

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