

Paint's Peeling

[Rilo Kiley](#)

The paint's peeling off the streets again
And I drive and I close my eyes in Michigan.
And I feel nothing, not brave.
It's a hard day for breathing again....The heat is chasing off all your friends
And their scattered bodies part to the shore again.
And I feel nothing, not sane.
It's a hard day for dreaming again....I'm not going back to the assholes that made me
And the perfect display of random acts of hopelessness.
I wish I could stay here but I think we're all ready.
I think we're all ready....And I feel nothing, not safe.
It's a hard day for dreaming again....

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