Subconscious

.Hroptr.

On one hand, I'm walking
The way that I do
Looking like I'm lost in thought
But I'm looking for you
It's so subconscious
The way that I feel
Too bad my subconscious life
Is the more real
And I ain't in the best shape
That I've ever been in
But I know where I'm going
It ain't where I've been
I know where I'm going
And it ain't where I've been
Some kind of anxiety
Has gotten hold of my heart
And I just wanna run home
When I feel it start
Plastic bottles of water
Sealed windows, forced air
And gazillions of cell phones
Beaming through my hair
And I ain't in the best shape
That I've ever been in
But I know where I'm going
And it ain't where I've been
I know where I'm going
And it ain't where I've been
Tossing and turning
Between sleepless dreams
And I'm poised on the edge of
What it all means
So I turn my back
And I spread my arms wide
And I let myself fall in
Way deep inside
And I ain't in the best shape
That I've ever been in
But I know where I'm going

And it ain't where I've been
I know where I'm going
And it ain't where I've been

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