

3 Month Weekend

No Use for a Name

It's a Thursday morning, four a.m.
and you won't let me go
if tomorrow comes I guess I'll never know
even in the darkest hour it's the brightest
time of day
even when I go to bed I'm still awake

Eyes held up with toothpicks
and my jaw is going off
I will never leave you or
admit that I was wrong

There's so many things I'd like to say,
I'm foaming at the mouth
maybe I could write,
my pen is hollowed out
I've got ideas and inventions
and I'd use them if I could

Stop waking up the next day
when they're all no good

Please don't say another word
I know your story well
conversations take two
but I'm talking to myself

Now I need an alibi and everything I did was true
but every word I said was just a lie