

## Motor

Neve

Broken pieces on the ground  
Fading in and fading out  
Masochistic happiness

I wonder, why you won't move on  
And what you'll do when I am gone?  
This hasn't really made much sense  
Since the very first time

I was never meant to be a motor  
And I've just always kind of been a floater  
If ever you should come around  
And try to keep from coming down  
Then I, then I will be your only one  
(Oh, I)

I remember, thinking I would try  
To slow you down so we could find  
All the things that you had missed  
The reoccurring consequence

Trippin' on me in your OCD  
A drama queen that just won't agree  
I am just the accident  
In your ever tragic comedy

I was never meant to be a motor  
And I've just always kind of been a floater  
If ever you should come around  
And try to keep from coming down  
Then I, then I will be your only one  
(Oh, I)

Tell me this or tell me that  
But I don't listen much to that  
Erase the face you wear  
And come inside

I was never meant to be a motor  
And I've just always kind of been a floater  
If ever you should come around  
And try to keep from coming down  
Then I, then I will be your only one  
(Oh, I)