

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