

Garden State

Tin Spirits

The garden state has never looked so pitiful and gray
As I awake to the garbage left today
I hope they take all of my old mistakes
'Cause I can't seem to shake them on my own
My eye it spins when I look at the mirror
Glancing at the man I see, with daggers for his eyes
I build my castles up in the skies
So when it rains, they melt away with shame
Here I am looking down at the bottom of the glasses
It's all my fault that I need a sign like shooting stars
To help connect the dots and turn my cuts into scars
Oh, all of my fears are getting checked by the medicine I
take
All other guys just gather rumors of decent
There will be a riot in my heart soon
It wants to be beneath the open sky
Here I am looking down at the bottom of the glasses
It's all my fault that I need a sign like shooting stars
To help connect the dots and turn my cuts into scars
My regrets are what keep me still alive
I need to make up for all the lies
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