

## 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