

Running Out Of Places To Go

The Swellers

This is for an audience of one at a time
So I'll sing it straight, I'll sing it loud
Don't keep it a secret, keep it elite
If only all your friends could see me now

How important are the words?
In one ear, already forgot 'em
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship
I'll see you all at the bottom

If there was a shotgun blast from my bedroom
And you were outside the window
Would you see a flash, or hear the sound?
Cause living out our dreams has been killing me
Did you hear it die, or is there no sound when no one else is a
round?

How important are the words?
In one ear, already forgot 'em
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship
I'll see you all at the bottom

I was running out of places to go
I was running out of reasons to stay away from here again
But it isn't over yet
Was it worth it, then?
Well, it sometimes can be
It's hard to see
But I think you're still my friends

I'd miss my bed, but I can't remember how it feels compared to
yours or any other but thank you for letting me into your home
I'd miss my bed, but I can't remember how it feels compared to
yours or any other but thank you for letting me into your home
(I was running out of places to go)
I'd miss my bed, but I can't remember how it feels compared to
yours or any other but thank you for letting me into your home
(I was running out of places to go)
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(I was running out of places to go)