

Moving To Seattle

The Material

I can smell it on the pavement
It's about to rain
And you can feed me all the pills you want
But you cannot stop the pain

Am I forcing my hand to write this down
Today is the day I finally realized
That I can't rely on anyone except myself

So you think you understand me
You're so anxious to evaluate
Maybe I'm well
Maybe I'm fine
Maybe I'm in love

Am I forcing my hand to write this down
Today is the day I finally realized
That I can't rely on anyone except myself

Don't just stand there, it's about to rain
You were never one to worry.
Maybe my dreams are just more interesting
Than my reality
All this time
See it through my eyes

Am I forcing my hand
Am I forcing my hand