

Shrug **"Mess"**

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pull the car onto the shoulder now
you're making a mess
just a little bit of irony
your life is running out your eyeballs in a pretty blue
parade
things were fine until the angel
poked out of your chest
and read your happy life the riot act
now you're drowning in a sea of broken promises you
made

breakup breakdown
pull the joystick back
until you black out softly

pull the bull out of the china shop
he's making a mess
let him loose into the gallery
pour the dust into the bloodstream till it's all that you
can see
what's the point in pulling punches
you can't even guess
what's the point in faking flattery
what's the point in anything that pulls you far away
from me?

we're so very sorry

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