

The Dregs of Sobriety

No Use for a Name

I hope someday that we can sit and talk above the surface
For now I'm drowning in a sea of you
The irony of alcohol and this conversation piece
Is exactly what we need to keep us from the truth

So let me sit here all alone and contemplate the meaning
Of a situation made up in your mind
You're so damn miserable and careless with your
Darkest thoughts
You act as if your clock is fooling time

Say hello to routine life and goodbye to the vacation
I haven't thought about you in two days
The more I see the in between the more I want to leave
But it keeps on closing in to the tune of selfish ways

In your ashtray is the answer to all the questions that
You had to prove
We are not going to keep moving forward in our sleep
Can you save us? Would you dare?
In a place where you refuse to care