

Brendan Benson

"Crosseyed"

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Brendan Benson - Crosseyed

This is only a bird's eye view of how I
See things between me and you
And everyone in between
It's just how it seems to be
You can't escape the jails
Or the crucifier's nails
So just have a seat
Breathe slowly and deeply
Repeat after me: i'm sorry
The tv's always on
And if you press your ear to the wall
You can hear you can hear
The tears hit the floor
You can see right through to the core
If you just wear these special glasses
I've got a theory
About the man and his wife
And how the other half dies
And what really goes on when they're all alone
So dress your sons and daughters
In neutral colors and pray
So dress your sons and daughters
In neutral colors and pray

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