

Akrasia, Weave

what's the chances i'll wake up to see
her still in the bed there next to me
falling in a pattern
for the way things' gonna be
(picks another apple from the tree)

how come we're both here and still alone
maybe it'll make sense when we've grown
turn the lights back on and find my shoes to drive her home
(throws a piece of ice out on the road)

so come with me and comfort me
when it's late and i cant sleep
and you can tell just from my face what i believe
will you be my friend
when i fuck things up again
can we laugh at all the tangled webs we weave

(solo)

come with me and comfort me
when its late and i cant sleep
and you can tell just from my face what i believe
will you be my friend
when i fuck things up again
can we laugh at all the tangled webs we weave

and you can't tell me
you know what to do
and i can't tell you
i dont want her too