

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.