

Filler Is Wasted

Snowden

Here you sit across from me
You wear your heart upon your sleeve
You say your colors don't mean a thing
And that means a lot to me

I'm losing patience, and my filler is wasted

This place gets in my eyes my clothes my nose
I try to hear your voice through the drone but I don't
It's been this way for some time
The shoe don't fit but I still try
Will I ever catch myself in my own lie

I'm losing patience, and my filler is wasted

You're not lost, you're not lonely
Perhaps that's why you own me
You're not lost, you're not lonely
And maybe that's the only
Reason I try

You sit and smile simply
Saying your garden and your flat
And your life are complete
I want it simple like that
I want your life I want your garden
I want your flat

I'm losing patience, and my filler is wasted