

Format, I'm Actual

Can we take the next hour
and talk about me
Talk about me, and we'll talk about me
Talk about me, and we'll only talk about me
Can we please take this hour
and talk about me
and my hatred for corporate magazines
you know they don't speak to me
The irony is they won't speak with me

I placed you on a windowsill
Cut notches up and down the dorr
My surprise, I woke up one morn
In our bed
In your place
Lay a note
It read:
Baby your love
it just ain't good enough
I found sunlight six hours away

You watered me down 'til I drifted abound
Somewhere far from your shade

Now I shadow my former self
Once holy, now lonely
A chest full of holes
Red was, it paints me unclear
when the big hand strikes twelve
I disappear

and the angels are fake
They'll lie to your face
Anything to keep you away
You watered me down 'til
I drifted abound

It's time I accept the fact
that you on your back
It has buried the past