

The Conversation

Elliott

tonight is a perfect disaster of a ratio of two days
in your mouth is just perfectly shaped
to say the wrong things to me
this bed is a perfect example
that relations are to blame
I feel certain this ones on my own conversation is to blame you

found the way to circle

and cover the sky moderation's to blame
I feel the course is black and the compass is worn
i feel the conversation gone away
I feel certain that once was enough
ill keep it right here close to base
I'm feeling star sick and tired of this constellation
ill keep it right here and far away
you found the way dionysus burning
you feel around what they say you try to walk right down
to this world dreams under cost

what they say you try to walk right down to this world
kissed lovers lost
what they say you try to walk right down to this world
you're sold boxed and locked on time lips locked
and lined is what they say you try to walk right down to this world

suits under line what they say as
and I clearly walk right down to this world
to talk to you one last time tin covered call is mine
with clicks from the rusted line
sin colored call is mine
delivered on other side burn down the river
feel I divorce your kind
then I just burn down the river feel
I divorce your kind feel I default on myself
feel I've got to divorce some kind
feel across myself
then I finally wake up

and I finally found your kind
then I sit silent for some time
then I just burn down the river
then I sit silent for some time