

Always

Room Eleven

Oh the horizon moves
But I find balance on my knees
Where are my clothes?
I try to decode words on the post-it
That's stuck on my cheek

Two socks stare at me
Definitely they-re not mine
I try to figure out
What's written between the lines
"You've got my number"
"You've got my number"

My feet are sore
Sticky floor
Can't feel my arm no more
And my keys are gone
like my memory
I can't say no to something sweet
But its not what I need
You keep feeding me
When I'm not hungry

Oh the radio starts singing
last night's story
All the clothes I worde
Are staring at me
My high heels
and tightest shirt agree
That wasn't me
That wasn't me

My feet are sore
Sticky floor
Can't feel my arm no more
And my keys are gone
like my memory
I can't say no to something sweet
But its not what I need
You keep feeding me
When I'm not hungry