

They've said it every year but this times it seems like
The end is near and I'm in line to see the light
How far does this black tunnel go
I got a car but the gas is running low

And as long as I've known the bumps and creeks of this house
It's starting to make the types of sounds that only comes from
people's mouths
You can't tell me it's still settling
Built on an Indian burial ground killing everything

The childhood scar on my chin is back again
That old jump over my own leg dance move has to end
I've seen better days in my night terrors
I was a bike messenger without a bike and I would write letters

Ask directions to your whereabouts
Before the slow walk the rest of the show-offs were peeling out
To many hares only one tortise
That's why I left this city, too fast paced for this HO-
HUM TAURUS

By the time I developed the pictures
They're as blurry as my memory of constant life fixtures
If distance is a girl's best friend
Tell them bitches in the rough who think that love comes with D
IAMONDS

Slave labor, you made me work for what I couldn't have
Diamonds cut, but coal burns and nothing lasts forever
Don't know why I bothered saving any of your letters, they're ju
st aged paper
Crumbling

Slave labor, you made me work for what I couldn't have
Diamonds cut, the cold burns and nothing lasts
Wonder why I saved your urn of ashes