

# No EQ

## Into It. Over It.

Born too late  
You'll always find my interests remain intact just behind the times  
A waste of space  
Inspired sound and blueprints, but piece by piece, they all fall in line  
To what has been addressed as what you've  
been after man  
It's just like me to recover, one another, I'm another  
Impressed by how I've balanced out  
Leveled up and laying down on the concrete beside your house  
So can you trace this distance from me to you so  
I could etch this on my spine?  
Replace my face with just a blurry memory, you must be kidding me, my busted mouth, I've come to find less  
creative ways to speak my mind  
And you've messed with with what you've been after man  
It's just like me to recover, one another, I'm another  
Impressed by how we've balanced out  
Leveled up and laying down down Nostalgia's been strumming loud  
On the concrete beside your house  
Nostalgia's been strumming loud  
On the concrete beside your house  
My aching brain doesn't process things the same  
At 30, muscles fade, but in 20 years, I've barely changed  
Does this check list for the restless paint the evening scene of what you took from me?  
An aching brain doesn't process things the same  
At 30, muscles fade, in 20 years how you have changed  
An aching brain doesn't focus quite the same  
As 30 minutes fade into 20 years, how could I change?  
An aching brain doesn't process things the same  
At 30, muscles fade, in 20 years how you have changed  
An aching brain doesn't focus quite the same  
As 30 minutes fade into 20 years, how could I change?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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