

Ceschi, Calluses

(Ceschi)

Well it's been long enough now, that I can laugh about it
Without tear jerks, or suicidal notes
And although life's changed, my feet won't stop movin
And calluses just continue to cover my whole being
I thought I loved you then, I know I love you now
And I won't forget a single second of the time we spent
Furthermore, I'll never be able to just replace you
But taking your photos from out of my wallet
and wallowing in my own sorrow for hours what a fucking joke
Another half truth
Dripping out of the mouth of an idiot that still cares for you
As much as the first day that he met you and as much as he regrets it
Tell you he'd stop rapping in the third person if he could only smell you
Well you, could've {?} unravelled the truth about how you fell but umm
I should've focused my energy obviously on someone else-ah
Who would've listened to every word that you could possibly utter
A father a publicist even an optimist some of them said to be truthful
Because I missed the, moments were thinking was optional
Total bliss love, as the tentacles dig deep into our cell bodies
And then some, when we became one
There wasn't a single force in the world that could shake us

Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {*3X*}
Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

Well now I'm dead sure, that I was dead on
That we should be together 'til death and then some
That you was drop dead beautiful I'm never dead wrong
The rest'll be dead and gone and there'll be no dreaded song
I just beheaded the long, with you between my temples
Fingerpainting fictional flowers throughout my mental
Overpowered but gentle, sweeter than sour tempered
Just fiending for an hour when we can be back together
This evil convenience, is easier than love
In fact, most everything is easier than love
It's whack, but I guess the tempered human being deserves it
For being born with mortal sin, all torn up in
stomachs and aching bones, I know that you can never just
stomach these aching tomes disguises as achey poems
But it's the only way I'll come to grips with what went wrong
It's the only way I'll clear my throat of these dead frogs
And it's embarrassing sometimes I know
But I hope that the sinners realize that this pain stems from growth

Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {*3X*}
Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo

Well here's that third verse that I usually cut from songs
And maybe it's a symbol of me finally moving on
Or maybe it just means that I never want to let go
Or possibly it's signifying the loss of self-control
And a last effort attempt to reach what's missing from my soul
Where those few visible words that won't even graze her earlobes
But I give it a shot - though, and rock slow enough
So she can know his breath just not, for the rhymes to say
He's trying too hard, he's making it tough
I hope she knows I give a fuck
More than head penises and pussies and Hollywood sluts
I'm sorry for not giving up, I'm sorry for caring too much
I'm sorry for giving apologies so many times that I'm stuck in a rut
I wish that this could be the last time that I said love
Cause sometimes wishes come true, so now this song is done..

(repeat to fade)
Do doo-doo, doo-doo-doo {*3X*}
Doo-doo-doo doo doo doo