

It'll Be O.k.

The Ergs!

I've got a loveseat with a front beam cracked and broken
I've got some things to say to you that are better left unspoken

Maybe we could lean together, try to share some warmth
Can't go back to what it was or say that we weren't warned

I've got a handful of the
Day's hours left to go before
I fall dead asleep and
Then head off to work once more

Maybe we could lie together staring straight ahead
Lines of vision parallel, they'll never intersect

At the end of the night and the inevitable flight
Where we both finally realize we can't get this right
Even if it crumbles by the breaking light of day
It'll be ok

I've got a little bit of time to try to sort it out
When it's stolen by a random nothing it only fuels the doubt
That we're holding things together
By the trite-est of cliches