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 lineTo 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 houseSo 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 houseMy 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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