

Choke

"It's Not That I Don't Want To Talk, It's Just That"

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8 weeks now that we've been gone
An awkward lag in place of conversation
Our frame of reference is skewed beyond distance
You don't ask but I still tell
Deflated tales of this week's latest thrills
My running obsession that you never question
No common ground except this space
You're beaten down & I am trying to relate
What sounds like indifference, adjustment of mind set
You live in life, I live in dreams
Coasting on this distorted idea of reality
You see pure intentions so you never question
In this booth distance grows
With this call's broken flow
I'd call it off for you
All would not be the same
If I had to choose
Just don't ask me too
Part of me
Would erase a part of you
I'd call it off for you
I would change it but
Some resentment might show through
Just don't ask me too
Part of me
Would erase a part of you
I could be faceless there with you
If you could face me there half full
I'd call it off for you
All would not be the same
If I had to choose
Just don't ask me too
Part of me
Would erase a part of you
I'd call it off for you
I would change but
Some resentment might show through
Just don't ask me too
Part of me
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