

Gilberto Santa Rosa

"Sesame Street Is No Place For Me"

Visit "[Sesame Street Is No Place For Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm starting to think that maybe I'm wrong.
It's easy to forget what you're fighting for and what matters more.
But maybe I'm not. What if only time can tell?
Well, until then we'll try this again.
I feel colder without you but I've learned to embrace the chill about you.
I can't tell if I lost or found you. Am I making sense or do I confound you?
Oh what to do? Nothing is new. Now I must deal with my true form of reality.
They like to tax me drastically. Still learning to fantastically.
Hearing you talk makes me want to shut my mouth.
I wonder who taught you to whisper with a voice so loud.
Oh wow! You've got opinions to share?
So just keep yelling through the door sending your four-letter prayers.
Get lucky once if I care! Use all your luck if I'm really even there!
I'm so exhausted with noise. You give me options but don't give me a choice.
"Let's get rich quick," my invitation to the cynics.
"Well, I can't do that. I'm saving up for the day that I get sick.
So run away with your teenage schemes."
What you've got in smarts; I've got ten times in dreams.
I feel colder without you but I've learned to embrace the chill about you.
I can't tell if I lost or found you. Am I making sense or do I confound you?
Sesame Street is No Place for Me:
You commie-loving, death-counting tally-keeping delinquent.
I love the way you suck me in. It's my favorite form of sin.
And all this nonsense banter it's like I'm talking to an infant.
I made the best mistake I could make.

I've thought of worse before but this takes the cake.
So you're getting over me by getting under other
people?
Adding insult to injury: what do they equal?
Did you pray to God to fall out of love with me?
Cause I do the same but in a different way.
I ruined every holiday and hated every game you play.
Your wish came true, now you're true blue.
You're such a debutante, dilettante, miles of skin to
flaunt.
You will get what you want.
And now you hang out around with the coolest cats I've
met.
You sold away what's left within and left me with the
mess that I've been in.
A wishing well, a witch's spell: oh, the things that you
will need
If your convoluted delusions of grandeur ever will
succeed.
What'd you do; fall on another accident?
I'd rather hang from a fucking ceiling fan.
I can tell you think you're happy but the audience is
never clapping.
Years ago, they might've loved you. You should have
never let them touch you.
Now they've cut you down into a film to snuff you.
There's no mask that you can wear if you've got no
face to wear it on.
Let's play bow and arrow with each other using
tongues!
Release our syllables and calculate who's won.
We all dream we'll have it all one day.
So count your beauty marks weighed next to your
scars.

Visit [Gilberto Santa Rosa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.