

Feeling Left Out "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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