

Small Brown Bike "The Cannons 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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