

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)