

Notebook, scrapbook  
Somehow I've misplaced you  
You were a scratch on a paper, ink and a voice  
Not meant to look back at me  
The something or someone played a joke  
Put on a twisted show  
And there we were  
I remember just listening, looking up to a fantasy  
Til the day it was right in front of me  
Now it's ruined, now it looks like table scraps and nothing else  
It kills me to think about all the things  
I threw around while hiding  
My nature is and always has been that of a pill-bug  
When someone gets too close  
I now can see how you saw me when I couldn't see myself  
But there we were

(Chorus)

I don't think that I really wanted any of it  
But before I could understand anything that was happening  
So quickly, the bottle, the squinting  
I could not undo the knots of an undeveloped mouth  
On the way back from the island, the turbulence hinted at no end  
All I got, I barely saw  
Now I've finally tied it up with no regrets  
But I remember&

(Chorus)

Now it looks like table scraps  
All that's left are table scraps  
All that's left are table scraps  
Table scraps and nothing else