# Under The Boards

## Saves The Day

I want to crawl into the ground and not come out
For 37 years, when my life runs out
A demon in my mouth that spits words out
Let everybody hate me, make me kill myself
I want to lie below the weight of the sky
And then I'll rise above the earth in a hurricane
Spun into the wind with the whirling rain
Reach into the top of a blackened sky
Screaming as I fall to the earth to die
I want to lie below the weight of the sky

So into the basement and under the boards, I'll go (whoa, whoa)
To live with the leeches that lurk in the undertow (whoa, whoa)
I want to rot all the roots of the rest of the life above (whoa, whoa)
And I will not rise
So into the basement and under the boards, I'll go (whoa, whoa)
To live with the leeches that lurk in the undertow (whoa, whoa)
I want to rot all the roots of the rest of the life above (whoa, whoa)
And then I'll wait as the world wilts and nothing is left but smoke (whoa, whoa)
Ha ha ha ha ha
I will not rise.

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