

Slipped

The National

I'm in the city you hated
My eyes are fallen
Counting the clicks with the living dead
My eyes are red

I'm in the crush and I hate it
My eyes are fallen
I'm having trouble inside my skin
I try to keep my skeletons in

Is it weird to be back in the south?
And can they even tell
That the city girl was ever there -
Or anywhere?

I'm having trouble inside my skin
I try to keep my skeletons in
I'll be a friend and a fuck-up
And everything

But I'll never be
Anything you ever want me to be

I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out
I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out

I don't need any help to be breakable, believe me
I know nobody else who can laugh along to any kind of joke
I won't need any help to be lonely when you leave me

It'll be easy to cover
Gather my skeletons far inside
It'll be summer in Dallas
Before I realize

I don't want you to grieve
But I want you to sympathize (alright)
I can't blame you for losing
Your mind for a little while (so did I)
I don't want you to change
But I want you to recognize (that I)

It'll be easy to cover
Gather your skeletons far inside
It'll be summer in Dallas
Before you realize

That I'll never be
Anything you ever want me to be

I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out
I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out