

## **Small Brown Bike "The Cannon And Tanks"**

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i know that this might sound strange,  
but i can't think of a better way to say that if i could find  
the words i'd tear them out of my throat  
and crush them into your eyes.  
so i wrote myself a list of things that i've been meaning  
to say.  
i forced them out of my head, but i can't find your eyes.  
i try to call it a truce, approach you crush them out of  
my life, convince you.  
a walk is all that i need;  
this ambiguity feels like a knife in me.  
sixteen blocks without any thanks,  
i feel that i think the cannons and tanks.  
all of these wars that i try to explain get defused so  
many times so i play with my shoes,  
i've learned to untie them with my eyes.  
i try to call it a truce, approach you crush them out of  
my life, convince you.  
call it a truce, crush them out of my life.

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