can I be excused
from what I was doing but what was I doing
I need to buckle up
we make noise so pretty that closing time is only
a matter of time

as far as I'm concerned we lost by a landslide and I think that just might keep pissing me off I didn't see it coming I never see it coming not even this time

isn't a wake-up call
supposed to tell you something
call me again sometime
because now I just learned nothing
you need to explain
to me over coffee why you said this could be
the worst day of the year

as far as I'm concerned
I won't get into the fact we turned into
a couple of ghosts
yearning to burn and yearning to rise and
yet locked in time and space

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