

## **The Spill Canvas**

### **"Drunken Ballerina Waltz"**

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#### **"Drunken Ballerina Waltz"**

It's like a thousand paper cuts soaked in vinegar.  
That's the way it feels when I see him touching her.  
It's like falling face first into a bed of broken glass.  
And that's the way it felt when we shared our last  
dance.

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That's the way it feels when I see him touching her.  
It's like falling face first into a bed of broken glass.  
And that's the way it felt when we shared our last  
dance.  
Our last dance.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle?  
I would rather be left alone.  
What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your  
games?  
I would rather you stay at home.

It's like a new year's eve and no one to kiss.  
I'd rather swim in champagne until the bottle tips.  
Just as long as I don't have to hear her voice.  
I will ring in the new year alone but not by choice.  
But not by choice.

What makes you think that I'd enjoy this triangle?  
I would rather be left alone.  
What makes you think that I'd enjoy playing your  
games?  
I would rather you stay at home.

Everything went as planned.  
You failed miserably.  
Atleast I got what I wanted  
And you're happy.  
Now I apoligize for my bitterness  
But tell me dear what did you expect?

