

Daytona White

Glassjaw

Still I fail to mention
Our happy home
Here I face the last convention
I must fare alone
Inside the intervention I confess
I'll vow to hate the bottle
Yet I won't mean it
Though when you're merely half awake
You fear me

Daytona White
You're leaving me untied
Daytona White
In your closed hands
Two closed eyes
I tend to grace the bottom
Daytona White