

The Minor Canon

"The Rockets Countdown"

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I have to tell you I don't see past your eyes
As I walk my fingers on your skin
The rockets countdown comes to five
Wishing you were somewhere that I haven't been

I feel bad
Though I haven't said a thing

So close that I could hear your breath, the rockets hiss
All my thoughts to my confession
But no words come out my mouth, give you a kiss
Looking for a new obsession

I feel bad
Though I haven't said a thing
I feel bad
Though I haven't said a thing to you,
I'm sorry dear,
My narcissistic mind is twisted into knots
Ooooh, I'm sorry dear (x7)

I feel bad
Though I haven't said a thing
I feel bad
Though I haven't said a thing to you my dear
I'm sorry that
My narcissistic mind is twisted into knots.

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