

Sticks and Stones

Floating on the breeze again
Trying hard to understand
Purpose versus my worthlessness

I always see you on the scene
Thru the clouds of nicotine
Like some dream I've woken up from

Fighting for a place in line
Losing track of space and time
Hand me the keys ill drive so you can breathe

Chorus
Beat me down, to the bone
Your greed comes out, like sticks and stones
No matter where I am, doesn't feel like home
Your words can't hurt more than my own
We're all in glass houses, don't throw stones 'round here

There's always death in a phone call
Foot fall, shell shock, tear drop, eggshell
There's only so much 1 man can take

So where the heck you running to
Is there anything that I can do?
Ill be there to lend my hand to you

You display the evidence
Your evidence is my leverage
Hand me the keys ill drive so you can sleep

Bridge
Looking through the looking glass
Grooves in my face are cast
Lines summarize your sunrises
They're all dark again