

## **Cursive**

# **"Making Friends And Acquaintances"**

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Loose-lipped secrets  
I've seen those birdies chirping  
Another promise perched on their fragile branches  
Cradle and all...

We all hide a diary beneath some mattress  
And someone has slept in my bed  
Sometimes I get so naked I sing like a canary  
And I scream out what I shouldn't scream

Some lies last a lifetime  
They keep our diaries hidden  
They don't let the whispers slip  
Between the cracks of the bathroom stalls  
Or be written on the bathroom walls....

But still I can hear those dirty birds chirp away  
It's a song I know by heart  
Sometimes I resent making friends and acquaintances  
It's a thin veil between us --

Between the bedsprings and the mattress  
I keep my secrets  
The ones I can't keep  
The ones you took from me  
The ones you scattered with your wings

It was nice to meet you...  
It was nice to meet you...  
It was nice to meet you...

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