

From: San Francisco

The Spill Canvas

Inferno meet my bridges
I'm sure you two have a lot of catching up to do
Like me and you

Well,

So much for a truce
I swear you wink every time I blink
Oh what's your new excuse?

Yeah, we don't talk anymore
And that's alright by me
'Cause I don't know who you are
Or who you expected me to be

You can't do much better
And I can't do much worse so what's the point anyway?
Our love is rotten with decay

There used to be time when I couldn't tell the difference
Where I left off and you picked back up again
Now I can't comprehend

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Or who you expected me to be

I messed up somewhere down the line (down the line)
Now I can't be happy (now I can't be happy)
Without being high

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