

The Honorary Title, Disengage

So you regret the last five years of your life with me
Don't you think that I feel the same way too?
Don't you think that I feel the same way too?
Disengage your eyes
At least one moment in time
And soon you will know
Trace the lines on my face
Until you are underneath
It all starts real slow
Walking sleepless through these streets
I don't understand a thing you mean
This relationship is based on what trails across the CD case
And it will all soon come to an end
But if you don't pick up the phone, you will regret it
I've said it before, but this time I mean it
You, you keep telling me that you regret
All the things that we've done
I've tortured you, that I'm willing to admit
Guilt-ridden for those years
Trying to forget, from now on
From now on
I met her at a show
Her dress was stained and her eyes had a glow
There were no lines to trace on her face
But I will make my way underneath
I'll just start real slow