

Jumping Bomb Angel "Correspondance, Coars"

Visit "[Correspondance, Coars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

So what is it that goes on here really
You and I tend to spin our philosophies
So intent that the truth that we speak is so pure
But it's rife with naivete
When I don't draw the line that I tell you
That I play with all possibilities
Your mom said it best I'm a jack of all trades
But a master of nothing at all

Today I've become what I am not
Unchanged at the very same time
>From the girl that you saw in the schoolroom door
Now embraced in photographer's lines

What can we say that is ours today
Adrift in our own worn-out monologues
of dreams that could take us so far from this place
and the tangents that bring us back home
Hard proof or not, I'm existing
Unable to fathom my metaphors
But as long as my pen's still so legible to read
All I ask is that you read on

Visit [Jumping Bomb Angel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.