

Decibully, Tables Turn

you packed your life up into boxes
and what didn't fit
you carried
and the heavy things were left
the city loves you
it gives you oxygen
and a little space
to be filled
with all the heavy things you make
the mirror kisses like you once did
at first it's cold
but delicate
then it reflects much more
my focus now is on the small things
since my glasses broke
someone else should drive
or i might not leave at all
i'm not wasting loose change
cause i'm changing
falls for young things
i'm not waiting
on tables to turn
cause i'm turning
forgive me for all things
i'm not disapproving
if you got something to prove
well then prove it
falls without wings
we've got something
nothing else matters now does it
forgive me for all things
when you call