

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