

A Wilhelm Scream "September 9th"

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I got her picture on the bathroom mirror, that way she's always looking at me. I don't, but if I did I'd keep our conversations long and interesting. That's something I can't bring about in real life. I'm gonna stay lost for now, if she wants to find me. She probably won't, somebody has to remind me. She'll have her world to keep, and I'll be a fuck up singing cliched lines like they're cliched straight from me. I think she knows I'm always trying to get near her. Avoid eye contact like before, like I don't care anymore. Another shitty song, an unoriginal thought passed, but why should I try writing a unique one? I'm gonna stay lost for now, if she wants to find me. She probably won't, somebody has to remind me. She makes me feel like shit without realizing it, and I can't seem to shake it off. If only I could choose the right words right enough. If only I could turn this outside feeling inside out just like the last song. Maybe I'll throw in a joke right here. Silent, honest, horrified. In the back of my head with my false pride. I'll stay here with these forgettable words from a song that you'll never hear.

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