

Tripping In Triplets

The Dear Hunter

There must be something that keeps me awake,
Or some kind of pill I can take,
To break these bad habits.

I would lie if I said that this didn't get tough,
Two left feet on the floor in a Waltz,
At an odd tempo.

Am I stuck at the ankle, or caught at the knee?
A curious puzzle still cursing me,
To follow or lead.

You gave me a heart and then taught me to hurt,
I can't tell just which option is worse,
Dying pure or aware.

So these feet keep on tripping in triplets to beats,
Too far off for my ears to reach,
Just a hint of timing.

Am I stuck at the ankle, or caught at the knee?
A curious puzzle still cursing me,
To follow or lead.

And I don't know where I'm going,
Cause I can't see the road, oh it's winding,
Just as long as I keep breathing,
I've got this uncomfortable feeling,
Heavy feet, shakey hands, troubled hall.