

## **eyenine**

# **"Typewriter"**

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if i didn't need to eat or sleep, i'd buy myself a  
typewriter  
and i would lock myself into a room and just create.  
i would skip all interaction with this clear and present  
danger  
of all strangers and remain and wait for someone to  
relate  
well, i don't believe in anything and thats an awful  
feeling  
but i'm learning to accept the fact that we will die alone  
and i'm certain that my words do not reflect what you  
believe in  
and i wouldn't try to change your mind, nor try to  
change my tone.  
i make my business public when expressing indecision  
and i never guess on anything, i know it or i learn  
and you can tell my mood by the extent of my ellipsis....  
my patience has been breaking while i try to wait my  
turn  
and if i had it my way, i would never write a chorus  
'cause a chorus is so boring when you have to say it  
twice  
but it's what the people like so i really can't ignore it  
it's important to please everyone and always be so nice

this is what i expected  
the lessons of life have been less than impressive  
tonight i could write a million lines about nothing  
instead of making something that i love, i resent this.

this little riddle i've been saving has been making me  
appreciate the median between being myself  
and the polar opposite that i've been watching from a  
distance  
has me questioning conceptions that i have for mental  
health  
this is what i'm living and i think about the better  
on a pretty constant basis so i tried to send my letter  
but i'm pretty sure it never got to reach you, and the  
header  
read "A little love can mend this bridge", i guess it was  
too clever

if i didn't need to eat or sleep, i'd buy myself a  
typewriter  
and i would lock myself into a room and just create.  
i would skip all interaction with this clear and present  
danger  
of all strangers and remain and wait for someone i can  
hate  
well, i don't believe in anything and that's an crazy!  
feeling  
but i'm learning to accept the fact that we have never  
grown  
and i'm certain that my words do not reflect what we've  
completed  
and repeating this should show you that the end is  
never known

liKe vArlouS caPitAl lEtteRs in sEnTenCes  
bastardizations of language exist  
i'm setting a standard for communication  
so people dont send me these messages with  
incorrect spelling and fragmented sentences  
i don't know how you can put up with this  
maybe i'm crazy but English is dying  
and it cannot find a good reason to live

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