

The Acacia Strain

"Mayonnaise"

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Fool enough to almost be it
Cool enough to not quite see it
Doomed
Pick your pockets full of sorrow
And run away with me tomorrow
June

We'll try and ease the pain
But somehow we'll feel the same
Well, no one knows
Where our secrets go

I send a heart to all my dearies
When your life is so, so dreary
Dream
I'm rumored to the straight and narrow
While the harlots of my perils
Scream

And I fail
But when I can, I will
Try to understand
That when I can, I will

Mother weep the years I'm missing
All our time can't be given
Back
Shut my mouth and strike the demons
That cursed you and your reasons
Out of hand and out of season
Out of love and out of feeling
So bad

When I can, I will
Words defy the plans
When I can, I will

Fool enough to almost be it
And cool enough to not quite see it
And old enough to always feel this
Always old, I'll always feel this

No more promise no more sorrow
No longer will I follow
Can anybody hear me
I just want to be me
When I can, I will
Try to understand
That when I can, I will

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