

12:03

Against Me!

12:03 PM on a Sunday morning,
I'm waiting on this girl to call me.
I'm learning to roll cones a little better.
Everything today will have a pineapple back.
And I've made a lot of miles this year
But the miles don't mean much when they always cycle me back to
you.
Always tethered like a toy to your finger.
You walk me like a dog and I'm sick of rolling over.

Now I'm swinging broad and wide and random,
Whatever direction takes me away from you,
That's the direction I wanna head in.

Living in range to haunt
Thankful for the friends I've got

I want what I want, not what you've got to give to me,
Well maybe that's naivety, but as long as I'm still breathing
I prefer to live a little bit reckless.
Whatever takes the edge off and alleviates the swelling.
Well you only ever really know you're living
You're totally sure that you're dying.
Maybe we get where we wanna go. I don't know. Fuck it.
Maybe the earth opens up and swallows us whole

Well if I got to learn to stand and then I'm pretty sure
That I can work myself up into a run.
And I'll keep heading your direction.

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Sometimes you gotta get a little high to get some new perspective.
If there's a chance I could share the view with you.
And I keep waiting for you to call.

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