

My Own Captain

Handguns

There's nothing left for me in this sleeping town,
I'm leaving tonight and I won't see you around.
I'll run run until my tires go bald,
clock me out and ignore my calls.
I know that you think I'm sinking,
the trench I'm digging is growing deep.
But I would rather inhale dirt and water,
than let roots grow beneath my feet.
On the open road or on the open water,
I don't remember how to get home.
All the years wasted, all the time I spent.
Hope you get it, hope you comprehend.
Sell all my things, burn down my home.
We don't need help because we're going alone.
I'll pound my fists until my knuckles bleed,
we won't give in, we won't admit defeat.