

Words keep falling from my mouth  
Trying just to slow them down  
Keep on spilling around  
Saying, "Why do you hurt me?"

And if anger is my gift  
The only gift I'm fit to bring  
Then put me on your shelf  
See the wind turn me

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give  
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live

What's in that suitcase?  
A picture and a name  
Brought here from someplace  
Not brought here to stay

She picks up the pieces  
Puts down the phone  
Yes, baby's not speaking  
To her angel anymore, no

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give  
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give  
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live  
This way, this way  
My love, this way, this way, my love

All of my actions are no consequence of you  
My love and affection just doesn't know what to do  
How can I love anyone else when I can't trust my?