

Eric Shoves Them In His Pockets, With Love

Well, you started thinking, you were thinking about you,
and from my side, you're just skimming the truth.
With love this size I guess the skin like eyes can be blind
Well now you're blinking, I wonder what you're into,
and I guess you're just flattered with love.
When my mind rushes my cheeks don't blush,
I hide - my inner world is lush.
With love this size, I guess the skin like eyes can be blind.
For a year now, I feel like I've been soft,
blowing in the air like a dried cloth,
I was quiet, but never found the peace inside to listen,
so you just blabbered in fear of sinking.
My mind in those moments was far from comfort,
no wonder that we both felt awkward,
and I better sit down before you stop
because this silence is something that will get me lost.
With love this size, I guess the skin like eyes can be blind
I wonder if you got the nerve to sit down, not even talk.
If the moment ain't now, I guess we will never know.
With love this size, I guess the skin like the eyes can be blind.