Groundswell

Rapoon

We're all dying in the living room
Wait on this life that's not yours
I've been looking in windows
I figure there's one good person on every block
I found only signs of life within these dead end streets
I left my mark with dry erase
So fucking drunk at 3 am
I've been moving, moving
Now I'm anchored, anchored
Drowning in options
I'm going to war
With couches and routine
And myself
All these cities I should have never left
All the times I shouldn't have let you wait up on me
I left my mark with dry erase
So fucking drunk at 3 am
I've been walking, walking
In my sleep
Drowning in options
We're all dying in the living room
Wait on this life that's not yours
I've been breathing under open skies
Keep moving because it feels so right

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