

# Curl Up And Die, Utah: The Whoopie Cushion Of

My time was on your time if you were on your own time. Your sleep stole my mind.  
A fear in circles through waiting around. But now, it's over.  
And we aren't always ourselves.  
And even after it hurts worse we still make the same mistakes.  
Burnt out on being burned and a broken heart always...  
Just another empty night with nothing more to kill than time.

I fall in love too easily.  
I reorganize myself into cliches to miss you.

With written one-sided scripts of us talking to work out perfect in the end.  
A divorce invented through window shops and dressed up girls playing games on circuit cables.  
The loneliest cold year of sitting with myself and seeing you everywhere when you are gone.

Nothing is ever what it was. Nothing was ever like I thought.