

Passed Out

White Apple Tree

I wait at a doorway with a single gate
Watching whatever came on the screen
Mood swings from the lack of any healthy sleep
I pray to connect with you in anyway

Now I'm lying, now I'm lying
On the sofa passed out
Now I'm lying, now I'm lying
On the sofa passed out

I change but I can't keep up with fever pains
Waiting in a fist I'm hard to calculate
I think with my friends because I'm wide awake
Driving in a binary reality

Now I'm lying, now I'm lying
On a driveway passed out
Now I'm lying, now I'm lying
On a driveway passed out

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