

## 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 w  
orld

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