

Livid

Jawbox

She walks forward and over and over and backward.
She walks forward and over and over and backward.
This meeting takes on a life of its own,
and my position is: thought; less and it goes.
Forward and over and over and back.
Thoughtless and it goes.

Caught left hand right away,
and laughing heard her want to say she swore she'd rather stay.

Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.
Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.

Thoughtless and it goes.
Forward and over and over and back.

Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.
Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is:
from graceless to grateful is so much to wait for.
A boxstep prayer we don't perform,
more like commit it.

Forward and over and over and back.
Feels like an idiot's holiest act.
Not so much taking a life of its own as taking the given.

Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.
Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.

Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.
Livid I am on top of the world,
and my position is.