

Rory

"Conversations With Strangers (Little Secrets)"

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Tell me when does on draw the line
The circumstance become benign
Is this the way it tends to feel
Looking all over of this
I bet your ignorance is bliss

Need I remind you who your friends are?
Looking for answers
But you never found a cure
So take your knife
Can you run it through me one more time

Little secrets
It's all over my head
I'd rather be naive
Than share everything once said

I wonder what it's like to be
Like you always
Using and being used
You lack the confidence
To set yourself apart

Cut the ties
And start loose ends
The finality just depends
On the always right as in you are

Looking for answers
But you never found a cure
So take your knife
Can you run it through me one more time
Lucid I see right through you
This is the end

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