Cinderblock

A Day At The Fair

the weight of the past is cloudy as if it's been raining, and this sunny city life is held in empty hands, the pacific is looking so wonderful tonight, with a cinderblock and a rope tied to my ankle it's closer than this twelve pack of medicine impairing the thought to the life I'm living in...
well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up what I've been fighting close your eyes and make believe I'm there
the hits have all come back now, as if they've been waiting, for indifference to settle itself into my soul, and this skyline is looking so wonderful tonight, under stars I fall forgetting, in a bed I'll never make without you sleeping next to me giving me just enough room left to breathe one more day...
well I'm all alone and your out of luck and I'm giving up what I've been fighting close your eyes and make believe I'm there
in my lonely, ill fated dream of life I've lived to hate by now it's our's somehow
I can fall asleep believing, I can understand and know it I can close my eyes and say it's over, it's over now

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