

# Bloops, Something Else

One, Two, Three

Forget-me-nots knot themselves inside my heart  
My heart is clearly caked in mud  
And muttering, "She loves me not.  
She loves me not. She loves me not.  
She loves me not."  
Now I don't know what's real or not,  
and I don't know what feeling's caught  
inside my glove  
Is it lust or love? Or something that's about  
to explode?

Is it moonless nights in mid-November?  
Is it one last kiss that I meant to give her  
right before she slammed the car  
into a telephone pole?  
Is it holding on for one last heartbeat?  
Is it sitting in the waiting room  
trying not to fall asleep and  
wondering if I do will you  
hold it against me?

Is it lipstick? Is it chapstick?  
Is it something else entirely?  
(x2)

Four, Three, Two  
Not to make you feel guilty,  
But if you really loved me  
You wouldn't let this flower die.  
You wouldn't let the winter scream,  
"She loves you not. She loves you not.  
She loves you not. She loves you not."  
But she's got to.

Now I have no clue what's real or not,  
And I don't know what flavor's caught  
on your cold lips  
when we close our eyes for one last kiss

Is it lipstick? Is it chapstick?  
Is it breaking down or breaking up?  
Is it lipstick? Is it chapstick?  
Or both?

You better hold on / You better hold it off  
You better hold it in / You better hold out  
(x2)

Is it starless skies in late November?  
Is it silence, sadness, sour surrender?  
Thinking of that night I dug myself  
this bulletproof hole  
Is that her shadow on the staircase?  
Is that her singing in the living room  
or just the television?

Am I depressed? Is it madness?  
Or something else entirely?  
Am I depressed? Is it madness?  
Or something else entirely?  
Is it lipstick? Is it chapstick?  
Or something else?