

A Day at the Fair, Priscilla The Traveling Proton

So I tip my glass, and I bid farewell, with this open scar, and this band aid on my chest, and my head
when you disappear, like evaporating water, as I turn from this ash, to nothing, I'm nothing at all
Take everything you love, take all that you'll become, wrap it up and send it to me, take everything
I could be the one, who's every word you hang on, you could have been that girl, that every word w
Now I make my bed alone, what a painful understanding, of the clarity of love, and how it leaves yo
And you travel through this world, with the better part of me, keep it as a souvenir to help you fall a