

## Ceschi

### "Calluses"

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[Ceschi]

Well it's been long enough now, that I can laugh about  
it  
Without tear jerks, or suicidal notes  
And although life's changed, my feet won't stop movin  
And calluses just continue to cover my whole being  
I thought I loved you then, I know I love you now  
And I won't forget a single second of the time we spent  
Furthermore, I'll never be able to just replace you  
But taking your photos from out of my wallet  
and wallowing in my own sorrow for hours what a  
fucking joke  
Another half truth  
Dripping out of the mouth of an idiot that still cares for  
you  
As much as the first day that he met you and as much  
as he regrets it  
Tell you he'd stop rapping in the third person if he  
could only smell you  
Well you, could've {?} unravelled the truth about how  
you fell but umm  
I should've focused my energy obviously on someone  
else-ah  
Who would've listened to every word that you could  
possibly utter  
A father a publicist even an optimist some of them said  
to be truthful  
Because I missed the, moments were thinking was  
optional  
Total bliss love, as the tentacles dig deep into our cell  
bodies  
And then some, when we became one  
There wasn't a single force in the world that could  
shake us

Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {\*3X\*}  
Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

Well now I'm dead sure, that I was dead on  
That we should be together 'til death and then some  
That you was drop dead beautiful I'm never dead

wrong

The rest'll be dead and gone and there'll be no  
dreaded song

I just beheaded the long, with you between my temples  
Fingerpainting fictional flowers throughout my mental  
Overpowered but gentle, sweeter than sour tempered  
Just fiending for an hour when we can be back together

This evil convenience, is easier than love

In fact, most everything is easier than love

It's whack, but I guess the tempered human being  
deserves it

For being born with mortal sin, all torn up in  
stomachs and aching bones, I know that you can never  
just

stomach these aching tomes disguises as achey  
poems

But it's the only way I'll come to grips with what went  
wrong

It's the only way I'll clear my throat of these dead frogs

And it's embarrassing sometimes I know

But I hope that the sinners realize that this pain stems  
from growth

Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {\*3X\*}

Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

Well here's that third verse that I usually cut from  
songs

And maybe it's a symbol of me finally moving on

Or maybe it just means that I never want to let go

Or possibly it's signifying the loss of self-control

And a last effort attempt to reach what's missing from  
my soul

Where those few visible words that won't even graze  
her earlobes

But I give it a shot - though, and rock slow enough

So she can know his breath just not, for the rhymes to  
say

He's trying too hard, he's making it tough

I hope she knows I give a fuck

More than head penises and pussies and Hollywood  
sluts

I'm sorry for not giving up, I'm sorry for caring too  
much

I'm sorry for giving apologies so many times that I'm  
stuck in a rut

I wish that this could be the last time that I said love

Cause sometimes wishes come true, so now this song  
is done..

[repeat to fade]

Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {\*3X\*}  
Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

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