

Wide Mouth Mason, Rust

There's nothing here I couldn't break
If I loved it hard enough
Nothing that wouldn't crumble in my hands
There's nothing here I couldn't crash if I sat behind the wheel
Nothing that wouldn't fall apart if I tried to hold it together

Please, please, please
Please don't lie to my face
Your face never lies to me

There's no one who wouldn't play a hero
If I threw a masquerade
No one could fool me in disguise
There's no one heavy I couldn't raise them
Nobody so light as to blind my eyes
No stone I couldn't turn to gravel if I tried to hold it together

Sweet corroded love
I still see myself in your shiny patches
But rust is going to claim you from me soon
I taste the reservation in your kisses
I see it in the twitching of your nose
I know by the way you look right past me
You're showing what you think that you don't show