

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Pensive"

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The first man saw his scope
Making lists, he asked "will it look like this tomorrow?"
Excuse you, behoove you to live a spiders life and
"clean up nice"
Placate away, placate away and grow up tame
Tonight I saw what I'll never be,
Old men walking and the reveries badgering me
My longevity lays in my feet,
I'm counting Fridays on calendars
I'm seeing signs in my yellow teeth
I do my best thinking while driving but now
I have to wear glasses and they've been doing
roadwork for years
It's funny how towns never lose their smells
It's funny how now I scythe and scowl about missing
this house
You can learn to live without anyone, you just can't live
with the re-runs
I'm ready to let my hair down, I'm ready to move to the
woods
Until the floor boards get raspy, I'm ready, I'm ready
Sometimes I wish I could stop scratching at my wheals,
Scratching at the heels of my sneaks

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