

Tub Ring, Future Was Free

And When The Shift Was Over And You
Tapped Me On The Shoulder For Attention
You Broke The Stare That I Had
Found Myself A Comfort Zone Into

It Wasn't Funny But The Act Of
Wasting Money Was Tradition
And Present Company Had Narrowed
All The Options Left To Do

A Recent Study Asked The Laymen All Their Opinions
And With A Small Degree Of Error They Were All The Same

And There Was Nothing Left To Feel, For Us To Know
The Pain, The Pleasure, The Highs, The Lows
And There Was No One Left Who Cared Enough To Make The Claim

And Now The Future Was Free, And The Present Exciting
Come On, As We Both Began To Sacrifice The Past In Effigy

The Mood Was Daring So We Spent
The Evening Sharing Our Convictions,
Uneasy Moments Quickly Shifted
Conversation Back To You.

And Though We're Grinning I Can See
A Fresh Beginning Of Dissention.
Although The Awkwardness Of Make-believe
Was Hardly Something New.

It Seemed The Perfect Time To Start Up With A New Addiction
To Pass The Time Obsessing Over Something New

And There Was Nothing Left To Feel, For Us To Know
The Pain, The Pleasure, The Highs, The Lows
And The Time We Spent In Silence Was The Last Thing Left To Do

And Now The Future Was Free, And The Present Exciting
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It Was Degrading, But I Was Appreciating The Attention, Yeah
The Simple Words And Gestures Were The Safety That We Hide Behind

It Wasn't Spoken But The Time Elapse Has Broken The Affection
And Knowing Failure Was An Option Gave The Only Piece Of Mind
And Now The Future Was Free And The Present Exciting
And Soon The Past Will Always Leave And Open Doorway
Back To You, To You, To You