

Intensive Jazz Sextet

"Sidewalk Chalk Pt. 2"

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They gave me fake canines and now I'm like a dog
Dead and buried in its favorite spot.
I'm shaking like streetlights in hurricanes
I've got a brain, but I'm afraid, yes I'm oh so afraid
I don't know how to use it. It's useless
Like information learned on Highway 41
Trying to block out songs blaring from a window
At the next red light.
And no, I'm not alright.

I'm writing this as an apology to anyone who knew me
before.

I break promises like pieces of glass piercing the hand
they went through.
Is this something new that the cracks in the wall tell
different?
Is this the instant we realize there's a strange gap
where a poster's missing?
With a picture of the Rocky Mountains shaped like your
mood swings
It bring back memories of a distant time when we
hardly tried
To understand our chemistry

I'm writing this as an apology to anyone who know me
before.

I spent my last cent on incense so I could get the scent
Of my last chance floating away.
It was a sad, sad day. It was a sad, sad day.
When I lit the last match in the pack, burned my
fingertips
Just to prove that I felt pain.
Oh, it's not a shame; it's the game that I play with
petrified pieces of clay.
Just to build back what never was so when we're done
We can destroy without feeling guilty.
Please don't miss me. Please don't kiss me with your
lips made of future reform.
Yes, I'm cracked and torn between the lies and truths

that form

In the center of this chalk outline. Just this one time
I'll help you interpret why I fit so well inside.

I'm writing this as an apology to anyone who knew.

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