

Midnight Movies

"Souvenirs"

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I once gave pieces from a shattered heart that kept
falling
Until it fell apart into tokens. Souvenirs.
I bid you farewell with...
Imagining they were yours.

In their place grew bombs like a pressure mine,
Like a filter built into the rind.
Cause after all no one has ventured beyond,
And what's beyond belongs to only one.

He's waiting patiently inside the rind to see what he'll
find.

Like a stubborn little baby boy,
At times it seems as if he's got me by the hand
Pulling me along more sure than I am.

So determined, so sure what he will find.

And we're running like children.
I'm trying to keep up, don't let go.
Like children. Like children.

Our footsteps begin to draw away,
Like pulling to and from ourselves as we evolve.
We warp and swell and bend. I want to recoil.

Like children.

Where'd you go? Where are you?
Endless prints in the dust.
Come back.
Stay.

Wait up and walk with me a ways.

Farewell for now.

