

With the door closed, shades drawn, the world shrinks.
Let's open up those blinds. But someone has to sweep the floor,
pick up her dirty clothes. That job's not mine.
Now that everyone's an enemy, my heart sinks.
Let's put away those claws.
I don't blame them for their curtain-calls because I pulled the rope.
I wanna call them back out for applause.

Spring and Thompson on the first of May is horrible.
We hid in catacombs. So now I'm sleeping next to mousetraps,
in a bed of all our clothes, while I hope that she won't come home.
It was easier to lock the doors and kill the phones than to show my s
kin,
because the hardest thing is never to repent for someone else,
it's letting people in.

Well you can come inside, unlock the door, take off your shoes.
But this might take all night,
to explain to you I would have walked out those sliding doors,
but the timing never seemed right.
When your helicopter came and tried to lift me out,
I put its rope around my neck.
And after that you didn't bother with the airlift or the rescue
- you knew just what to expect.

That with the door closed,
shades drawn, we're dead enough.
They don't open from outside.
And someone has to speak with their teeth behind their tongue,
to never let that right be denied.
We can't rely on photographs and visitation time,
but I just don't know where to begin.
I wanna bust down the door,
if you're willing to forgive.
I've got the keys, I'm letting people in.

Don't be scared to speak,
don't speak with someone's tooth,
don't bargain when you're weak,
don't take that sharp abuse.
Some patients can't be saved, but that burden's not on you.

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