

# Grenada

## Kind of Like Spitting

City spread below us from the hill. The weather white gypsy town looks to be natural still. Someone made it real one day. Someone built a downtown mall but didn't sign their name. [something] Cars become our castles sidewalks open into moats. No one walks and talks a lot anymore. So we gather round fatefully where we can hear, nothing felt, nothing found. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times through the night. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times through the night. Beauty worn with age is timeless still. Can't fill my heart 'cause I can't get my fill. And the crimes that I commit against myself. Patience wanes and I embrace the patience that is fear. Bitter pill. Sit alone at home and wait for you. Seems like what a lonely man should do. As if lovelorn, taken from a film. Pencil in an actress with a paragraph. How I may find peace and meaning still in a little retreat just beyond these hills. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times through the night. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times through the night. I have to tell myself I'm having fun way too many times through the night.

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