

Spiral Diary

"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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