Furniture

Feeling Left Out

I have it in me To meet my maker And ask him why he likes to play Such sick games with hearts and brains But i'm finding reasons To keep on breathing And learn from past mistakes I'm heading down hill With no lights Or breaks

I carry scars from my former loves Bury our passing and holding our hands You kick the dirt to cover up the holes I stand before you a new man So I disarm I'm as open as a child's love but Still as uncertain as the where abouts of that Lost ring That you're looking for You're still looking for That you dropped somewhere On the dirty diner floor

And I still remember The reasons why we Dropped everything that we were doing Just so we could fall asleep Some words that I said Have made some dents in Your delicate outer shell We can nurse this back to health

Poised for battle, i'm invincible I've had it made see i'm armor for skin You approach, you're finger outstretched You're plugging my only defenses So I disarm I'm as open as a child's love but I'm still as uncertain as the where abouts of that Lost ring That you're looking for You're still looking for That you dropped somewhere On the dirty diner floor

But now you look at me with those eyes You tell me all those things you despise about me We can throw the furniture around And all the things we found And you could lock the door Leaving no way out I'm having conversations With the back of your head We're sleeping back to back On each side of the bed If I could just touch your shoulder once throughout the night And when we wake in the morning We'll be alright

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