Crooked Floors

Comeback Kid

If I had the ability
I'd filter my vision, I'd rather not to see
Take me out of the picture
Take me out of the pictureI don't know how to do this right
We've hammered the point, now it's just a drag
Take me out of the picture
Take me out of the pictureOr you could feed me
'Cause I don't want closure
Feed me
'Cause I don't want closureHow long do I envision myself
Turning up on these crooked floors?
Wrestling stability
Grasping on to anchor in without a planI, I guess I've gotta spin it right
We're, we're rather mixed up in the primeI've gotta spin it right
Who am I kidding? I don't have the time
I'm turning up late for it
You're never gonna sit and just wait for meI see it backed up, set in a row
When I have a moment I'll let you know
I'm turning up late for it
You're never gonna sit and just wait for meWhile I'm waiting the next parade
Too little, too late
I thought I warned you yesterday
While I'm living, I'm chasing
I'm waiting for the next parade
Don't know if I fit the model anywayI'm waiting for the next
I'm waiting for the nextI've gotta spin it right
We're rather mixed up in the prime
I'm turning up late for it
You're never gonna sit and just wait for meI've gotta spin it right
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