

"More and more and more she said
On a flat-back Tuesday in the wintertime
When you were ten miles gone and flying high
Not minding you could not even see the ground
Dropshot and deep-six of a little king
Oh your mind blank now with the turn of her back
On everything you too quickly gave up too soon
To be salvaged but it's alright
It's the same old thing
It's the old familiar rythm
Of your hollow heart
So hasty heart hangs now on every word and motion
Thought and action rolling from her hands
Saying what she said and what she did really matters
In the simple fact that I am nothing more than an
Open-hearted, heavy-handed dreamer of a man
Who wanted not much today-not ever
Wanted not much ever but just enough to get by awhile
And feel a little bit more than alright
It's the same old thing
It's the old familiar rythm
Of your hollow heart"