

## Holding Pattern

Real Estate

Six o'clock, the crickets stop  
The sky fills up with light  
Was it the rain or a southbound train  
That woke me up last night?  
It's just this game, makes me insane  
I wonder where we're going  
Clear a path for earth to pass  
I just wish we could stop

Around in circles  
Far from the ground  
Waiting to put this thing down

Where was I Tuesday night?  
Where was I this morning  
What this is is not real life  
At least it isn't boring  
I can't open my mouth to speak  
I can't open my eyes  
Someone press pause, wrap me in gauze  
And turn the lights off

Around in circles  
Far from the ground  
Waiting to put this thing down

Around in circles  
Far from the ground  
Waiting to put this thing down

Whoa, oh, waiting to put this thing down