

Nervous

Snowmine

Falling asleep over earth,
Leaving the ground for the lovers.
Cast away back for the better days,
When I knew it was easy to lie,
When I'd only one hand for goodbyes, then.

I slipped under the empty bed,
Got lost inside the dark hollows.
It's the black of your lenses I still can't see through.
And if you had been looking at me,
Then you'd know I'd intended to leave, here.

I don't get to make you nervous. But I got to, tonight.
I don't mean to make you nervous, I'm gonna have to, this time.

I've gotta know we're better here than we were last year.

I can never just say what I mean,
Can only manage to say something similar.
If my tongue wasn't moored to the bow of my lips
Then I'd surely be able to say,
That our black and white has become grey.

I don't get to make you nervous. But I got to, tonight.
I don't mean to make you nervous, I'm gonna have to, this time.