

## **Eleventh He Reaches London "Say You See Why So"**

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Did we settle this with riffs and words that meant the world to us?  
See how we run?  
Aren't we two blind mice?  
Here's the words I never said since your teary dismay.  
See how you run as you cry from my driveway.  
"You've said what you've said now let me, let me go home.  
And you've done what you've done now let me, let me move on.  
Please let me go." Well, private school boys, we never gave a shit about anyone else.  
Well, private school boys, will kiss to thrill then kick till there's nothing left.  
I'll hold my breath, I will not speak of her again unless...  
She speaks about me first, I guess, but girls like her set traps for boys like me.  
Give me an inch, I'll take a mile.  
And yeah you're right, you're always right but right or wrong you loved me either way.  
Give me an inch, I'll take a mile.  
We were the liars, manipulative to reveal who cared less, who cried least, we both know that was me.  
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Hats off to the arguments that end, "yeah you're right but so am I girl".  
Then fade to black, that's all we ever said.  
Hats off to the protocol of hug and kiss, fuck then sleep well.  
And are you on the phone?  
Because my signal's engaged.  
With all cards down, well I'm nothing more than that.  
A signal misread by your fucking ignorance.  
Yeah go on and blame her, is this all you have to argue?  
For her failure to see you as that fuck wit we all know.  
This is all your mistake.  
And are you electrified?  
While the other is false and a lie.  
I'm done with this modern morality, I failed to kick start my body alive, I'm fucking drained of anything more

real than a bed to lie in and another day to merely  
exist.  
I'm tired of being dependable.  
You know this.  
I'm sick of lost ability.  
You know this.  
Disguised in ignorance.  
Broken mid symphony.  
Blessed by the curse.  
You know what I'll do to you?  
You know this.  
We are alive!  
I'm never coming back.  
Say you see why so!  
So long to the home we built in our heads held high but  
down and out.  
And so long to the family we were meant to raise your  
glass to the memories we'll never have again.  
So long to the home we built.  
So long to the family with this life changing call to  
arms.  
I'm not an author who hides his true face on a learning  
curve that I needed to create.  
It's not a comfort and nor a disguise as you turned  
bearing that gestalt "uh oh no".  
So leave now, take your learning curve and take that  
last drive with "uh oh no".  
Welcome to the male inconsistency, the kosher  
resistance with the girl bearing "uh oh no".  
Well there you go, here's the song that I promised be it  
one sided and remote.  
But at least I found a medium for it so I'll just say sorry  
it's not face to face so you can take it or leave it and I...  
And I'll feel better when I'm vomiting and disgraced by  
the memories of guilt.  
I'll feel better when the hangman says "we'll punish you  
for this crime".  
I'll feel better when they bury me in a shallow grave  
that's unmarked.  
And I'll feel better when the next girl says "fuck off and  
die alone".

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