

An Angle

"A Way With Words"

Visit "[A Way With Words](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I live just above a coffee shop
About two blocks from the Capitol
And each morning, I count these steps
Before I head outside the front door

My friends are waiting
Across the street
We all share our hearts
On a barstool and a drink

And each morning, I find myself
To stumble onto my couch
I turn the tv set on
as the news reporter sings out loud

"Well, we are all in fear of what we don't know."

And there's this girl
She sees between the oldest assumption
And the oldest tree
And she can recognize beauty
'cause that's all she sees

So she steps out of the door
With her backpack in one shoulder
And my heart in the other
And my heart in the other
And my heart in the other
And my heart in the other

And we are trying to find someone
Who we just met or followed
We're all just trying to find the truth
Yeah, what is fact or fictional

But this is the woman I love
Across the phone, she listens to me
Drink myself to death

And so I guess I'm someone
Who can't live without you

So let's make love like it was the first time

And the sound of the bed
goes to be intertwined again
And we made love again 2x (And we never again?)
And we know again

And my friends say I have a way with words
(A way with words)
And they all listen to what comes out like it's fucking
pure
(Cuz it's so pure)

And so I've finally have got something to say
We are free to do whatever we please
And we are free to do what's destroying the country
And we are free to do what loving someone so
completely means???
And I am free to take this drink
And I am free to take my drinks
So let my take my drink
Let me take my drink
Let me take my drink
Let me take my drink

And let me be... free

Visit [An Angle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.