

Ninety-Six Brakelights

Over It

sleepless nights end back at tuesday morning
they insult every dream i might have had till i get used to all this breathing
recalling walking distance in the summer sun
dotted lines to window panes and telephones
so we spent sunrise face down in the sand
and still found our way sweat drenched and weary
ask me how i thought we played
and whether tomorrow night will be the same
understand this is my chance to be
"these days have meant the most to me.
understand something my friend," he said
"these days have meand the most to me."
with brakelights relationships have gone
but these days still mean the most to me

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