

Sarah Masen, Stories In My Pocket

Monday's got us running to our knees again
It seems we're always waiting on the floor
Our destination Sunday is full of the unknown
But we're building our own bridges to the shore
In hopes for so much more
Silent eyes are watching we're beginning to explore
But the lights are growing dim because we are poor
Isn't this the place we're practicing belief
Seems we're always looking at the door In hopes for so much more And the
stories in my pockets are the best I've ever lived
So what if they don't sell sell sell
I'll take you out for coffee and we'll talk about D.C.
And Philly underneath October moons
Fall is walking us into a cold December wind
And maybe we won't last too long
But maybe we will make it to play a brave new song
Mixing up the failure with the new
In hopes for something true
And the paintings on the walls here are the best we've ever done An experiment
in abstract dreams
And the colors are colliding in strange redemptive hues
What we got here is a good slow burn
What we got here is a good true thing
A good true thing, a good true thing
Stories in my pockets are the best I've ever lived
And so what if they don't sell sell sell
I'll take you out for coffee and we'll talk about D.C.
And Philly underneath October moons
And Colorado's sweeping news
And L.A. keeping four in time
You're always setting dreams on fire
Always setting dreams on fire