

## **Umbrellas, The**

### **"Reactionary"**

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There's a stain on your shirt  
From where you spilled the red wine.  
I almost remember, it was over there by the piano.  
Now you're forcing the liquor down your throat,  
It's unpleasant but hey, we need to forget.  
Cause you tried so hard to get inside her head,  
The secret is out, you were weak all along.

I hear the laughter in the next room,  
My thoughts scatter,  
As if they don't want to be found out.  
How do I keep going?  
How do I sleep at night?

It's like happiness, it's a goal we chase,  
We obtain, and then it slips through our fingertips.  
The mistakes we made we learn from them,  
Or we learn how to make them again.

I want to look in from the outside,  
I'd make my own rules.  
I'd stand on something other than this sphere.  
It would be more like some sort of box,  
Full of second chances.

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