

## **Crime In Stereo**

### **"...But You Are Vast"**

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You're no good for me  
My formulated drug an acquired taste  
awaits to sate this unrequited love  
It tastes so gray, yet necessary to sustain frustration  
Take just enough to get you fucked up  
Not so much that it drives you away

A constant escape  
The magnificent restraint that it takes to stay away  
I've no control at all  
I constantly dream  
The memories invade the things I keep with me  
I'm getting high on the roof of the world

You're no good for me [x2]

(You're no good for me) You are the bent and  
blackened spoon.  
You are the butane. You are the bedroom.  
(You're no good for me) You are the improbable excuse  
for the horrible things that I do.

You're no good for me, but I guess not bad enough.  
And on quiet nights I come to find you crawling through  
my kick drum  
Hell bent on deliverance of all the privileges  
of being with you, Heaven sent I crane my neck  
To watch you desperately march down my chest,  
enjoying every step.  
Emphasized by distances we never intended.  
You come crawling back through my regrets to remind  
me what you said...  
"We're no good at this."

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