

Jagged

Old 97's

What remains of the day remains to be seen
By the TV that we never turn on
Each other's enough I never had it so rough
Ever since I been gone

White noise swells in my head
Making me worry it's the summertime
But it's the dead of the fall
It's the dead of the night hell yes I mind

I would give anything not to feel so jagged
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I couldn't drink enough to make this make sense
But I think I'm gonna give it a try
There's no settling down
There's only driving downstate so I drive

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