

Graph Paper Glory Days

Polar Bear Club

Where's the wind, today of all days
Raise my hand again
20 something, something's running late
Still trying out to make it in

Neither of us saw the wind leaving
Maybe we don't see it coming back
Curse the names of all the places where I'm not
So you can't ask me where I'm at

They're not so easily unmade
Graph paper glory days

There's that cross, holstered at your hip
And not so steady hands
High noon or maybe low six
Tell me where you think it stands

The drugs don't help you shield,
The drugs don't help you cope
It's not the perfect fix but a pencil maze of hope
That you swear you're quitting

They're not so easily unmade
Graph paper glory days
I can't just throw them all away
Cuz they don't come back the same

You don't have to paint the picture with kid gloves
It's a true, it's true I only hope for success but
I am living for cheap love
I'm living for cheap love
It's vague but it's love