

Volcanoless In Canada "Funny Like Strange"

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Blame the fingers that ran
through her hair, now my head
has some running to do back in bed
where trees meet the stars on her skin
and expectations beg to dig in

She found me sealed in this jar
preserving and fermenting
the demons that dwell in the bar
where I said you'd be mine
Now alcohol will sum up the time
of our life

'Drain the weight from your head'
said a friend, he declared
'Guy maybe she just fell outta care'
I don't care if his lips were sweet.
This seems to be a pattern for me.

Now I force you to go
all alone, and although
you're deserving to be taken back
I just can't act like this means nothing to me
blame my mother for the morals I keep
(but weak)

Smothered to sleep, in the glorious "maybe" ...
4am, alone in between these sheets
Is the wine in France as great as you dreamt it
would be?
Is distance killing you like it's killing me?
At least at 4am the tears feel like home

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