

Table Scraps

Silversun Pickups

Woke up, seems the morning's done
Tried to laugh when I should run
Getting sick by the stale, uneaten crumbs
I found you out
Replaced the bone with a crown
And on, and on, and on
Uneasy metaphors

Searching through the table scraps
Lighting up the leftovers
I find it hard just to speak in a basic tongue
I found you out
Replaced the bone with a crown
And on, and on, and on
Inebriated roar

Remembering
If only barely
The fumbling
Fumbling
Remembering
Hollow and leaving
Eternally
I'll be kneeling

I finished a meal sown up
Who was this weaving?
How long before I wake up
Or hit the ceiling?

The radio just made it clear
That the end is coming near
A shadow lets me know that I'm still here

As I was saying
I found you out
Replaced the bone with a crown
And on, and on, and on
Uneasy metaphors

Remembering
If only barely
The fumbling
Fumbling
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Hollow and leaving
Eternally
I'll be kneeling

I found you out
Replaced the bone with a crown