

The Floor Is Made Of Lava

"The Bigger Picture"

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I know you too well to not know what you mean,
When you look like your love got lost in your teens.
I know you've told me before, but you meant something
else.
You meant the opposite of the meaningless, the one
that makes sense.

I can't hear what you're saying, when you're screaming
out loud.
I can't see the bigger picture, when you're flashing it
around.

Come on, come on, baby, pick your battles.
And stop picking on me.
Come on, come on, baby, pick your battles.
And stop picking on me.
Come on, come on, come on, come on

You know me too well to misunderstand,
When I call you "my love" and reach for your hand.
It's not to hurt you.
But I don't trust you to take it like I don't trust you with
the truth.

I can't hear what you're saying, when you're screaming
out loud.
I can't see the bigger picture, when you're flashing it
around.

Come on, come on, baby, pick your battles.
And stop picking on me.
Come on, come on, baby, pick your battles.
And stop picking on me.
Come on, come on, come on, come on

I guess neither of us have any answers.
The only question left to ask is "does it even matter?"
[x2]

