

Tired stars navigate the tiny storms teeming on the far shores  
of your waist  
Tired of waiting for my stationary third world to rotate  
So you filled it with oxygen and watched as it floated away.

How could you do that to me? (2x)

I start to relate as the meridians trace  
lines straight up through your face  
And I orbit around your personal space  
Tunnel out through your psychology to escape

(How could you do that to me? (2x))  
These are the sirens having come to test your hope  
Saying "Oh, we've sewn stones in your throat,  
thrown you overboard the boat... now float."