Eleven To Your Seven

Hey Mercedes

A complicated sunset
Sets the mood within the room
All bets are up and
We keep looking down
To try and find
The will to turn this around.I spent the last three months
In mental traction
Woeing all I could forsee
I slept myself free and
Cursed at all awake
The medicine I'd take.I broke down
On the train to southtown
Midway inbound
Eleven to your seven
I held out
Carrying this crutch around
Angry words came rushing out
Eleven to your seven.Now I could pound on the keys so hard and
Make the mallets slap the strings and
Pump the pedals till I'm breathless and
Sing off key and
Wouldn't that be just like me?Now people in the back yell hey
When they see me today
I got a smile so wide it stems offstage
They say go go you gone soul and
For all I know
They now know
Oh no.You broke down
As I tore the pages out
During all the painful parts
Eleven to your seven
You held out
Carrying your diary around
Angry ink came rushing out
Eleven to your seven.So we finished the night and
We laud the long ride
Because it leads to my own bed
So at least tonight
My head will be alright.We broke down

Miles out of Morgantown
A midnight rainstorm crashing down
Not one breathing soul around
Eleven to your seven.

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