

# Blue October, The 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,  
that's great 'cause I'm an open book.  
But I'm real shy.

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

I'm an automatic steeple for depressed and lonely people.  
My heart while in its cage,  
give and not receive a thing,  
But the only funny thing is that I don't 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 that'ss 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.

Before, before, before I go and get myself in love

There's Zoloft, Welbutrin, there's Paxil that's proven, no side effects.  
But the rest left unnamed 'cause they worked like a charm on me.

But when your saving 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.

And I am an automatic steeple for depressed and lonely people.  
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