

## Closed Heart Surgery

### "Parasols At Sunset"

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chorus: what would it take to make you my best friend,  
what would it take to bring you back again,  
hold me down to the floor as the room spins,  
hold me down 'til this can make some sense,

is it the lack of effort or the dim in your voice.  
the looks you can give to drown out the noise,  
you're the dark haired, dark eyed, childish dream,  
i guess that explains your lack of self-esteem,  
and you can act like a kid, but it's far past cute,  
it's more of a diversion, a mask for the mood,  
well i must admit, i'm not completely fair,  
i'm hooked on motion, but it's too much to bare,  
like you can give and give and break to cut the flow,  
i'm stiff with blood, bound to lose control,  
so i flip to fold, catch grip to let go,  
breathe to blow, get sick and get old,  
as far as you know, it's not that cold,  
i never did notice how i separate my toes,  
but thats how you hook, you look at me,  
not the music not the fad, you look at me,  
when i'm outta words and i'm bobbin' my head,  
your face is in it's place, layin' in bed,  
what comes next, that's what shuts my mouth,  
i can't look into the future, but i have my doubts,  
we can't always have clouds, it can't rain all the time,  
well it seems like it does, and that's fine,  
you're slippin' everyday, don't think to try,  
i can't hold tight you tight, you're not even mine,

(chorus)

Now we been through before, but I cant let go  
Thin wood floors creek with each blow  
So i reach for a shadow through a dark window  
And i see your silhouette as the wind blows  
Thinking back to the trends and where we went wrong  
But the time frames closed, love is long gone  
And i stay strong, and try to keep in touch  
But my hate for you, makes it hard to give a fuck  
I sacrificed, put everything on the line

So don't chastise with everything 'll be fine  
Go ahead with lying, I'm done believing  
Chew up your grief and seek my teeth into your  
reasons  
Breathing by myself now, got lungs of my own  
Spending weekends with air, and a dial tone  
Tracing pillows for your face, and a smile of stone  
Everyday of silence is another milestone  
So hard to move on from something off and on  
Playing our favorite tracks pressing pause on our  
songs  
Make my way through a sea of brunettes and dark  
blondes  
Right back to the arms where i last parked my wrongs  
And i know its not the end cause we love to pretend  
Communicating, the way our shrugs transcend  
Its just the way we vent, two ex best friends  
A hard task trying to find, my next best friend

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back to the beginning take apart what started it,

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