

The memories' to blame
The world is on its' way
But nothing seems the same to me

I've got stitches on my face
I've got a line of broken frames
And it doesn't feel the same to me

Will you answer when I call?
Will you need me at all?
Will you decide to let me bleed?

And I'm nervous on this floor
And these bruises always show
Is there something on page 3?