

Mew, Comforting Sounds

I don't feel alright in spite of these comforting sounds you make.
I don't feel alright because you make promises that you break.
Into your house, why don't we share our solitude?
Nothing is pure anymore but solitude.
It's hard to make sense, feels as if I'm sensing you through a lens.
If someone else comes, I'd just sit here listening to the drums.
Previously I never called it solitude.
And probably you know all the dirty shows I've put on.
Blunted and exhausted like anyone.
Honestly I tried to avoid it.
Honestly.
Back when we were kids, we would always know when to stop.
And now all the good kids are messing up.
Nobody has gained or accomplished anything.