

Good Morning

Taproot

Scraping film away your eyes awake to quite the sight
a strobing TV static flares the neon motel light
a tray of ash so full
a candle burns at both it's ends
a stack of empty bottles posing in the corner as your friends
this place is a scene and now you believe
this place is obscene, and you gotta leave
"Good Morning" sir the sirens plead as they go laughing by
through the pane they bleed urgency inside
the smell of failed attempts and bad decisions
now only to fill your lungs

the taste of bitter sweet guilt now resides on your tongue
this place is a scene and now you believe
dig your bearings up from beneath the sweaty sheets
to find the scary freezing holy carpet at your feet
rise away from last nights tomb to see more in the view
the resting place of many resonates the morning dew
find yourself now reaching out for what is real
your sense of self belongs in a few belongings you can feel
a broken necklace hugs a lonesome matchbook at the seams
an empty wallet shows a picture that you've never seen
this place is a scene and now you believe
this place is obscene, and you gotta leave

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