Blue October, Answer

If I can't crawl inside of you,
I'm laughing with a broken face
I stumble across my self esteem.
But to picture the pleasure is making me want my space.

Understand...
that God wrapped you like a bow.
But in my head...
There's some shelves that need cleaning,
from basement to ceiling, control.

If what you're seeing is an open book,
thats great 'cuz I'm an open book.
But I'm real shy.

There's a part of me seeking and desperatly needing
to open up.
That's strange 'cuz I'm an open book,
a confused boy.

I'm an automatic steeple for depressed and lonely people.
My heart while in its cage, is used to give and not
receive a thing,
But the only funny thing is that I dont know how to give myself advice.

I've got this post dramatic thing
I've got this tattoo of a ring that lies
around my wedding finger and thats where I want to state this claim.
That I've got to learn to live and dream
before I go and get myself in love.

In love.

Theres Zoloft, Welbutrin, theres Paxil thats proven,
no side effects.
But the rest left unnamed 'cuz they worked like a charm on me.

But when your savings is drying,
you can't stop from crying
you've got to suck it up.
You're not her buttercup,
you're not her favorite book.