

No psychic warning
You would leave me in mourning
From childish seductions
With familiar conclusions

High on the pavement
Then so low in the airport
No text book on therapy
Will stop me admitting defeat

If my english were better
could I've curved this disaster
I don't know

The sweetest of flowers
On the crudest of altars
I confide in a picture
as I'm breaking my promise

That if I just hold it together
I can curve this disaster
I don't know
I don't know

If I'd just found the humor
Could I've curved this disaster
Well I don't think so
I don't think so

Make it beautiful now