

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

"Attic Room"

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records in the trash
your voice on the breeze
the fits and the screams
and you were only thirteen
you had the attic room
i heard the whole thing

and your slanted ceiling your dad painted blue
what ever happened to you
only the worst can be assumed
you're dreaming often of the attic room

in other rooms with other girls
looked at other ceilings,
the springs and the size
and drowned another night
but your makeup's shaky
and all that's new is the owner of the arm around you
i couldn't know what to do
he never had the attic room

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