

Please excuse me for the way I act
So I've asked too many times
Drawing circles to show where I'm at
As if they leave me to unwind

I know I like the idea of providence
So I voice my head
Though I always spill my blood on the table
Though I like the idea of confidence

I'm in love with control
I'm in love with control
I'm in love with control
I'm in love with control

Please excuse me for the way I act
So I can't seem to recall
Too aware if that's too many times
Is it okay I like to hold on?

Though I like the idea of permanence
I keep my mouth shut
And only try to speak when I'm able
Though I like the idea of you sleeping next to me
I'm waiting just to watch you go

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Though I like the idea of providence
I know I can't see straight
With my head through the table
Though I like the idea of confidence
You pull me like a bed
You unraveled in my head

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