

Over It

"Etcetera Whatever"

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Don't speak.
Words come out your eyes.
You're wet with this nightmare.
Like thorns you hold these secrets to your breast,
your slender fingers closing into fists.

Trace your bruise
like a guilty streak.
Hold the pain.
You're a connoisseur.
You think you have no other gift to give,
but we have so much left to live.

We don't need a lot of money.
We'll be sleeping on the beach,
keeping oceans within reach.
(Whatever private oceans we can conjure up for free.)
I will stumble there with you
and you'll be laughing close with me,
trying not to make a scene
etcetera. Whatever. I guess all I really mean

is we're gonna be alright.
Yeah, we're gonna be alright.
You can close your eyes tonight,
'cause we're gonna be alright.

So come on now,
I can almost see
that place
on a distant shore.
And courage is a weapon we must use
to find some life you can't refuse.

We don't need a lot of money.
We'll be sleeping on the beach,
keeping oceans within reach.
(Whatever private oceans we can conjure up for free.)
I will stumble there with you
and you'll be laughing close with me,
trying not to make a scene

etcetera. Whatever. I guess all I really mean

is we're gonna be alright.
Yeah, we're gonna be alright.
You can close your eyes tonight,
'cause we're gonna be alright.
All that I can see is your eyes.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes.

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