

Stemage "Library"

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Thanks
My cover's blown
I'm making a carpet angel, leave me alone
I'm in the zone
By apathy, I'm owned
I sent my weak soul off in a box or three
I had to find time to breathe
Can you tell?
All that's left here is a shell

Pass the nuts with no advice please
I know I have asked you twice, but between the dozens
and dozens of smokes and cartons of jokes, which is
my biggest vice?
And don't be nice

You came off like a stencil
Man, where is my pencil?
Maybe I'll write in blood

I don't need another half
Don't make me laugh
I've been an inch or two, with miles to go
I'm used to the Duo

H ello?
What? I swear the phone woke me up
See, my newest friend is a cordless phone
I'll hold onto it like an infant with a thumb, or toy
With many buttons to enjoy
My direct line to England won't be split
I'm wired in
I made sure of it

I've got millions and millions of ways to fill up the days
Example: I built a house for us, in my Camel
metropolis, with doors and windows, and a red carpet

But you came off like a stencil
Damn
Where is my pencil?
Maybe I'll write in blood

Crayola, maybe

I don't need another half
Don't make me laugh
I've been an inch or two, with miles to go
I'm used to the Duo

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Carpet is good for thinking and dozing
But the fibers make my elbows sting and burn
Through torture is how I learn
I should be shattered
Maybe I've grown?
Something tells me I'll be fine, but all alone

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