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 condensationNight 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 leavingI'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 leavingFailed by design, slow your pace down to mine
Watch my back, heave a sigh
Keep it safe, make it rightFailed 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.

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