

# Vines

## Hippo Campus

I see meaning where you don't, where you don't  
I see waves of pastel orange and yellow paintings fire  
I see futures that you won't, that you won't  
I see futures where our nights are lost to condensation  
Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air  
Searching for a meaning  
Passed out on the concrete  
Dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving  
I'm sick of your come downs  
Sick of your truce  
Sick of your way  
I'm sick of your tragedy that's living in our status  
I'm sick of your echoes  
Sick of these ghosts that haunt our place  
I get a feeling that I'll never leave this house again  
Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air  
Searching for a meaning  
Passed out on the concrete  
Dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving  
Everybody's leaving  
Everybody's leaving Failed by design, slow your pace down to mine  
Watch my back, heave a sigh  
Keep it safe, make it right Failed by design, slow your pace down to mine  
Watch my back, heave a sigh  
Keep it safe, make it right  
Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings  
Running through the cold air  
Searching for a meaning  
Passed out on the concrete  
Dizzy from the spinning  
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving  
Everybody's leaving  
Everybody's leaving

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.