

# Bayside, Foot Impressions

So I'll leave you  
To enjoy the days you spend without me  
So wish in your hand  
And I'll shit in mine  
And I bet you mine fills up first

Words seem to roll right off your tongue  
You articulate in perfect sentences and make a masterpiece of ending my life  
So clever with your let downs as you fill the air with lies  
So I'll sit alone and wonder what is really going on beyond your eyes

I'll circle your house for days and hope that you come to meet me  
So many foot impressions form a moat  
And you'll see how deep my feelings are for you  
And you still won't care

So I'll leave you  
To enjoy the days you spend without me  
Let's hold hands  
And be the best of friends  
And I bet I'll never feel this way again