

Ingrained

Could you fight the load of flurries
Eeking through the pines?
Could you fight the load of flurries,
Clogging up my nose,
Telling me it's springtime?
I've never been a dangerous kind of man.
I've been sewn into a million kind of men
Falsified the records here I am
here I am.

Could you fight the load of dickheads
stumbling through the bar?
Could you fight the load of dickheads,
Drumming up a scene,
Making sure you know who they are?
This state of disarray, it has a name.
I know it when I see it, it has a name.
And if these men could make their way out to the tree, they'd see
what's ingrained
right above the door
from many men before.

"Could you park your boat right here?
I don't want anyone else to know you were here.
and I told you so."
said "is this what money buys,
An elaborate suburban disguise?"
"I guess.
In each step, I lose a bit of myself
A shoulder's a shoulder and I say help is help.
I know I'm not the same
But let's talk memories
You won't stay for one day?."