Tragic

Grieves

[Verse 1:]They say that lightning never strikes twice
In the same spot when it's landed
You ought to see the thundercloud I'm trapped in
Head down looking for a tactic
Trying to find a way up out the gravity around me
I'm attached to stuck
Floating on luck like a river raft was
Spitting up love like it's ipecac
If in fact there's a quicker path to diminish that
I'm a get a first class ticket just to finish last
Often, who's watching, chip another crooked ass tooth on my options
The blues never had a use for it's caution
And cut right through me like a razor bladed harsh wind
Yeah, I guess I'm living off a habit,
And digging up graves just to reseal the casket
Bold-faced, marching to the middle of the havoc
Just so I can sing a song about it all
Tragic
[Hook:]You act like this can save me, hey hey hey
You act like I don't know, you don't know
I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me,
But I don't really know
[Verse 2:]I don't know no more my brother, me and my blue sensitivities
Look at all that this music has given me
Intimately in tune with my misery
I can spin bad news to a symphony
I ain't a boy in a bubble, I'm a man in touch with my joy and my trouble
Got a fighting chance at love in this ugliness,
I think hope deserves to know what she's up against
Blues and 12s I write 24s, life's twice as hard, fighting with the cards
Those chosen the moment we were born

Highs and lows, joys and woes, they're yours
Chase the blues and one day you're gonna catch them
Sing em all you want, you gonna wish you never met them
Humming the ballad of the paper-thin jacket
Trapped in the rain again
Tragic
[Hook:]You act like this can save me, hey hey hey

You act like I don't know, you don't know
I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me,
But I don't really know
[Verse 3:]I don't know what the deal is,
But lately I've been looking through a thick glass
Squinting just to see the smidgen of the kickbacks
My little ticker only flickers with a mishap
And lashes out at me every time that I admit that
Look at what I did with the ashes,
Smoking in the boy's room, ditching out of classes
Hands full of shattered stained glass with a grasp tight around it
Just enough to make a couple wounds last
As scars, medals, rose pedals,
Scattered on the path like it's Hansel and Gretel
Burn from the water I splash from the kettle
In efforts to make a documentation of what I went through
Hell, I guess I'm playing from the attic,
Pulling up the floorboards, digging up the hatchet
Firm footed, standing in the middle of the static
Just so I can sing a song about it all
Tragic
[Hook:]You act like this can save me, hey hey hey
You act like I don't know, you don't know
I act like I've gone crazy, and all of this can save me,
But I don't really know

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