

Lead, SD

Manchester Orchestra

There are parts of me just stuck inside the grocery
In the produce aisle with the dead beats
Rustling trying to look busy but they're high like me

There are parts of you, I see you argue with yourself and I think you
're crazy, really
We're both running out of days, I pray you get by like me

This is temporary, I just heard I'm gonna be a dad
South Dakota, every winter someone loses it
I'm lost without a single clue as to where I'm headed
I wait for her because without her I'm gonna sink

Would you marry me? Repeat repeat
There's no clarity tomorrow
I'm not even trying to swat those demons away from me

Is it temporary? I don't think I want to be a dad
Nobody knew today would be the day he loses it
I'm lost without a single clue as to where I'm headed
I look for her because without her I'm going to sink

The snow is piling up, our temporary grid
It was just like this, this time last year
There's nothing in the wind, just white up to the trees
And it's been that way for eternity

The grocery, Elise, thirteen, was buried by your arrow
Steep shriek of the softball team, it reminds me

Will you pray for me? Repent, repeat
I'm a clock and a balance beam
If I die there's nothing I keep that reminds me

Microscopic specks of love being raptured to you
I heard a sound that was paranormal
Must've thought I had begged him to bury me
Bleeding out, better buy one to get one

The snow is piling up, our temporary grid
It was just like this, this time last year
There's nothing in the wind, just white up to the trees
And it's been that way for eternity

The time has come to abide by your folly
It's so unusually bright for the scene
You are the blood in my blood, you pretender
It took your blood on my blood to believe