

Field Day Jitters

Tripping Daisy

Wondering jets inside of me
I've got the field day jitters
Wet matches and a bottle of Mr. Clean
I'm a nervous wreck in the shape of a test
I figure it's all about giving
Causing all of the brain to slip into frame
And visit the space that it gives me for sleep
Wondering jets inside of me
I've got the field day jitters, jitters, jitters
I'm an open nest, a paper address
I can get lost in just living
Blowing thoughts of regret
You'll never forget the feeling of falling and breaking
This is me, your glue gun's dream
A map of every road
A friend that drops his nose
But this can't be
I'm a cracking machine
My will is to hold and my creed is to be the unbreakable me
Now it's time to fill up all the cracks in me,
No stopping, no stopping, no stopping
It's what I want
It's what I see
That I'm unbreakable, capable, breakable
Bye bye, never any doubt in me