

That's Not Your Real Name

The Early November

Slow down, fade out.
It's almost a pattern for me.
Laid down mistakes out.
They're all just like motions to me.

And yeah, I could be wrong.

Wake up. You're faking.
I know that you're lying awake.
Break off, shake down.
I'm tired of obeying the brain.

Crossed arms and crooked eyes.
Begging like I'm on the line.
I hope that there's more here in me.
Stale from the middle in.
My bro comes off, consider it.
I know that it's played and it's weak.

Wake up. You're faking.
I know that you're lying awake.
Break off, shake down.
I'm tired of obeying the brain.

And yeah, I could be wrong.
Taking off.
And yeah, I could be wrong.
Jumping off.
And yeah, I could be done.

Slow down, fade out.
It's all just a pattern for me.