

Glassjaw "Star Under My Bed"

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Never.

Kneeling low on my pillow, God, kneeling low on my pillow..

I will see there.. I will be there..

You and me.. we die.

I will fracture.

I will capture.

You and me.. we die.

Look at pink roses full of black kind hearts.

It can't compare to your beauty as you're lying through your fucking teeth.

Why can't I glow?

Why dont you look at the roses, girl, from a black wedding bouquet?

Can't compare to you, you're fucking beauty.

'Til you look to sway.

Why can't I glow? I'll die..

I will be dead. I will see the dead. You and me... we die.

Summer's trudging closer, and a flurry of white as well.

It's the heart of nuclear winter and you can bet I'm scared as hell.

But I don't blame you.

I don't blame you.

My God, am I the wrong one?

She's a monster of mankind.

I, I see the fucking manger.

On her flesh she left a warning.

And I said, "will I ever see all that's coming through for me?"

And will I ever breathe?

We die.

I wasn't a star lost.

My fine point has been turned into the warmth.
How to say this and why?
Look into my eyes and shut the fuck up.

Why can't I glow?

Oh God.. and it came towards the sin.
And it accentuates the shit my fucking way.

Shut the fuck up..
You can see it in my eyes.
Why can't I glow?
Shut up.

I will see there. I will be there.
Where you and me.. we.. die.

(no!)

Leave and take my memories of her with you.
Pack your shit and leave and take my memories of her
with you.
(I don't need to know)
..And take her fucking with you.

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