

# Acetone, Don't Cry

At night I feel the air just slip through my fingers  
In daylight it sticks like glue  
When I consider all the things that creep under my skin  
None of them are quite as sweet as you

So don't cry

And if I leave, and coming back I lose my way

Don't change the locks on the back door  
Cause even though my brain may be twisted and unsound  
You know that my heart is true

So don't cry  
So don't cry  
So don't cry  
So don't cry