

## Kind Of Like Spitting

# "Two Violins, Which Are Meant To Represent..."

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Nowhere you'd rather be than fifteen blocks away  
Tonight you're embracing it, tomorrow, who's to say  
Deem love unconditional but the real world don't work  
that way  
When we examine it, we don't know what to say  
She tells her roommates not, not to take your calls  
The severed heads line the bed, their names all burnt  
in the wall  
It's just not cool to act like it's a big deal  
She tells her roommates not to take your call  
You hear her telling them from the hall  
Sloppy kids get drunk and drive their cars  
Like Big Wheels, it's no big deal, it's no big deal  
We create images to make our lives seem pretty  
We stumble through our rooms in search of a life worth  
living  
But what good does image do when we're tired and  
unforgiving?  
The books you've read next to your bed, the words all  
roll in your mouth  
Even if you could say just what you meant do you think  
you could work it out?  
She tells her roommates not to take your call  
You hear her telling them from the hall  
You hang up slow scared as hell  
She's not kidding, this is real  
Nowhere you'd rather be than tied to a line to her  
Tonight you'll try again, as for tomorrow, you're not  
sure

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