

The Garden State  
Has never looked so pitiful and grey  
As I awake to the garbage men today  
I hope they take all of my old mistakes  
'Cause I can't seem to shake them on my own

My head, it spins  
When I look at the mirror and spit at  
The man I see with anchors for his eyes  
I build my castles up in the sky  
So when it rains, they melt away with shame

Here I am  
Looking down at the bottom of the glass  
Is this all my fault that  
I need a sign like shooting stars  
To help connect the dots  
and turn my cuts into scars?

All of my fears  
are kept in check by the medicine I take  
All of the guards are scared there's rumors of dissent.  
There will be a riot in my heart soon  
It wants to be beneath the open sky

Here I am  
Looking down at the bottom of the glass  
Is this all my fault that  
I need a sign like shooting stars  
To help connect the dots  
and turn my cuts into scars?

My regrets are what keep me still alive,  
I need to make up for all the lies.  
My regrets are what keep me still alive,  
I need to make up for all the lies.

Here I am  
Looking down at the bottom of the glass  
Is this all my fault that  
I need a sign like shooting stars  
To help connect the dots  
and turn my cuts into scars?

Here I am  
Looking down at the bottom of the glass  
Is this all my fault that  
I need a sign like shooting stars  
To help connect the dots  
and turn my cuts into scars?

My regrets are what keep me still alive,  
I need to make up for all the lies.