

From First To Last "Featuring Some Of Your Favorite Words"

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Words don't seem to come so easy
When I need them oh so badly
Here's to playing tug of war with my vocal chords
Maybe I can give this another
Shot or sing about a broken
Heart, or imitate the way it feels
If this is happening for real

This distance seems closer
When you shove it in my face
This moment has left me with nothing else to say
I'm losing my interest with these empty pages
They're torn, they have frayed edges
This dusty book
Is bothered by my rusty eye and I can't see
No, I can't breathe
Put me on the next page outta here
To live forever on this paper
Capture this void and fill it with the frenzy in my voice

Killing time by drawing faces that stare back at me
from the margins
In a sea of 8 and a half by elevens
I'm drowning in...
Treading through run on sentences
And sinking into empty text
I'll swallow the salt
And spit a few dry words out

This distance seems closer
When you shove it in my face
This moment has left me with nothing else to say
I'm losing my interest with these empty pages
They're torn, they have frayed edges
This dusty book
Is bothered by my rusty eye and I can't see
No, I can't breathe
Put me on the next page outta here
To live forever on this paper
Capture this void and fill it with the frenzy in my voice

No matter what I say, no matter what I write here,

I'm sick of always looking at this page with a blank
stare
You never seem to know, and they never seem to tell
you
Words don't always come as easily as you might want
them to

Throw this paper into fire and take me with it
Just take me with it
Throw this paper into fire, into fire, yeah
Throw this paper into fire, into this fire
Throw this paper into fire and throw me with it
Just throw me with it

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