

Floorspace

Falling Sickness

crusty eyes and greasy grins
inhaling smoke from the valve gasket again
coffee 4am, drunk again by noon
shit stained couch through the midwest
blasting 80's tunes
ups and downs, vague smiles and frowns
in a van they last forever
complications take control
when you're not so clever
what matters now is floorspace
inside jokes and sleeveless t-shirt tans
cardgames I'll never understand
14 cents, cue ball in hand
laughing at all the latebreak bands
drugs are boring, the world's exploding
sometimes nothing's ever changing
I swore I'd never grow up
sick and slowly aging
what matters now is floorspace
one more city, another name
I can't quite put the face to
four digits to a club, we're 2 hours late to
one quick set with no soundcheck
but no here's nostalgic yet
I thought I had this life figured out
I'm dumber than the dumbest fuck
so full of complex feelings
and so shit out of luck
what matters now is floorspace

Lyrics provided by

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