## **Drunken Ballerina Waltz**

## **The Spill Canvas**

It's like a thousand paper cuts soaked in vinegar. That's the way it feels when I see him touching her. It's like falling face first into a bed of broken glass. And that's the way it felt when we shared our last dance.

It's like a thousand paper cuts soaked in vinegar. That's the way it feels when I see him touching her. It's like falling face first into a bed of broken glass. And that's the way it felt when we shared our last dance. Our last dance.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle? I would rather be left alone. What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your games? I would rather you stay at home.

It's like a new year's eve and no one to kiss.

I'd rather swim in champagne until the bottle tips.

Just as long as I don't have to hear her voice.

I will ring in the new year alone but not by choice.

But not by choice.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle? I would rather be left alone. What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your games? I would rather you stay at home.

Everything went as planned.
You failed miserably.
Atleast I got what I wanted
And you're happy.
Now I apoligize for my bitterness
But tell me dear what did you expect?