

Emocapella

"Aside"

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Measure me in metered lines, in one decisive stare, the
time it takes to get from here to there. My ribs that
show through t-shirts and these shoes I got for free;
I'm unconsolated, I'm lonely. I am so much better than I
used to be. Terrified of telephones and shopping mall,
and knives, and drowning in the pools of over lives.
Rely a bit to heavily on alcohol and irony. Get clobbered
on by courtesy, in love with love, and lousy poetry. And
I'm leaning on a broken fence between Past and
Present tense. And I'm losing all these stupid games
that I swore I'd never play. And it almost feels okay.
Circumnavigate this body of wonder and uncertainty.
Armed with every previous failure, and amateur
cartography, I breathe in deep before I spread these
maps out on my bedroom floor. Leaving. Wave
goodbye. Losing, but I'll try, with the last ways left, to
remember. Sing my imperfect offering.

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