

Minus Vince "Secret Sidewalks"

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When night becomes the day
And you have said that yesterday
Was not the same today
Now everything is gone
And you have said that yesterday
Was just a game you played

Everything is creepin in it's own little way
You just can't see things through
When it starts it's sneakin in it's own little way
You just don't understand when I'm not with you

I know you hate when I'm critical, it's pitiful, unusual, a mutual relationship could be so undoable.
Believe it or not; wasn't really in my hands at all
Was it really time for plans to fall?
So much in common, but how was I supposed to call without the number?
Baby you make me feel like I was under the influence of something that might just make me plunder.
Leavin me without a wonder.
Should I try and run from ya?
Should I just sit back in my head and take all the pain like it was thunder?
And despite; I think I just might know the right road, to take home.
So why do I have to be alone dreamin about unknown and overblown proportions?
Twisted, aggravated, contortions.
A portion of me that wants to believe that there was never an abortion.
Now there has to be closure.
Calm down, gain some fuckin composure.
I had to slow ya, risen up in the game but becoming a pozer.
Now I've gots to show ya
Maybe I need a hug to
And baby I understand you

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