

# EI-P, T.O.J.

And you can tell that maybe time is out of joint my love  
So this is maybe just a SOS, shrapnel, an echo of dead sentiment  
Measurement tossed at nothing for no one, a wasted effort, a shrug  
Or maybe resident incurable romantic defunct in the face of fact  
Blackboard formula erased by the last class  
but the outlines still intact, and I see it  
And I'm still not sure of the meaning  
But I'll say it, write it down, and read it for you

No protective leathery flesh of emotional chain-mail  
(No running shoes) no running, no locking doors, no anger  
(No e-mail) no voicemail communicational strangulation  
Or distortion of purity sentiment  
No fantasy of reconciliation or delusion of no revenge  
(No bullshit) no culture hidden agendas, no preaching  
(No pedestal) no standing on the pulpit, no ego, no new speaker freakish lingo  
(Here I go...)  
I haven't loved many people  
I grew up afraid that I was crazy  
And one time when I was deep inside your body you purred  
And I was sure that you were gonna have my baby

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I used to be in love...

Everything you said I took it all to heart  
And you sparked a change in me  
Before I could become a new sun I had to fall apart  
And I can see that now  
And I wish you well  
Cause you saw what was good in me  
And I'll be god damned if I didn't see that myself  
And everything you are  
I look at that with pride  
Before I could become a man I had to lose my mind had to lose my mind  
And I see that now  
And I wish you well  
Cause I see what's good in you  
And I'll be god damned if you can't see that yourself