

Cursive **"Returns And Exchanges"**

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This is like pulling teeth
Said the man with the gap-toothed smile
Upon decline.
So the silence seeped into
An impatient line
Of returns and exchanges
And the silence brewed
Like a storm
As they brooded over their misfortunes...

Some things you can't take
We're all ashamed
We share a common weakness:
We're all afraid
Of a pointless existence.

Still the silence grows,
A crushed no, deafening
Stillness, sometimes you just can't speak
Or much less repeat
To your lover
Or your mirror.

Cause such simple words
Can leave us crushed
As we deny that life is one big mistake

It can't be ___

We're all ashamed
Of our life ___
We've been declined
We shouldn't have tried.
To fake such existence

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