

Her Space Holiday

"The Death of a Writer"

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If the death of a writer brings life in his readers
Then what does that mean that we're still breathin'

All of us have learned our words
Some of us have less and some have more but
They're all equally capable of ruining things for
A simple kiss to an apology
To a I miss a eulogy and
It all depends how you tap those typing keys

Like a dusty old sack under that magazine rack
We're just a floor full of issues
With our burdens printed on our backs

One time in Texas as I browsed those endless aisles
And I thumbed through those volumes
And sifted through those piles
I wondered if they could go back in time
Would they twist the plot and move a lot and
Are they haunted by their reprints late at night
And I thought about my own tales
And how often the hero failed and
Should I do some revising of my own

A warped piece of wax on that gramophone mat we just
Spin and spin and spin as our pasts
Keep on playing back

Be careful what you wish for

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