

Elegant Disasters

Electric President

I'm the crutch, I'm the words on the back of your tongue
I'm the intermittent headaches
I'm the dirt running deep beneath your fingernails
that can't be scrubbed
I'm the part you've kept hidden,
I'm the stain on your name
I'm the opposite of conscience
I'm the needle in your side, I'm regret,
I'm the dread, I'm the shame

I got tricked, made out to follow
Chest is empty, cold and hollow
All you look the same

Oh, collecting rain beneath your shoulders
Come be my blood, be my brother
Everyone knows you're just like me
You're deaf, that's all

Caught you up in spotlight
Caught you lost and tongue tied
Now we know what you look like
Now we know your hands are crooked
Try to walk so upright
Oh, you've come to pick a fight?
Now we know what you look like
We know your facade is cracking

Burning eyes and mouths of splinters
Cast their stones and drown the sinners
All you look the same

We could all make such good friends
Yeah, we're all just such elegant disasters
And though your heart never beat like mine
I can come and fill the gaps if you want me to
And we may never be as bright as them
But we'll never have to sink the way they do
We're no names

Somewhere out there things are in line
Somewhere out there we're all just fine