

Press Return, I Can Hear You Trying To Trick Me

Accretions of all kinds
Are the maydays of our time.
She said "baby, I got high."
But I had an itch in my eye.

The story's I choose to pursue
Have nothing to do with you
Cause the benevolence excused
Never fit the suit.

Chorus
So let's get these tapes rolling, let the records show
(The director, he called you into action...)
An officer instructed that I head back home
(Cause your repertoire makes up a list of distractions,)
Cause you can never truly love someone
(And your make up case is much too expensive...)
Until you can hurt them by what you have become
(To be wasted on a two year attraction.)

Dreams it seems are awful things
That tear through all our careful schemes
From the pillows to the sheets
We're following the straight line seams

Chorus

Bridge
So even if that means I'm trying things I probably shouldn't
And even if that means I'm doing things I normally wouldn't
I won't look back and say it was because I couldn't
I won't look back and say it was because I couldn't
(x2)