

Along the Lakeside

Tiny Moving Parts

Be grateful of what you got
Well I am not
Here I am, locked myself in the basement
Smashing spiders up against my wall
I am creating amazing science experiments with jealousy
They have far more feet than what I could ever fill

I will cut my lips on a Minnesota license plate
Just to draw you in, just to let you know the route to my vein
Prepare for your first winter!
Throw on your coat and hope for months of snow

This bliss (This bliss)
This bliss is far too bold
For this (For this)
For this heart to hold alone
I'm on my own and I'm still scared
So scared

Throwing up no throw up
Because dry heaving in the new black
Well my throat's a desert
As I see my words
Clogging up the bath tub
With each and every letter that I should have said
That I should ever said
Combined to make perfect sense

I'm wide awake and it is past my bedtime
I'm busy flipping nickels and dimes in the wishing well along the lakeside
And I will be brave all summer long because I got guts