

Peter Moren

"Social Competence"

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As I ran past you in the reception room
I can tense no bitterness can feel no clue
Are you all this happy?
Or it has scaped me?

As I clean my throat
I mistify
I cut out the essentials, but I never lie
It's no acting random
It's calculated boredom

And when you leave me alone,
I pick up the phone to dial
Pass someone I know who knows how I look when I cry

When I try to get a minute express
There is always someone trying to do their best
To exhaust me completely
Though they fray sweetly

Someone struggle
Someone new ache here
What they didn't do, and what they did
Too much information
For one brain to sustain

And specially when it doesn't make sense to me
'Cause when I try to be sincere,
To become a bit me, they leave

I don't wanna talk to you
Talk to you
About the things you do
About your weekend

I don't hear your voice
Make that noise
But I have no choice

There's a chance I know what I might like
It's a competence you need to cope
In a world going colder

Thought the surface started to settle
[??]
[??]
[??]
What you really love is to scape

I don't wanna talk to you
Talk to you
About the things you do
About your weekend

I don't hear your voice
Make that noise
But I have no choice

There's not enough air here
Disappear,
Or conceal

That you just wanna hear you voice
Make that noise
Leave me out of it
Leave me out of it

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