

Atmosphere, Lifter Puller

you don't know me
you just left me
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And he was a man
Or so he thought
Paid attention to the lessons that he taught
Second hand me down blessing
She was short on patience
Carried person hated every day people
The plight of the pessimist
Habitual living daily schedule consisted of work
Television and sexual moments
But some times it gets so hope less
When non-sense raises an oct of thought blocks
With a firm grasp on the grudge they both clutched in the name of love
Fear of the results had push ever came to shove
Seduced for fun
Produce a a lot of fight
Two youths on the run
Learning some truth about life
And when he stares at the stars he reflects on the moon
The time the talks they share walking around calhoon
And when she watches the look on his face as he sleeps
She recalls every inch as to how it got this deep

Now how am I to know you like the way I laugh
I can't read the map, no ones ever seen the path?
The one you take a bath with is the same on the freeze your path
Oh you going out? what time you goin be back?

Cause they were two perfect kids
In a too perfect world
Today the part of man and women will be played by boy and girl
Lets all take seats
Please quiet during the performance
Lift her pull her from the orchids

Trying to read the script but keep getting trapped in the margins
Lift them pull them from the gardens

Your horoscope says we should share an apartment
Lift them pull them apart from their gardens

Now she was smart
She grew up with this complex
That the people that surrounded her seemed to expect the world
And he was tall over six no attempt to predict the fall
Though he'd seen it all
Until his all became that girl
She said she loves the drugs
But when she comes down
She speaks about finishing
She's convinced its the last visit
He doesn't know the difference between come and go
Just give him one to grow and watch him collapse inside of a half pivot
She died her hair black
Maybe now she can relax
Maybe now the regulars will stare half as hard

He wears a old face and beer gut
Existence validation printed on the monthly statements
That comes from master card

He thinks she sleeps to much
She thinks he spends to much
He thinks her friends are jokes
She thinks he's out of touch
He thinks she drinks to much
She think he thinks to much
Its all another phase turning the page in the book of growing up

She's has seen a lot of sex
He tried to hide his resentment
But their wasn't nothing thing left for them to label new
But sometimes the obvious ain't simple to see
Cause even the time that they killed
Wasn't something that she wasnt accustomed too
She never comprehended what to make of it
He was never quite prepared to study the reaching
Together they shared the sacred practices of breathing
The weather was fair how ever the hovering clouds weren't leaving

Discover the little drama demons that hide deep inside the frame work
and live in That congested brain
They had old lovers on the side old flames
That some how managed to spark regardless of the pouring rains
And each time they mixed up the ingredients
They'd recheck the recipe to see maybe they're reading it incorrectly
Collect me consume me release me snuggle
Two geniuses putting together the pieces to a blank puzzle

Every time I chase a squirrel it rips apart my world
Every time I chase a squirrel it rips apart my world
Every time I chase a squirrel it rips apart my world
And every time I chase a squirrel it rips apart my world