

## Close Lobsters "Words On Power"

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I hate that wanting too much, so much  
Some things don't bear analysis  
Here hair was blue and her eyes were black  
She's never, ever coming back

There's no sense in thinking too much on it by not  
willing it doesn't hurt  
There's no sense in willing too much on it by not  
thinking it doesn't hurt

A few days ago you were distinctively all right  
Now you're back heading on for grimness  
I never imagined for a moment you were (that scared)  
It's time you got some sense in that head of yours

You don't blink slow as not to miss a thing  
Just leave it (open ended)  
You don't blink slow as not to miss a thing  
Just let it sort itself out

Not something you can turn on and off like a tap  
But it's reared when the power goes dead  
Need someone else and completely forget  
Make glaring big mistakes

Don't blink slow as not to miss a trick  
Just leave it (opened ended)  
Once I was in the same position myself  
I think I survived

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