

A Cursive Memory

"The Dude Abides"

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It's as if you started out on the front page paper
newstand pixelated in black and white, this picture of
you now is still beautiful somehow armed with a guy
that's not me

Tonight this candle will burn this to ashes and drink
away problems still I seem to have this

The sight of your lips as they're locked onto his, now
it's over, the way that his eyes are locked onto all that I
have

It's as if I'm fading out, you're holding onto his hand
still thinking that I'm alright, the thought of you right
now is making me sick now holding the guy that's not
me

Glass half empty time more wasted just swallowing
sights but my eyes can't taste this

This is me now, this is what you've done to me, I'm bent
and bruised and I'm taking this away

This is me
I'm alone now, I don't need anyone

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