

Time

"Hungreed"

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A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up, the fork in the road

Bye bye see you later
I don't have time for intellectual females
Who talk about perot, dukakis and nader
No more of you sticking your flamingo body into a
pigeon hole
No more of you singing to independent music cause it
makes you feel
Original
No more of you telling me I can't touch your hips cause
you think you're
Fat
No more of your lips touching me, but I might mind that
I'm sick of your friends
And those tim burton independent music, movie
discussions
And how your valley girlfriends
Would try to act musically inclined around me by
cussing
Telling how smart you thought I was when you would
listen to my dumb rap
You were everything you complained about
If I would of hit you
Like all of your other friends you would of come back
(I wrote that a couple of days ago, it went something
like that
And it's like that)

A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up it's eating me up,
A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up, the fork in the road
It's eating me up, the fork in the road

I knew something was wrong
You were looking thinner everyday
I knew something was wrong
Asked to go to dinner, you said, no that's okay
I thought you were beautiful

But I guess we both saw a different person
You would talk me through your problems
While you were secretly purging
Thanks for showing me that donnie darko flick
And thanks for sucking my
Problems out of my mind and listening to me bitch

Moan and complain
When I'd start freaking out, you never questioned if I
was sane
Others thought I was crazy
You told me if music was gonig to stress me out this
bad
Then I should take a break
While you were skipping three meals a day
Looking in the mirror and seeing hate
I guess you thought, you could'nttalk
To anyone because they could'ntrelate
You handed me a bouquet of lies with a note enclosed
Telling me your gonna die
Never an explanation or a reason
Never a good bye just I'm leaving
A transparent silloutte has no home
I guess grandma death was right
All creatures do die alone

A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up, the fork in the road
It's eating me up, the fork in the road
It's eating me up [x2]

Cutting yourself was your next step
You were mad because your dillema I guessed it
Told me you hated me
You called me back and said you didn't mean it
If words were nothing I would write you twenty one
haikus and eleven
Sonnets
It's like the camera's the sun and gods bilemic
Mirrors are ears and they hear your screams
These walls are speechless
Silent of what they've seen

A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up, the fork in the road [x2]
(Not my problem, sorry for trying to solve them [x3]
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry)
A frequently walked path is quick to erode
It's eating me up, till I'm full
It's eating me up

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