

I Mistake Myself

The Boys Next Door

I mistake myself
For the silhouette
I used to know
Cold on the stairs

Written and locked in the bottom drawer
Moping in denial

I mistake myself
As you walk in my room
And I write my mind
On the back of my hand

Sitting alone in the dining room
Moping in denial

I mistake myself
For pieces of paper
In various editions
I guess I'm quite complete

Must I hold my breath and turn blue
Moping in denial

Take a look over your shoulder
My face on the wall
Is staring in your window
Be quiet I'm talking
I can't hear what I'm saying
The shape I made
Is the hand that bites me

I mistake myself
I mistake myself
I mistake myself
I mistake myself

Ha Ha Ha Ha
We all fall down