

Polkadot Cadaver

"66 Promises"

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Sixty six promises
Fell from your lips
Sixty six kisses to
Rest on my charred fingertips
And sixty six lovers
To come till I tell
Sixty six postions to take on this
Well-worn trail
Sixty six magicians
Deliver the goods
Documenting our marriage for some
Silent film in hollywood

Is it not what you thought it would be?
Was it not what you wanted it to be
Was I not what you thought I would be?
Was it not what you wanted it to be?

Sixty miles talking
But making no sense
A life out of liberty
And the pursuit of
Happiness

Waiting for something
To smash a few wholes
In the wall of good fortune
And the windows to an
Outer world
And sixty six promises
They came in a kiss
Provided a meaning
Now I see how it reallly is

And it's not what I thought it would be
And it's not what I wanted ti to be
And it's not what I thought it would be
And it's not what I wanted it to be

