

## Table Scraps

Silversun Pickups

Woke up, seems the morning's done  
Tried to laugh when I should run  
Getting sick by the stale, uneaten crumbs  
I found you out  
Replaced the bone with a crown  
And on, and on, and on  
Uneasy metaphors

Searching through the table scraps  
Lighting up the leftovers  
I find it hard just to speak in a basic tongue  
I found you out  
Replaced the bone with a crown  
And on, and on, and on  
Inebriated roar

Remembering  
If only barely  
The fumbling  
Fumbling  
Remembering  
Hollow and leaving  
Eternally  
I'll be kneeling

I finished a meal sown up  
Who was this weaving?  
How long before I wake up  
Or hit the ceiling?

The radio just made it clear  
That the end is coming near  
A shadow lets me know that I'm still here

As I was saying  
I found you out  
Replaced the bone with a crown  
And on, and on, and on  
Uneasy metaphors

Remembering  
If only barely  
The fumbling  
Fumbling  
Remembering  
Hollow and leaving  
Eternally  
I'll be kneeling

I found you out  
Replaced the bone with a crown