

## Porcelain

David Cook

I'll see what you want me to see  
Through rose-colored glasses  
I can't see the blood in my hand  
Now you're over, you're so over  
All over my head  
I pray to God I find my way  
Back to something familiar  
Please tear me from this contraband  
Now it's over, it's so over  
It's under my bed

The painting's worn pale  
Your eyes have started fading  
Were they ever even really there  
Nothing to give with everything you take  
The cracks in your smile make it impossible  
To decipher something legible  
Your porcelain face and a heart of glass

No time for dependency  
We're going over at light speed  
No scenery to stimulate  
Something older, we grow older  
But nothing ever seems to change  
I pray to God you lose your way  
You're something peculiar  
On one leg only  
I'll still take a stand  
I fall over, and all over  
These dolls I need to rearrange

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