

No Wonder I'm Still Awake

Look Mexico

In case you haven't noticed
I am wearing black again
Though it may not be my color
I just couldn't think to change
I've been caught up with a flashlight
To keep the darkness away
There's something in my room

I'd hoped with all the practice
I could do it in my sleep
What happens when you can
You can't get the rest you need
Cliches in the closet or bumped under the bed
It can't be in my head
No it cannot be in my head
I'm losing it

And on this verse I'm tired of playing
Tired of playing the same chords I've played before
All the words sitting on my hands, waiting for
Waiting for the song to find it's way
My last thread of brilliance
Fast, flickering, and dim
I ready myself the worst to begin
And the ghosts of doubt surround me
And I feel I'm closing in
Tore off my sweaty sheets
And hold up my ballpoint pen
I'm losing it

And on this verse I'm tired of playing
Tired of playing the same chords I've played before
All the words sitting on my hands, waiting for
Waiting for the song to find it's way