

22a

Like Pacific

Settle in this house that's not my home
I chose a place that I kept close
You're living care free, but can you help me
I'll be the one who sees you most
Your hands don't work, I suffer too
But not as much as you
Cause you can't pick and choose
Move from the couch to your bed that night
I never got to say goodbye
Do this laundry list of things
They don't have time but neither do we
I bend over backwards to know that I can
Then why the hell do I feel sad
I hope the views is as good as it sounds
Cause I don't believe in heaven
But we're wasting time in this hell
An unlocked door is questioning
I hear no footsteps in my head
I threw flowers on your casket, they were purchased by my friends
The lack of company is killing me
I know this sorrow too shall pass, but now it's time to make my bed
Don't wait for me, you can turn off the
lights and lay as still as you sleep
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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