

Rosematter "The Dinner Scene"

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My feet hit the pavement. I listen with every inch of my body.

But maybe it's the clock that laughs at me. Time is a virtue, and I'm a virtuoso.
So, remove all the stitches from your self-addiction.
It's too bad, your too late, take me home.

Tick-Tock belongs to these gods; give me clearance.
We're merely getting by on fortune, (Sleeping keeps the fortunate alive.)

I walk for miles. Distance seems comforting, but I'm walking in place,
Bolted to a life that is nothing more to me than pretending,

Surrounded by a group of actors who call themselves your friends.
Every night, they put on a show; Their personalities are just an act.
Cut and paste beliefs and feelings to look good in the spotlight,
But I leave before intermission.

I walk for miles. Distance seems comforting, but I'm walking in place,
Bolted to a life that is nothing more to me than pretending,

I try to find myself, to put back together these pieces,
Only to realize there were never any pieces to begin with.
I stand in the middle of a group of people and blankly agree with the entire conversation.
On the inside I am screaming,

"Who are these people, and why are they pretending to be my friends?"
Sometimes, it hurts so bad that I clench my stomach and brace myself.

Oh yeah, by the way, everything you ever thought,
everyone you ever thought you knew,
It was a lie; we're all alone. There is nothing left to do
but turn the page,
Stare at the blank sheet in all it's glory, and begin all
over again for real this time.

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