

Amanda Palmer

"1.1.94"

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We had written
We would sit down
And start again
From the beginning

It was finally time
To stop whining
And start doing
Anything, something
To make them believe we were living

And we kept on bleeding
Long after the signatures
Dried on the paper
I stole from
Melissa's Macbeth

And oh how I needed so much to believe in it
Isn't it sick how I thought that I knew you to death?

How romantic
Ushering in the new year
With our childish antics

And now soon after
The gullible glimmer of hope turned to sarcastic
laughter

And we were intelligent people with eyes in our heads
It's astonishing, is it?
I thought you were just plain shy
Oh, quiet kind of guy

With the banner man waiting
Behind every corner
A delicate soldier, the loner
How lonely was I?

There is still time

We could still try
It's very difficult
When no one's there to
Catch you in the rye

You kept saying
That the black cat(?) of godsend
At least it made living worth hating
You kept taking the bad with the worst
Like some curse that your mother was making

Oh and isn't it funny years later
We'd look at it broken and shaking our heads laughing
If we had known back then what trouble it would bring

To actually want to create something beautiful
Now we've turned into those pitiful people
Too scared to touch
And drinking way too much

Oh, it's typical isn't it?
Say it, you cynically asked for it
Didn't we ask for it?
Didn't we want to be lesser and lesser
Come on and tell me
Didn't it, didn't it, didn't it...

There is still time
We could still try
But it's very difficult
When no one's there to
Catch you in the rye

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