

# Everything I Build

## The Stills

The tide is high  
I've never been so low  
You got room to grow

You can never look up  
You can't ever look down  
You get kicked around

But I built it with sand  
And I built it with rock  
I built it with all of the  
Things that I'm not  
And I watch from the hill  
As it burns to the ground  
I can still see the smoke  
From my train out of town

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down

I close my eyes  
Scared of what I saw  
Are you mad at all?  
Been an open book  
Been a slamming door  
Apple of the trojan war

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down

Drink a little bit  
Dance a little bit  
Take a chance  
I lose it all  
I have no remorse no regrets  
When I'm hanging from  
This seventeenth floor

The tide is high  
Never been so low  
You got room to grow

Everything I build is breaking down  
Everything I build is breaking down