

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Shirtsleeves"

Visit "[Shirtsleeves](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Words fail her
Why bother trying to pass off your offense as a good
defense? he says,
"Please don't treat me like a lawyer sweetie...
there will be time for shouting matches."

So he writes - last option.
Keeps him cornered in
The need for more stays pressing,
but he can't force the pen
For every blot of ink a word is lost... pierced skin/new
melody
and if these lines stay blank... they'll lead to no where

She starves for attention
he has hungry mouths to feed
Dietary habits seen [to her]
as born of apathy
She starves for attention
he has hungry mouths to feed
Emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty

Under his breath:
"Like guests and presidents,
his words were not welcome where they could not
stay."
Their arguments plotted concentric circles
ending up bulls-eyes over his ribcage.

He starves for attention
she has hungry mouths to feed
Dietary habits seen [to him]
as born of apathy
He starves for attention
she has hungry mouths to feed
Emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty

I need to believe in these dripping organs sutured to
my sleeves

I want to scream with every dream [out loud] you'd
never dare to breath
Two-four.two-four, I can't breathe
Two-four two-four. (I cannot breathe.)

She starves for attention
he has hungry mouths to feed
Dietary habits seen [to her]
as born of apathy
She starves for attention
he has hungry mouths to feed
Emaciated, both will dream
of times they felt less empty

Visit [Recieving End Of Sirens, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.