

June drips on the windowsill and maybe I should keep this closed
Wet wood will rot the frame, but how was I supposed to know?
Maybe it's something that's yearning to be closed
There in the kitchen light, the outline of another ghost

Skip my step between the cracks but draw my life within the lines
Hungry for a steady pay that feeds me and my soul in kind
Maybe its something that's yearning to ease my mind
Nobody tells you you're never running out of time

Somewhere beneath the paint
Lies the story of the first to leave this place
How the hell do I leave this behind?
Lord let me dig a hole that I can never find

The sun shines on the roaring show and holds the thunder in the air
Blood rolls off a sweaty leg
But no one really seems to care
Maybe this feeling has been hiding here
Nobody tells you never need to be repaired