

Hello Color Red

Daphne Loves Derby

My eyes are tracing patterns carved into the skies over New Mexico

It makes me want to ride home

And I've lost touch of everything that means anything to me

My friends always forgive me

We become too brave and quick,

A little clever, a little numb

We could stare a lover in the eyes and lie

"Yes, I don't feel anything at all"

And I could say

When I have everything I need right now

I hope you're proud you liar

But its late

The weight of all my emptiness comes crashing down on me

I'm terrified

I can't recollect the faces that once kept me warm

They wait back home

Time takes it's toll, on me

I used to be so obvious with all my words, so

But at least I was honest

Ahhhh Ahh Ahh Ahhhh

And I could say

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But its late

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Tennis courts and makers

And paperback best sellers

I want to be home

I want to be myself again

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