

Down The Drain

Cave In

I know why the writing on her face appears,
Because she can't say
All the things on her mind
Everyday she begs me
"Please, oh please you have to understand
And read between all of the lines"
Time goes down the drain
Love can be the same
Every morning, she's afraid to wash her face
Because she knows that no one
Could then read her mind
So instead, she passes all her time
By always making sure
That the writing is catching your eye
When I try to kiss her pretty face,
She always shies away
And says "Some of the ink isn't dry"
And I try so hard to sympathize,
But really all I know is that if I can't have her, I'll die
Then one day she looked into the mirror,
Only to discover all that she read was a lie
Then she turned to me and said
"My love, I can't decide if I'm going dyslexic or blind"