

Kind Of Like Spitting, Two Violins, Which Are Mea

Nowhere you'd rather be than fifteen blocks away
Tonight you're embracing it, tomorrow, who's to say
Deem love unconditional but the real world don't work that way
When we examine it, we don't know what to say
She tells her roommates not, not to take your calls
The severed heads line the bed, their names all burnt in the wall
It's just not cool to act like it's a big deal
She tells her roommates not to take your call
You hear her telling them from the hall
Sloppy kids get drunk and drive their cars
Like Big Wheels, it's no big deal, it's no big deal
We create images to make our lives seem pretty
We stumble through our rooms in search of a life worth living
But what good does image do when we're tired and unforgiving?
The books you've read next to your bed, the words all roll in your mouth
Even if you could say just what you meant do you think you could work it out?
She tells her roommates not to take your call
You hear her telling them from the hall
You hang up slow scared as hell
She's not kidding, this is real
Nowhere you'd rather be than tied to a line to her
Tonight you'll try again, as for tomorrow, you're not sure