

Everlea, Celia's Skin

How could you've waited for the weekend? Another start to everything that should have been.

Keep your eyes slightly closed, and then say that you will be that last to know.

I spent the morning under Celia's skin just to remind me of what should have been.

Felt the last of the coast and then say that you will be the last to know.

Take a breath and forget that I need you now. I'm still bleeding.

Come back to see you for the weekend.

I fell apart the Tuesday after walking in. Counting steps to my fall and I'm surprised that I can speak.

I saw a second week collapse again.

A small price for everything that should have been.

Paper thin common walls make sure you'll never be the last to know.

And if it's too far out of reach then it's not worth trying to be.

And if it's too far from my grasp I never thought to ask.

Take a breath and forget that I need you now. I'm still bleeding.

I will never let you in.

I'm still bleeding.

all the confidence I knew before I set eyes on you.

I'm forgetting lines that never seemed to fail me before you.

I don't need you now.

A thousand lights would line the street and none of them would lead to me.

A thousand more would line my feet, enough to finally find you out.

Take a breath and forget that I need you now. I'm still bleeding.

I will never let you in. I'm still bleeding.