

## **And Then There Were None "Action Is The Anecdote"**

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Maybe I'll be broken like the bones that carry me,  
Living life so lifelessly,

Or I could be a good scene in a bad dream,  
I could make it something beautiful,  
And just take it away take it away, from what you don't  
believe in.  
You're dying like this living sideways (I've been living  
like this all along.)

I can see that what we have is a problem here,  
and I could be something better if you love me dear.  
Stop, stop with the time you're wasting (turn my back  
and run away)  
I can see that the closest thing to perfect is the farthest  
thing from me.

Then I could make you love me and just me,  
And everything would be beautiful  
And they could count down the days, count down the  
days, as we both die.  
You can't stand the sound of silence (You're going to  
live your life alone.)

I can see that what we have is a problem here,  
and I could be something better if you love me dear.  
Stop, stop with the time you're wasting (turn my back  
and run away)  
I can see that the closest thing to perfect is the farthest  
thing from me.

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