

## **Armchair Martian "Maybeing"**

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Buried in sentiment, sentimental reaction  
Always off course, of course  
Faceless I'm thinking  
Look in my eyes and show me where I've been  
If I could, I'd dye them blue to match your world  
Secondhand ways we used to get along  
Do you think about me when I'm gone  
The lipstick on your heartstrings makes me smile again

Making time, are you making me wait  
The only fear is fear of hate  
Are you hate or are you love  
Need a push do you need a shove  
Lot of fast talking, but I get along  
Do you think about me when I'm gone  
I'd settle for maybe

Well if I could say it to her face  
I'd look you in the eye  
Anytime it takes me that place  
Well it's time to say goodbye  
I can't even begin, time's too short with friends  
And the things between you and me  
Words can't say, can't even begin  
But I hope that we're still friends  
Guess I'll see when I see you again

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