

## **Format, The "I'm Actual"**

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Can we take the next hour  
and talk about me  
Talk about me, and we'll talk about me  
Talk about me, and we'll only talk about me

Can we please take this hour  
and talk about me  
and my hatred for corporate magazines  
you know they don't speak to me  
The irony is they won't speak with me

I placed you on a windowsill  
Cut notches up and down the door  
My surprise, I woke up one morn  
In our bed  
In your place  
Lay a note  
It read:  
Baby your love  
it just ain't good enough  
I found sunlight six hours away  
You wanted me down 'til I drifted abound  
Somewhere far from your shade

Now I shadow my former self  
Once holy, now lonely  
A chest full of holes  
Red wax, it paints me unclear  
when the big hand strikes twelve  
I disapear

and the angels are fake  
They'll lie to your face  
Anything to keep you away  
You waterered me down 'til  
I drifted abound

It's time I accept the fact  
that you on your back  
It has buried the past

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