

Cute Is What We Aim For "Listen To This If You Love Me And You Are Bored Its Just Me Singing Off The Top Of My Head"

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I, I might drift off
And if I do, my voice will carry dear
And if i can't hold a melody that isn't
Interesting
Then what can I put to my name?
Maybe its gonna be a shame
And if, and if
I melt my hair with a flame
And if this candlelight only brings me
To the top of my eye game
But me telling you I vow my stories
And you know that I delt with my own shit.
Can you hear the keyboard clicks?
Keyboards click
Or is it just me?
I need another chemical fix
I'm running on empty
And i just cant see whats wrong with me
I am shaking
But not out of desperation
And I am shaking
Maybe it is desperation
And denial's on my brain
And I cant think twice
'Cause if I do maybe I might sacrifice
What I found in the first place
What I found in the first place
And keeping still is hard
And you know I just can't do it
And you know that it's just so hard to get through it
I wish I had a sheet
Where I was reading all these lyrics off of
But I don't and there's no music in the background
I've only got a flame that's lighting up my face
And hopefully making attractive places
Seem closer to me
This is just my sorry attempt to being sexy
Can you feel it in my tone?
Can you tell me on the telephone?
Can you sense an awkward pause

When I can't seem to think of the next word
That's strained from my lips
And you know that I just can't, just can't
Figure out what's gonna be my next fix
Will it be a cigarette?
No, I quit
I don't know that you can think of me too
And don't worry ladies and gentlemen
This song will be through
Will be though soon
Don't, don't break
And don't tell us what you wanna do
You need to be fake
To understand how I feel
Understand what I'm going through
To maybe realize what I am thinking is real
Real, real, real, real
This is where it picks up
Picks up, picks up
This is where it repeats
Repeats, repeats
Every word that I must say
And maybe you might think of what I do
I do, I do
Maybe I'm know
I'm know, I'm right
I might stress a little bit
I might sh-sh-shiver
And you might think twice about what you do
'Cause you might lose what you maybe think about
Hey, hey
And maybe if I lit this match a little earlier and
Maybe if I lit this wax a little later
Maybe everything would be different
And maybe
Maybe we call it the butterfly effect
We'll call it, (ah, ah)
Call it, (ah, ah) we'll call it
A deep breath
And the stereo that can't catch me
And a passion
And a passion that can't stay on beat

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