

Style Over Substance

"Cellular Skies"

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She always wakes up wondering just what tomorrow
brings.
Will i break her heart again.
It's her thoughts i can't let go.
They radiate like she radiate.
Now im lost miles away from home,
On a train headed for new jersey.
We're headed nowhere faster than the sound, and
that's alright.
They radiate like she radiate.
From the inside out, that's why i attach myself.
Parting is not an option, i'll wait for ever.
I'm breaking her confidence almost every thursday,
And I don't know why i try.
I rip my eyes out so i can not see her.

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