

Daylight in the east over Thunder Bay.
You laugh like you're crazy.
Wading through a drowsy communique
As I blow smoke off the second floor.
Scribble what you do, erasing what you'll quit.
Since you don't leave the house, I'm it.
You're a jigsaw puzzle but none of the pieces fit.

The Fuller House is a place to hide when traffic gets backed up
outside.
Just close the blinds before they break your heart in two.
We block out the sun 'cause it shows too much;
There's bottles we've still never touched.
Nothing beats having nothing else to do.

Talking to the trees, remember what I said - "you're kind of amazing"
- and I still got your voice buzzing in my head
As I make the climb up Dorseto Hill.
Up a sleeping street and into 303.
Want more of you rubbed off on me
So for the summer months I'll just get marked absentee.