

## Poor Bailey

### "A Song without Words"

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This old town breeds the blues from the river to Rose Hill  
The lone tree's not so lonely, even the clock's found time to kill  
The voices haunt the hallways in crooning apparitions  
The floorboards sound as if they were sick of being stepped on  
The mattress lies a nightmare waiting to happen  
And the porch is a nervous wreck because that's where the last tenants left  
Never to return, not a nod of concern or regret

Well find time to celebrate, well I found time to grieve  
With imaginary friends, imaginary enemies  
Born to be let down, screaming out, scream it loud  
Well I couldn't be more thankful but I sure as hell ain't proud  
I'm sorry to say that I'm not sorry  
Well if hatred must be taught, then love is a concept lost  
All hail to the nation raised by toys that talk

Well you're starving for attention I'm thirsty for some time alone  
You ain't all that clever but you're pretty good at playing dumb  
The band wagon carries leeches to the bottom of the pond  
Where they conjugate and wait for their free ride to stardom  
Please stay seated 'til the next stop: Mainstream, USA  
The leeches find a seat in the front while the sheep pile into the trunk  
Well I ain't down with the herd, I don't like leeches they suck  
No, I ain't down with the herd, I don't like leeches they suck

Addicted to destruction, a self-mutilating trend  
I'm my own worst enemy, I'm my own best friend  
Well I know where I'm going, just not sure where I am

It's hot as hell in here, still my computer's frozen  
I'm calm, I'm passive, I'm pretending to be heard  
We can wait for the weather to change; you take the  
wind, I'll take the rain  
You read to find an answer, I write to find the way  
Yeah, you read to find an answer, I write to find the way

The space between you and me, over land, over sea  
I'm just a phone call away, you're impossible to reach  
I wish I was gay, you wish you were straight  
I can't tell you what to love but ask me what to hate  
And I'll tell you a little story in a song without words  
You love living your life on the edge; the excitement  
bores me to death  
You're a riddle to solve, I'm a joke that you don't get  
Yeah, you are a riddle to solve, I'm a joke that you don't  
get

Your lips taste of poison, of moments in motion  
Of blood-stained lust and pathetic obsession  
I'll die to warm the roots and save the other leaves  
And fall to realize that everyone's following me  
And I'm wandering around aimlessly  
I'll try my worst to do my best; my plans to fail were a  
success  
I remind you to remember, you remind me to forget  
Yeah, I remind you to remember, you remind me to  
forget

I live in between the lines next to the blood-red margin  
Like a road leading me to some unknown destination  
Where it all goes, maybe I'll never know  
But we're all growing up, yeah, we're all getting old  
And if you want to see time fly, you better open your  
eyes  
Because the higher you climb, the further you fall  
And where we'll end up only time will tell  
Well I'd rather be the feather that flew than the stone  
that once fell  
Yeah I'd rather be the feather that flew than the stone  
that once fell

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