

The Silent Type

"Mix Tape"

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Well I claimed just a day, but I stayed the entire week in your bed, in repose, while your lips pressed my eyelids closed every night, ever close, never mind sleeping in our clothes 'til the day met our touch, laid her hands o'er our barely sleeping eyes. Would fate have let this happen at any other time? If I felt the sundial shifting I would keep so still the second hand would simply pass me by. Pack my bags in the dark, greet the streets like our meeting was rehearsed to expect a collapse of the world or more. But the train takes me home, it never blinks, and the skyline seems to hold what I've left, what I've kept, what I know I should have shown. But patience complicates me and plans that I devised. This city has grown selfish with your company and all I ask is that the days reverse. Is that too much? Is that so hard? Am I not worth it? It goes back and forth from start to start. So we're not perfect. I'm not discouraged. Lay awake while she sleeps, search the hymns that the mix tape sings for a verse or a word, just a note that will hold her when I'm gone.

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