

Comforting Sounds

Mew

I don't feel alright
in spite of these comforting
sounds you make
I don't feel alright
because you make promises
that you break

Into your house
why don't we share
our solitude
Nothing is pure
anymore
but solitude

It's hard to make sense
feels as if I'm sensing you
through a lens
If someone else comes
I'll just sit here listening
to the drums

Previously
I never called
it solitude

And probably you know
all the dirty shows I've put on
Blunted and exhausted like anyone
Honestly I tried to avoid it
Honestly
Back when we were kids
we would always know when to stop
And now all the good kids are messing up
Nobody has gained or accomplished
anything