

Residents

"The Thing About Them"

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Now there ws this thing about them that caused me at
times to doubt them,
or created conflict in my mind. Usually there was a he
one, and there
also was a she one, but somehow they came out
differently. And one of
them, when she was she, would smile and burn a hole
in me; a hole that was
too hard for me to hide. Once I had a dream bout her,
in a filed, alone
outside a tiny little cottage made of sticks. It was much
to small to use
it, so she bumped her head and bruised it trying to get
through the tiny
door. Afterwards, I went to tell her, but it was he I felt
who nodded at
my words indifferently. And of course when this would
happen, there was
still a she to tap up on my shoulder fromhe other side.
But it wasn't her
who looked then, close perhaps, but like some bookend
that had come
misshapen from its mate. So I told myself there must
be some way I can
make them just be who I want to be with all the time,
'cause it kept me at
a distance, but my sensees kept insisting it was much
more interesting
inside.

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