

Garden State

Senses Fail

The Garden State
Has never looked so pitiful and grey
As I awake to the garbage men today
I hope they take all of my old mistakes
'Cause I can't seem to shake them on my own

My head, it spins
When I look at the mirror and spit at
The man I see with anchors for his eyes
I build my castles up in the sky
So when it rains, they melt away with shame

Here I am
Looking down at the bottom of the glass
Is this all my fault that
I need a sign like shooting stars
To help connect the dots
and turn my cuts into scars?

All of my fears
are kept in check by the medicine I take
All of the guards are scared there's rumors of dissent.
There will be a riot in my heart soon
It wants to be beneath the open sky

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I need to make up for all the lies.
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