

Knapsack, Cinema Stare

Tangling up at the foot of your bed
Wonder who's next both went ahead
She swears the passion is past me
She will outlast me

The try to look bored
Well fall on the length of the sword
She's falling faster I cannot ask her

So to bed all can decree
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe
This is the last time

Cinema stare and their hands
Tangle up in the cinnamon hair
And the freeze I cannot let go

They can't afford but it picks up
His clothes from the floor
And he leaves and this will let her know

Find a way so they can believe
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve
But you will not break mine

There's no darkness in the dark for them
There were chances for the ball to end

So to bed all can decree
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe
This is the last time

Fall to waste they can believe
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve
But you will not break mine