

Mileage

Neck Deep

"The last place I want to be is home"
Is what they all say,
They say it like they know

But every road leads home,
And every exit takes somewhere I don't know
And every city says it's burnt itself out,
Everybody wants to be more than a face in the crowd

Pull me out from beneath
Concrete paths and fallen leaves,
You can lay here in the moss
Choose to fall in line,
I've been laying in the dark
Think I'll be just fine
Pull me out from beneath
Wasted time and stressful weeks,
You can lay here in the moss
I will bide my time,
Cause I've been laying in the dark
Trying to get things right

And it tears me apart
How we knew from the start of the year
These would be our last days
But what makes you think that your ship won't sink?
You can run, but inside it will feel the same

Inside it will feel the same
Don't let it keep you awake
Don't let it tear you apart at the seams

And you will find a piece of mind underneath the doubt
The light will dim and we will grow but it won't burn out
Don't let the weight on your shoulders drag you down
Just let me know the next time you're back in town