

A Times Beach Crush Factor "Spent"

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Street nights
Cool nights
A couple of clueless kids
Smoking cigarettes
Talking out loud
Could you comprehend what they must be thinking?
Explanations burned into frustration

Songs of broadbred(?)
Hanging off the lips
Silence enters
The conversation slips
It seems what they want
Is closer than we imagine
One leans in and asked the other

Would it be alright if I told you something in spite?
I will listen to you on one condition
I will call your bluff without suspicion
About the way you feel tonight

Cylce (?)
False hopes
Pitfalls and close calls

Steam rising off the surface
I can't explain the nervousness
That we send to analyze to death
She seems so nice
Seems being a key word

I explain myself
In the most useless way
I dive in too fast
Scaring off the web
In an ocean where the motion crushes the surf
And pulls be back to you

Scenery changing
A certain look of disguise
Off the rounded helm of the pretty brown eyes
Sucking his mouth dry

You used to lose in
Everyone in this life
All the reckless
In her visions
I sat inside
Slow my breathing and fright
About the way I feel tonight

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