

Hole

"Elliot Smith 245"

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2:45 am

i'm going out sleepwalking
where mute memories start talking
the boss that couldn't help but hurt you
and the pretty thing he made desert you
i'm going out now like a baby
a naïve unsatisfiable baby
grabbing onto whatever's around
for the soaring high or the crushing down
with hidden cracks that don't show
but that constantly just grow
i'm looking for the man that attacked me
while everybody was laughing at me
you beat it in me that part of you
but i'm gonna split us back in two
tired of living in a cloud
if you're gonna say shit now you'll do it out loud
it's 2:45 in the morning
and i'm putting myself on warning
for waking up in an unknown place
with a recollection you've half erased

looking for somebody's arms to

wave away past harms

i'm walking out on center circle

the both of you can just fade to black

i'm walking out on center circle

been pushed away and i'll never go back

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