

The Black Maria, Living Expenses

Paralyzed between these metal walls.
And how I wish I had something more than this.
Is this success?
'Cause when I'm home, it's just another day.
A piece of the furniture with nothing to say.
Your jester who lives to fail.

Everything that was written by me is complicated.
I swear I give you my words.
They get mixed up sometimes,
and everything that was written by me,
what's the meaning? I swear I give you my words.
They get lost sometimes.

Oh, it's cute to kiss and tell.
But the craziest part is that you all will never know for sure,
did I mean it all?
Any part at all?
They lyrics are just a fragile wall to keep me guarded from you.

Everything that was written by me is complicated.
I swear I give you my words.
They get mixed up sometimes,
and everything that was written by me,
what's the meaning?
You think you see it, the words.
They get lost sometimes.

Oh, how I bleed for you.
I wear my heart on my sleeve.
I live and bleed for only you.

With everything that was written by me,
you'll never see it,
you'll never get it.
This world gets me down sometimes...