

Incubus, Pendulous Threads

I fly

i soar

This I adore

And then like a locomotive

The sound of your sorrow comes.

I'm tired of the way it feels

I only apologized to you to make you feel better

But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater.

I'd rather be alone

You're bout as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers,

But pain will roll off like water on feathers.

You'd fly, you'd soar

But then like a locomotive

The sound of your sorrow comes.

I'm tired of the way it feels

I only apologized to you to make you feel better

But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater.

I'd rather on my own

You're bout as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers,

But pain will roll off like water on feathers.

I'm tired of the way it feels

I only apologized to you to make you feel better

But I think I've outgrown that horsehair sweater.

I'd rather be alone

You're bout as reliable as paper shoes in bad weathers,

But pain will roll off like water on feathers.