

## **P.S Eliot**

### **"Crosseyed"**

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Your eyes go crossed eyes like mine  
You'll regret that when you're older  
Carefully cultured pride  
And a chip on your shoulder  
And I think maybe I'm better  
I think maybe I'm better off  
My wit goes limp again  
Maybe there's something about you  
We circle a sanctum  
And avoid the lucent break through  
Take planes and trains and 95 straight up  
Subdued sentiment  
Planes and trains and 95 straight up  
This just feels fitting  
I cross out these memories of sanctity  
I cross out these memories, it's a funny thing  
I choose this immunity that consumes me  
I cross out these memories, it's a funny thing

Your eyes open up wide  
In an open-handed effort  
Our strong minds can collide  
Without this vigilance we exert  
And I think maybe I'm content  
I think maybe I'm complacent  
I cross out these memories of sanctity  
I cross out these memories, it's a funny thing  
I choose this immunity that consumes me  
I cross out this memories, it's a funny thing

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