

I'm circling the drain
With all my problems in hand
Well I gotta' pretty good hand I'd say
But these new caskets crack the same

The first few stones are the worst
They fall in unnoticed
And scare you for more than they're worth
And all at once you will not hear your own words

Closet weather at best and you're a victim
You say we're all in the basket
But it's so fun
To remind us over and over again

Time's a wasting so now I must be leaving
I'm crawling outside
In the same way that I creped in
And the rain falls down and it's heavy on my eye lids
Pulled to the ground down the fucking drain

Maybe it's just my luck
But I got a spotless record
Maybe it's harder to stay
And we got it all wrong from the start
Maybe it's all in the cards
Or just an excuse for playing
Maybe it's all in our hearts
Maybe I don't know what I'm saying

I'm circling the drain
But I'm picking these bones up
Cause man, they don't live there today
And I don't want to hear the fibers crack

Cause God knows I'd rather die than be dying
It's not a clich', no sir it is a logical preference
Because the way things were this year
Makes me think how good it all could be
And how well it could end

Maybe it's just my luck
But I got a spotless record
Maybe it's harder to stay
And we got it all wrong from the start
Maybe it's all in the cards
Or just an excuse for playing
Maybe it's all in our hearts
Maybe I don't know what I'm saying