

The Lake House

Hidden in Plain View

Looking down, all the lights are blinking in my head.
We're almost done,
And it's too cold to go out off into the unknown,
That I once called my home.
It's been so long.

And every moment bleeds into one, bleeds into one.
We're all falling apart, falling apart
We are.

I sat down to the seat, I'm shaking.
Held on by my fingernails breaking off.
In the air, I'm alone.
My thoughts I know,
Cause I can't keep my head up off the wheel.
My eyes awake I'm

Every moment bleeds into one, bleeds into one.
We're all falling apart, falling apart
We are.

So count on me for a lifetime of shame.
Am I home?
Count on me to bleed it into one.
I'll get myself back home.

Count on me.