

## Ion

### "Signature"

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The sound of dripping rain beating a frail window,  
enhancing the tick-tocking noise in my head.  
Against the shivering glass, I cannot hear my own  
sobbing anymore.  
That way, maybe I can learn to forget and forgive  
myself?

I'm not interesting, I'm interested (- Boris Vian)

The comforting perfume of urine mixed with  
mediocrity,  
It's a matter of appreciating what you truly know.  
It's a cynical point of view from a back alley to a  
crowded main street in broad daylight.  
I could've been saved you know... a pretty girl who just  
passed by, smiled at me.

Only to realise that she was actually smiling at  
somebody else she knew right aside me.  
I'm not good at being noticed.

There's not a chance in the world that I could possibly  
erase all the oily fingerprints  
I've left on everything I've done that I'm not too proud  
of.

Yet I still think that all this crying, arguing and fighting,  
was good for nothing if in the end  
I didn't kill her...

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