

The Front Bottoms

"Maps"

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There is a map in my room,
On the wall of my room,
And I've got big, big plans

But I can see them slippin through,
Almost feel them slipping through,
The palms of my sweaty hands

And I move slow,
Just slow enough to make you uncomfortable

You say I hate you,
You mean it,
And I love you sounds fake,
It's taken me so long to figure that out,
I used to love the taste,
I would do anything for it,
Now I would do anything to get the taste out of my
mouth

And you're so confident,
But I hear you crying in your sleeping bag

But you were broken bad yourself,
And you were mad as hell, you felt,
If you had done anything with anyone else,
It would have worked out so well

But you are an artist,
And your mind don't work the way you want it to,
One day you'll be washing yourself with handsoap in a
public bathroom

And you'll be thinking "How did I get here?
Where the hell am I?"
If the roles were reversed,
You could have seen me sneaking up,
Sneaking up from behind

She sees these visions,
She feels emotion,

She says that I cannot go,
She sees my plane in the ocean,
And what about your friends?
Don't you love them enough to stay?
And I say "If I don't leave now,
Then I will never get away"
Let me be a blue raft,
On the blue sea,
I'll blend right in

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On the wall of my room,
I've got big big plans
(There is a map in my room,
On the wall of my room,
I've got big, big plans)
But I can see them slippin through,
Almost feel them slipping through,
The palms of my sweaty hands,
(But I can see them slippin through,
Almost feel them slipping through,
The palms of my sweaty hands)

And I move slowly,
Just slow enough to make you uncomfortable

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