

Kick Over The Traces "Everything But The Algebra"

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The night is young, and my ear can't stop ringing
From the disconnected line, screams your lack of
interest.

You with your selling for avoiding leaves me
Jumping to conclusions and hoping...

For what I want
But waiting for what I said.
And you with your talent...

And you should know...

The guts aren't spilling
To be kept safely inside.
And the tears that are swelling
Should be falling from your eyes...

Your eyes, Your eyes keep me busy to say the least
And your tongue, although sweet,
Throws words as sharp as knives
That hit me like a familiar joke
And the punch line leaves me broken and scared.

I've tried too hard and the wounds chalk up with no
reward.

You should have known
And you should know...

The guts aren't spilling
To be kept safely inside.

And the tears that are swelling
Should be falling from your eyes...

As I write this...Madness
In the dawning of the day.

I'll realize all the things I never should have said
And maybe I'll be able to form the words
That can ask you...

What you're thinking
What you're thinking (I'll realize...)
What you're thinking (... All the things I...)
Never should have said

What you're thinking (I'll realize...)
What you're thinking (... All the things I...)
Never should have said

What you're thinking (I'll realize...)
What you're thinking (... All the things I...)
Never should have said

What you're thinking (I'll realize...)
What you're thinking (... All the things I...)
Never should have said

What you're thinking...

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