

From One To Six Hundred Kilometers

Dillon

The most tender thing you've said to me
Is that I suffer from paranoia
Sometimes, when I wish to kill
I count from one to six hundred kilometres

Yet I fail to feel
I sail to sea
I fail to behave rationally
And I fail to grip
I fail to keep
I fail to think about me

If I were able to hate
Perhaps hatred would bring me relief
I ought to have a steel brow
And heart of stone

Yet you failed to feel
You sailed to sea
You failed embrace my insecurities
And I failed to grip
I failed to keep
I failed to think about me

I failed to think about me
Yeah
Me-yeah

Yet I fail to feel
I sail to sea
I fail to behave rationally
And you fail to grip
You fail to keep
You fail to think about me