

## **Elliott**

# **"The Conversation"**

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tonight is a perfect disaster of a ratio of two days in  
your mouth is just perfectly shaped to say the wrong  
things to me this bed is a perfect example that  
relations are to blame I feel certain this ones on my  
own conversation is to blame you found the way to  
circle and cover the sky moderations to blame I feel the  
course is black and the compass is worn i feel the  
conversation gone away I feel certain that once was  
enough ill keep it right here close to base im feeling  
star sick and tired of this constellation ill keep it right  
here and far away you found the way dionysus burning  
you feel around what they say you try to walk right  
down to this world dreams under cost what they say  
you try to walk right down to this world kissed lovers  
lost what they say you try to walk right down to this  
world youre sold boxed and locked on time lips locked  
and lined is what they say you try to walk right down to  
this world suits under line what they say as and I clearly  
walk right down to this world to talk to you one last time  
tin covered call is mine with clicks from the rusted line  
sin colored call is mine delivered on other side burn  
down the river feel I divorce your kind then I just burn  
down the river feel I divorce your kind feel I default on  
myself feel ive got to divorce some kind feel across  
myself then I finally wake up and I finally found your  
kind then I sit silent for some time then I just burn down  
the river then I sit silent for some time

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