

A Static Lullaby, Static Slumber Party

Stay and fill me up with something else
You're all that's left and I'll be
Picking up the pieces of our past
Like broken glass
Affection ruptures lonely nights
But I've always been the last in line
For romance
Captive among lonely hearts
Are all we are
Captive behind broken hearts
Are all we are
So lovely can I stay the night
And baby if I said that I'll be back tomorrow
This might be a bit shy from the truth
As lonely as the days that we begin to follow
Somehow we become those walls we build
Somehow we lose the urge to feel
Somehow I've become the lesser man
We become products of ourselves
Slave to despair
Despair to aspire
A real lovers love
The profound beating of this chest
A poetic type of touch
That reminds us who we are
The feeling, the rhyming rhythm
Recalling wounded thoughts
Still seeming a little tempted
To set these sheets aflame
As your eyes close
He finds that it's worth more
As he's slipping out the back door