

Spinnerette

"T-Minus 4 Days"

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A short fuse is burning
The sparks are inching towards me
And I am waiting for this place to go up
The poolside cold drinks
The bright lights and stupid things are always more
attractive
Than considerate and average

Together we are like an hourglass
But why am I always the bottom half?

The crowd is gathering
They're waiting to watch me
Launch into the atmosphere and burn up
The countdown's at zero
But I am still stuck here at eight
And every kiss just gets more meaningless

The question is:
Are you still drowning on dry land?

Together we are like an hourglass
But why am I always the bottom half?
A beach without the ocean
A bottle full of sand
And you are just a piece of glass that's hollow and
transparent

("So fetch...")
(Now I'm giving it up)
(I can't believe the way I, the way I let you walk all over
me)

The question is:
Are you still drowning on dry land?
Are you still making decisions with the liquid in your
hands?

Together we are like an hourglass
But why am I always the bottom half?
A beach without the ocean

A bottle full of sand
And you are just a piece of glass that's hollow and
transparent

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