it's one wall missing where there should be four.
Your trust fund tipping off a common score.
A treasure for who does your saving,
a keep where your father's accounting has balanced the checks on the uneven floor,
as I swore off your local language and started backing off.I guess it's easy to be so pleasantly pleased when it's Dad's autograph always signing the lease.
So now I'm backing off.I'm so friggin' sick of always backing off.I'm always struggling to find the best place to stay.
I'm always in the in-between of a parking space,
while you're projecting on favors annulled talking shit with expressions you stole from the face of a dollar who's earning your pay. So I swore off your local language and started backing off.I guess it's easy to say that we're not the same wheen the real world is out there but can't carry your weight.

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