

I Live My Life A Quarter Mile At A Time

Look Mexico

A quarter closer to the end
And you sit stone cold, alone
Thinking things cannot possibly get worse
The neutral walls that won't forgive
The jutting concrete furniture
What could have been's flushed out
By flashing white and blue

You had eight or nine up you
Getting home was love to you
Instead got three initials added to your name
A picture taken from inside
All the charm and the lines
Won't help you reconvert
From what you've done this time

Just when you think
That I can't believe this is happening to me
It does
It happens to you

Used to believe
You're spinning freely
Loving me requires a key
Left to bathe in your mistakes
Loaded with hypocrisy
I promise you'll see
That this is never happening to me
Because I live
I live right now
And I can't see
I can't see
See past the thought
That nothing will ever happen to me
So when it does
I won't see
I won't see
Won't see the truth that has been sitting
Right next to me

Just when you think
I can't believe this is happening to me
It does
Trust me, it happens to all of us