

Fall Of The Leafe

"Calm Before The Storm"

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I sat outside my front window...this story's going somewhere:

"He's well hung," and I am hanging up.
Well there's a song on the radio that says:
"Let's get this party started."
So let's get this party started.

What you do on your own time's just fine
My imagination's much worse, I just never want to know
And what meant the world had folded like legs and
fingers holding onto what
Escapes me; what he has: a better kiss that never lasts

You said, between your smiles and regrets: "Don't say
it's over."
Dead and gone. Dead and gone.
Calm before the storm set it off, and the sun burnt out
tonight.
A reception less than warm set it off, and the sun burnt
out tonight.

The next time the phone can wring my neck it gets no
answer
And of the time that I've spent telling it my roots
I'm shaking in my boots
But still it looks at me like an old friend I've betrayed
The darkside of the doormat is the one your shoes
have frayed

What you do on your own time's just fine.
My imagination's much worse, I just never want to
know.
What meant the world imploded, inflated then
demoted all my oxygen
To product gas and suffocated my last chance.

You said, between your smiles and regrets: "Don't say
it's over."
Dead and gone. Dead and gone.
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