In Tune

Small Brown Bike

i'm picking and tuning, but i can't get in tune with myself.
everything i do i end up thinking about you.
i'm scraping and crawling, i chose that road myself.
i slammed the door in my face, i want to fix it.
i don't know anything today make me numb my friend.
twisting and tying knots makes it hard for me to breath.
i want to know something, untie the knots that bind.
i want to be strong my friend, i want to breath.
tell me i'm wrong and i'm far from it, i can't loosen the grip.
take your hands off my throat everything i do i end up thinking about you.
give me broken glass instead of all the answers.
sincerity runs strong through me, i'll hold onto it.
won't you tell me and hold me, won't you tell me everything from the radio tonight.
i slept on the floor, just waiting screaming at myself, "do you love her tonight?"

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