

Hot Cross

"Exits And Trails"

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Forget my name, forget my number

Please pass on invitations that never should have came

You're that memory I never meant to birth

You're that last memory

Sharp features pollute a worthy face

Disgraceful disaster, miserble results disasterful for
now and after

You're that memory I never meant to birth

One more word alone and I'll grind down to the bone

The lines up and down tell our tales

Blades meant to leave exits and trails

And you tell me you have no idea that you have

No reason, no way of knowing

Whether one last season is coming or going

I liked you more before I knew who you were

Refine complex talk pared down to its essential end

Forgive you not, never to feel this, never to mend

Chances I never take expose the smiles

That make my spirit shake

I may need that exit on second thought

I never asked your opinions

Or meant to sell all half-truths you bought

Feel me, why won't you want me ?

When will you need me ?

I wish you'd forget me

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