

Geography Vonnegut And Me

Fireworks

You're running out, your heavy heart, I hope it slows you down
I'll be your gravity and pull you to the ground
You're running out of solid ground, I'll be that tectonic plate
That shifts and brings your head back to this place

Everybody does their time on the fault line
For now let's keep our feet on the same side

Be the nine and I'll be the three
On a clock that lies over a map of this country
There's some things that time can't change, oh

That same tectonic plate
That shifts and brings your head back to this place

Everybody does their time on the fault line
For now let's keep our feet on the same side
Everybody does their time...

If you'll be the nine and I'll be the three
On a clock that lies over a map of this country
There's some things that time can't change

So leave a piece of yourself, and take something back too, back
too
There's some things that just can't change

Father Time is a blurred bird in disguise
Who made his way to my shoulder
It's weighing me down, it makes me grow older
I wish it would all just stop
I put my all into destroying his nest
It's weighing me down, it makes us grow older

There's some things that time can't change

If you'll be the nine and I'll be the three
On a clock that lies over a map of this country
There's some things that time can't change
So leave a piece of yourself, and take something back too, back
too

I'll be your gravity
The same tectonic plate; that's me
Everybody does their time on the fault line