

Trees Above Mandalay

"The South Has More Fun Talking"

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Guess what I'm at it again diving headfirst into a
crowded room
Thinking of myself when I should be thinking of you...
Clap! clap! the boy is starting to remember to be
everything
The girl has wanted back to the moral of the story shut
up and
Listen when she tells you silly boy you bet everything
on anything
With the exception of what's real you silly boy you've
got it all
Wrong here the key is sticking to what's easy don't
think
I'd let you off baby youve got a lot of thinking left to do
another minutes
That I don't rest I like tripping over my words when
I've been up all night thinking of what to say another
minute
That I wont miss I'm picking up on your subtle hints and
hissy fits man
I love big tips...
I've been picking up on a lot of things most of which are
substantially minute
I attribute this to the vast amounts of level headedness
and the severity
Of my lack of attention span match that with a
willingness
To better a mess of a stituation and the precense of
mind to put forth an exacting amount
Of effort with the hopes of representing myself with
The highest degree of informatilty while coming off if
But nothings else really fucking sexy.
Everything little thing that I do is well documented so
I remember just what your saying to me
I'll take a chance leave words unsaid if you can fill in
the blank
With something sweet than go ahead I will not fake
listening
I will not ask you to repeat yourself because you werent
loud enough
It wont be me that's noddng off insessantly if you can
keep me up

I'll make it worth it you might just like it just sit me down
will think
Things out I'll set some goals for the next few weeks
I can see this through this time
Clap! clap!
The boy

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