

Basements

Jared Hart

Packed up, drawn out
I'm waiting in the car
Your flood, my drought
It was in the cards
We're falling apart
It's gonna be bad, gonna be bad I get it
Have you lost your--
It's gonna be bad, gonna be bad I get it
Have you lost your mind?
It's a tale as old as time
Been written down in lines
With the waters in your eyes
He's turning water into wine
With our bodies intertwined
I know you're mine
I'll be there. I'll be there.
Feet first, dead last
I'm wondering who you're with
This warm heart's gonna
Keep getting me in trouble
Your cold heart's gonna get me
Out of it
It's gonna be bad, gonna be bad I get it
Have you lost your--
It's gonna be bad, gonna be bad I get it
Have you lost your mind?
It's a tale as old as time
Been written down in lines
With the waters in your eyes
He's turning water into wine
With our bodies intertwined
I know you're mine
I'll be there. I'll be there.
When you say that you wanna go home
Does it mean back where you came from?

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