

Surrogate "Upside down Pictures"

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There's paint on the brush
But waiting is all that you know
The doors have been locked from the inside
There's nothing there

The memory you have of your dad
Is losing you sleep
As well as your lovers
And friends and family

I don't mind, I don't mind
The shape of your insides
The shape of your insides

The sunlight collides with your walls and begs you to
breathe
But your mind is in other places till it leaves
Lately your thoughts are as focused as they'll ever be
But you're thinking of upside down pictures and
symmetry

I don't mind, I don't mind
The shape of your insides
The shape of your insides

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