

## Along the Lakeside

### Tiny Moving Parts

Be grateful of what you got  
Well I am not  
Here I am, locked myself in the basement  
Smashing spiders up against my wall  
I am creating amazing science experiments with jealousy  
They have far more feet than what I could ever fill

I will cut my lips on a Minnesota license plate  
Just to draw you in, just to let you know the route to my vein  
Prepare for your first winter!  
Throw on your coat and hope for months of snow

This bliss (This bliss)  
This bliss is far too bold  
For this (For this)  
For this heart to hold alone  
I'm on my own and I'm still scared  
So scared

Throwing up no throw up  
Because dry heaving in the new black  
Well my throat's a desert  
As I see my words  
Clogging up the bath tub  
With each and every letter that I should have said  
That I should ever said  
Combined to make perfect sense

I'm wide awake and it is past my bedtime  
I'm busy flipping nickels and dimes in the wishing well along the lakeside  
And I will be brave all summer long because I got guts