

May as well be on
the stretcher
Black & bruises too
You may as well
be injured
Boundless blister blue

But you're only in your bed
And there's nothing in your head
That wasn't put there
by receivers
In the past hour of two
In the past hour of two
In the past hour of two

The movie doesn't count
Because you can't see
in the cinema
Through the predertermined
random acts
Of life in the dark
And don't try to talk it out
Because your allingual psuede-systems of
"If's"& "Likes" and "whys"
is what made this fall apart

Hang up,
come around,
wet stems will support you
when you can't talk it out
So shut up,
feel the rain
Some times you act like
it will burn you
in place of real pains
in place of real pains
in place of real pains

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