

Chris Pureka

"Cruel And Clumsy"

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You've been low,
you've been thinking about the last time,
but I know
there's still a window that leads outside...

Sweet air through the summer screen,
tall grass and warm stones,
where are you today?
'cause you're missing it all...

You were twisting the lens,
but it never stayed in focus,
so you laid on your bed,
and just lost track of the seasons...

And now you know the feel of cold steel to temple
and you know the feel of razor to wrist
and you're lost in a room
that rocks back and forth like a ship deck...

Sweet air through the summer screen,
tall grass and warm stones,
where are you today?
'cause you're missing it all...

But we never explain
why we treasure our secrets,
how we're in love with our sadness sometimes...

But you wanted something you saw in the sunset,
so don't you leave her 'til you know what it is
and let's turn to the west
and let's turn up the music
and let's hope it's always as good as this...

Life is cruel and it's clumsy
(but we never explain)
I wish I could say that it's better than that
(why we treasure our secrets)
but this is our time
(how we're in love with our sadness sometimes)

this is all that we have 'til we turn out the lights...

Life is cruel and it's clumsy save its very best moments
(but we never explain)
I wish I could say that it's better than that
(why we treasure our secrets)
but this our time
(how we're in love with our sadness sometimes)
this is all that we have 'til we turn out the lights....

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