

## Walking In Place

Colette Carr

Friday night, bottle of wine, all to myself yeah  
You could tell, I am not myself, yeah  
We could talk, I'd rather not, cause I'm sick of arguing  
Cause you and I are night and day, we've got nothing in common

It get's worse the harder that we try  
We try to make it better

How many times can you do this?  
I can take one step more, but then just step back two  
Don't you realize that we're not going anywhere fast?  
No we're just barely walking in place  
Barely walking in place

People change, remember when, you knew all about me?  
It's safe to say, that you don't, fucking understand me  
You told me so, if that's the case, then I should've listened  
But why complain? No one to blame for what feels like quicksand

It get's worse the harder that we try  
We try to make it better

How many times can you do this?  
I can take one step more,, but then just step back two  
Don't you realize that we're not going anywhere fast?  
No we're just barely walking in place  
Barely walking in place

Well I walked into a glass sliding door  
Because it all seemed way to clear  
But I guess you somehow opened up  
There's nowhere to go from here

How many times can you do this?  
I can take one step more,, but then just step back two, no  
Don't you realize that we're not going anywhere fast?  
No we're just barely walking in place  
Barely walking in place  
[x2]