

# 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 ownMy 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 shameHere 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 scarsOh, 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 skyHere 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 scarsMy regrets are what keep me still alive  
I need to make up for all the lies  
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It's all my fault that I need a sign like shooting stars  
To help connect the dots and turn my cuts into scarsMy regrets are what keep me still alive  
I need to make up for all the lies

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