

## Feel

### "Furniture"

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I have it in me  
To meet my maker  
And ask him why he likes to play  
Such sick games with hearts and brains  
But i'm finding reasons  
To keep on breathing  
And learn from past mistakes  
I'm heading down hill  
With no lights  
Or breaks

I carry scars from my former loves  
Bury our passing and holding our hands  
You kick the dirt to cover up the holes  
I stand before you a new man  
So I disarm  
I'm as open as a child's love but  
Still as uncertain as the where abouts of that  
Lost ring  
That you're looking for  
You're still looking for  
That you dropped somewhere  
On the dirty diner floor

And I still remember  
The reasons why we  
Dropped everything that we were doing  
Just so we could fall asleep  
Some words that I said  
Have made some dents in  
Your delicate outer shell  
We can nurse this back to health

Poised for battle, i'm invincible  
I've had it made see i'm armor for skin  
You approach, you're finger outstretched  
You're plugging my only defenses  
So I disarm  
I'm as open as a child's love but  
I'm still as uncertain as the where abouts of that  
Lost ring

That you're looking for  
You're still looking for  
That you dropped somewhere  
On the dirty diner floor

But now you look at me with those eyes  
You tell me all those things you despise about me  
We can throw the furniture around  
And all the things we found  
And you could lock the door  
Leaving no way out  
I'm having conversations  
With the back of your head  
We're sleeping back to back  
On each side of the bed  
If I could just touch your shoulder once throughout the  
night  
And when we wake in the morning  
We'll be alright

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