

# The Life of the Party Has Left the Building

Less Than Jake

The cycle circles, stalls, then spins.  
Describes the current state I'm in.  
It's like a nose dive then a crash,  
With all my blackouts and scraped hands.  
It's in the words caught in my throat.  
It's in the how did I get home?  
I'd like to sleep my life away.  
But I'd just wake up years too late.