

Kind Of Like Spitting, Passionate

Brother, Friend, it's not like I want this to end.
Sister, Companion, it's not like I planned to abandon,
But I have been here before.

Your pages get flipped.
I can tell by the weight in your face that you can't be trusted.
Well, I have been here before
(There's nothing behind it).

You can't tell us that we're all together.
Like a sea of presidential timber
We are filed up one by one.
I like you! I like you!

We see our heads collapsing until we find some kind of space,
It comes on slow and then it takes over.

Let's be passionate.
It's not like we'll get another chance to do this.
Don't be embarrassed.
Go over the top but come up from the bottom.
Let's be passionate - it's not like we'll get another chance to do this,
Don't be embarrassed.

Your heart, your lips,
The parts of your being that I miss:
They have seasoned me over the last year,
But haven't we been here before?
We've got something against the words
(when there's nothing behind it).

I want to take these little minutes and try to find myself some space.
I wanna relive little minutes and try to keep the dream awake.
I want to relive little minutes, but they just keep stacking up on themselves.
You can't make it fit when it works like this if it becomes a job.

Let's be passionate.
It's not like we'll get another chance to do this.
Don't be embarrassed.
Go over the top but come up from the bottom.
Let's be passionate - it's not like we'll get another chance to do this,
Don't be embarrassed.