

...But You Are Vast

Crime In Stereo

You're no good for me
My formulated drug an acquired taste
awaits to sate this unrequited love
It tastes so gray, yet necessary to sustain frustration
Take just enough to get you fucked up
Not so much that it drives you away

A constant escape
The magnificent restraint that it takes to stay away
I've no control at all
I constantly dream
The memories invade the things I keep with me
I'm getting high on the roof of the world

You're no good for me (2x)

(You're no good for me) You are the bent and blackened spoon.
You are the butane. You are the bedroom.
(You're no good for me) You are the improbable excuse
for the horrible things that I do.

You're no good for me, but I guess not bad enough.
And on quiet nights I come to find you crawling through my kick
drum
Hell bent on deliverance of all the privileges
of being with you, Heaven sent I crane my neck
To watch you desperately march down my chest, enjoying every step.
Emphasized by distances we never intended.
You come crawling back through my regrets to remind me what you
said...
"We're no good at this."