

Cursive, The Radiator Hums

Dinner's getting cold --
You haven't touched a thing
So what's it gonna be?
I can hold out much longer than you
When it's steady I'm just acting out my roles
When you're ready I'll be walking out that door
And don't call me Pretty Baby anymore,
Oh, foolish worker bee --
I'm your fucking queen.

I threw out the phone to try to get through to you
The lines are down, drowned by the hum of the radiator
This house is the hole that you could never fill
With rose-blossomed bouquets, vanities and loveseats

Sad little boy, I know you get confused
But everyone goes through these trials of self-truth and self-abuse
When you're selfless you're so hard not to adore
When you're selfish, I just love you even more
I want to help you, but you've got to say the words:
"I want to be cured."

Drowned...
Deep in this hole we've dug for ourselves
Throw me in -- headfirst, submerged in this great depression
Impoverished, and Impotent....

...And Don't Call Me Pretty Baby

I threw out the phone to try to get through to you
The lines are down, drowned by the hum of the radiator
This house is the hole that you could never fill
With shattered dinner plates
That's how we'll communicate

Hey, Pretty Baby, are you ready for bed?