Joe Wilson, Furniture

I have it in me

To meet my maker

And ask him why he likes to play

Such sick games with hearts and brains

But i'm finding reasons

To keep on breathing

And learn from past mistakes

I'm heading down hill

With no lights

Or breaks

I carry scars from my former loves

Bury our passing and holding our hands

You kick the dirt to cover up the holes

I stand before you a new man

So I disarm

I'm as open as a child's love but

Still as uncertain as the where abouts of that

Lost ring

That you're looking for

You're still looking for

That you dropped somewhere

On the dirty diner floor

And I still remember

The reasons why we

Dropped everything that we were doing

Just so we could fall asleep

Some words that I said

Have made some dents in

Your delicate outer shell

We can nurse this back to health

poised for battle, i'm invincible

i've had it made see i'm armor for skin

You approach, you're finger outstretched

You're plugging my only defenses

So I disarm

I'm as open as a child's love but

I'm still as uncertain as the where abouts of that

Lost ring

That you're looking for

You're still looking for

That you dropped somewhere

On the dirty diner floor

But now you look at me with those eyes

You tell me all those things you despise about me

We can throw the furniture around

And all the things we found

And you could lock the door

Leaving no way out

I'm having conversations

With the back of your head

We're sleeping back to back

On each side of the bed

If I could just touch your shoulder once throughout the night

And when we wake in the morning

We'll be alright

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