

Loopholes

Close Lobsters

I discovered it was just a position
Of red and it sorted out
A theater as big as a cathedral
But when I went out, my shoulders caved in

Speak to myself (as old as you know)
It'll never get better, why bother?
And rule out the possibility to walk back home
Speak to no one

Anna took the edge off of it
Can't believe just what you're saying
Broke a six inch nail through my hand
It swelled up like a beach ball
There's light at the end of tunnel vision
Fireworks can be reconquered
With acrobatic precision
Pure mind-bend

I discovered it was just a position
Speak to myself as old as you know
It'll never get better, why bother?
And rule out the possibility to walk back home
Speak to no one

Everything turns 'round in circles
Most things are best left unsaid

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I discovered it was just a position
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I discovered it was out of proportion