

Ribbons & Detours

Silversun Pickups

I can't believe it, you of all things
It's been a while; memories deem some kind of anthem
Lingering, images settle internally

Ribbons and detours meant nothing to me
Swaying our sentiments, pulling our strings
Tempting me softly, but killing our dream
You said it's over but maybe...
It's the same old thing

I can't believe it, you of all things
Coming in homage, devious needs
Intimate outliers, weakening
Tranquilize slowly, inside of me

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I gave the softest parts, trumped by the darkest parts
Whispered the tender parts, made of idealistic scenes

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