

The Phone Is Such A Blunt Object

Odd Project

I've taken all the notes you gave me and built a paper plane to carry this broken heart and sleeping pills...The next morning i'll be gone as autumn sends its best wishes the search is over and im still missing. From up here perfect seems oh so wrong. This shattered glass lines the cracks in the floor but the bullet missed its mark. The record skipped...and the needle cut your lips. But i'll miss you when i'm gone. Your ink filled eyes, they blink and the tears stain your porcelain cheeks a cinematic smile is kind on the eyes...we rehearse and we rehearse these heartfelt lines(lies) your lipstick still haunts me. Its ghost on my collar. Red and white they collide. Bruises fade but your love stains, stains. Stains. Stains me. Yeah baby its too bright in this ballroom tonight so turn out the lights. I can see the silhouette of hurt in your eyes and the knives in your back. God knows i slipped, saying sorry with these marks on my lips. God knows i slipped. Saying sorry. Im sorry, im sorry, im sorry. This shattered glass lines the cracks in the floor but the bullet missed its mark. The record skipped...and the needle cut your lips. But i'll miss you when i'm gone.