

Icing Up

The The

I was sittin' on the window sill
And staring at the moon
Whistling a tune that really moved me
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I have no future for I've had no past
I'm just sitting here pullin' arrows out of my heart

History repeats itself
Within the realms of my inexperience
It's the laughter in her eyes that makes me cry
I'm too tired to eat too lazy to die

See me dwindle watch me dwell
In my cut out corner in my plastic world