

# Dear And The Headlights, Try

Straighten up my shoulders for my mother and mirrors  
The overcompensation of a posture I'm dying to know  
Feeling like a kid selling ten dollar chocolates  
Reciting all my rehearsed lines to your closing door  
Thought a change of scenery would make me feel better  
Moved four hundred miles away, I'm still staring at the floor  
And feeling useless as a mime in a counseling session  
Here's a million mute expressions,  
here's the one where I choke on my words  
Then in comes the church with the answers  
Ah Ah bless me with those tired acronyms  
They look good on the overhead slide  
They're saving lives  
Works every time  
Coughing courtesy up in a month of indifference  
And lapping up the lie with an apologetic tongue  
I'm polishing my eyelids with a hand on your shoulder  
Scripted adornment always kills concern  
Sick of coming home with the TV mumbling  
There used to be a time when you spoke to me with words  
I'm swearing up and down saying it's a commitment  
And toasting new beginnings saying sorry I thought it would work  
All my speech is riddled with annulment  
I'm sorry, I'm just doing what I think I should  
I'm gathering my things and I'm leaving for good in November  
I don't know when I'll talk to you  
I guess when both our eyes have finally died  
I still want to try