

Hurting And Shoving (She Should Have Let Me Sleep)

Glassjaw

When I get back, pre-break of dawn
Hear the ring it's me, live from a pay phone
Talking in the rain
Things pan out exactly as I say they will

Will I be less happy when I get back?
Two hand in one glove as if we were poor
The hard up make the soup from stones
Like the poor before them did before

You say the waiting could crush your heart
But it's nothing new to me
Have you crave me so desperately
But I know how when you need me

You bleed for me though now I'm gone
You fill my shoes with new fans
Always and forever, we are apart and may she see
She'd be free rejoicing in distance

If she only let me sleep
Will things make less happy when I get back?
Absence makes the heart grow still
Abuse the hunt, confuse the kill
I know, I know

Make the dead feel deader, deader
Make the dead sleep nights with a razor
Waiting, kill the prey
I'll hold my child's head underwater

If it's a boy, I was joking, if it's a daughter
I'll say I did what I did because I had to

And if you find my kid later, tell her I laughed too
We just might work out fine because I love you enough
To let you give the pain that I want

And when you do, I just might fuck you enough to love you
Once upon my night stand, lied letters piled in columns
Postmarked Middle Island, out east in the country of Solemn