

## Day At The Fair, A "Priscilla The Traveling Proton"

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So I tip my glass, and I bid farewell,  
with this open scar, and this band aid on my chest,  
and my heart's in a baggage claim,  
and my head feels light from bleeding,  
it's the thinning of my soul, and how it pours itself on  
you

when you disappear, like evaporating water,  
as I turn from this ash, to nothing, I'm nothing at all

Take everything you love, take all that you'll become,  
wrap it up and send it to me,  
take everything we've done,  
take everything we've loved, wrap it up and write "I  
miss you"

I could be the one, who's every word you hang on,  
you could have been that girl, that every word was for

Now I make my bed alone, what a painful  
understanding,  
of the clarity of love, and how it leaves you, it leaves  
you alone

And you travel through this world,  
with the better part of me,  
keep it as a souvenir to help you fall asleep,  
in nights you feel alone, in nights you dream of me,  
in nights you watch our fairytale, lose it's energy

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