

## Paint's Peeling

Rilo Kiley

The paint's peeling off the streets again  
And I'll drive and close my eyes in Michigan  
And I feel nothing, not brave  
It's a hard day for breathing again

And the heat is chasing all, all your friends  
And their scattered bodies part to the shore again  
And I feel nothing, not sane  
It's a hard day for dreaming again

And oh, I'm not going back  
To the assholes that made me  
A perfect display  
Of random acts of hopelessness  
I wish I could stay here  
But I think we're all ready,  
Think we're all ready

And I feel nothing, not sane  
It's a hard day for dreaming again

And oh, now that you've seen  
Almost all of America  
All you can say is  
"Where is all the water?"  
And the war has been over  
For years since you gave up

And last night, where the road had started  
Last night, when my hands were choking you  
Last night, when the room and your moon was dipping  
And last night, when the ropes  
Were pulling you in  
You said "hey, how could you love me this way?"  
You said "hey"  
But I think we're all ready,  
Think we're all ready