

Spill Canvas, The "Drunken Ballerina Waltz"

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It's like a thousand paper cuts soaked in vinegar.
That's the way it feels when I see him touching her.
It's like falling face first into a bed of broken glass.
And that's the way it felt when we shared our last
dance.

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And that's the way it felt when we shared our last
dance.
Our last dance.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle?
I would rather be left alone.
What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your
games?
I would rather you stay at home.

It's like a new year's eve and no one to kiss.
I'd rather swim in champagne until the bottle tips.
Just as long as I don't have to hear her voice.
I will ring in the new year alone but not by choice.
But not by choice.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle?
I would rather be left alone.
What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your
games?
I would rather you stay at home.

Everything went as planned.
You failed miserably.
Atleast I got what I wanted
And you're happy.
Now I apologize for my bitterness
But tell me dear what did you expect?

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