

Staircase Wit

Neck Deep

The feeling starts to sink in,
But it's beginning to rust,
Still hanging onto the things that we discussed,
But the point that was made isn't said and done...

Now the sun shines so bright, but it won't shine for you,
You remind me of rain in July
And the gloom that I felt for a year,
And the clouds are always shaped just like you

But there's a parting light...

I always told you that someday
I would be packing my bags and I would be on my way,
You always laughed in my face,
And made the world seem so grey,
Lay in the bed that you made
So I can finally say that I'm fine,
You can just say "whatever,"
I won't change my mind 'cuz I know that I'm better off,
But I am cursed with a staircase wit,
Always find the words when it's too late to let them slip

Don't judge me on my bad habits,
I could pick out every flaw of yours,
And unearth all your imperfections.

Beneath the surface I have seen,
The ugly truth behind the beauty queen...
Held it back,
Lost the nerve,
Was too scared to talk when you gave me your hand
And you gave me your heart,
When you should have kept it to yourself

You should have kept it to yourself,
I wish you'd kept it to yourself