

# I'm Bored, You're Amorous

Dear and the Headlights

I've got this feeling in my blood that I want more  
This ain't enough  
A girlfriend, a movie  
A slow dance, and straight teeth

Some candle lit forced sentiment  
I'm bored to tears, You're amorous  
So please pass the regret  
It tastes good on thick skin

I'm fast approaching death  
You aren't helping it  
Your smile's been losin' it's charm  
You still think you've got it  
Is this the best idea that you've ever had?

The living room, the furnace heat  
You pull your hair and gnash and weep  
Confess how you've blessed me  
While I'm blank, just blinking

No pressing lips just pleading speech  
That falls to the floor to rest on feet  
That float so light at first but  
They've clotted up with concrete

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This is how  
This is how it stops

This is how  
This is how it stops

I'm still just blinking  
And you're still talking  
There is no meaning not  
Now

Fast approaching death you aren't helping it  
You're a girlfriend, a movie, a slow dance  
A thought that just passed  
So fast approaching death we never noticed it  
It came on and came apart on us  
The best idea that we never had