

# 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