

# Kind Of Like Spitting, We Fell All Over You

Pass the place where they sleep  
'Hold my breath,' my sister says to me  
Grab a button, set an angel free  
The notion peaks my curiosity  
She spent her life under the GRE  
Fought off a million evil industries  
I'd like to think it meant much more to me  
but now I can't recall the memory.  
So she laughs at all the jokes over mirrors lined with coke  
She chuckles at the hopes of every card caught in the spokes,  
Black and white got blurry and her world went up in smoke,  
LOVE WAS JUST A VERB WITHOUT THE PATIENCE

(High and buried alive isn't that just life?  
High on secular lines, isn't that just life?)

By the way, I know there'll be hell for any hand you hold,  
There's more to it than you'll ever show, but you never know.  
It's small and rich and all the same  
Aren't you tired of taking all this blame?  
With nothing but a bitter taste to show.

A dream second can stand epic in scope.  
When you touch me I feel sick.  
A walk of shame from former residence,  
Here's a quarter, call a friend,  
I found a place to hide in nowhere,  
Nowhere is just my size  
It's nice to meet you, What's-your-face  
You know you kind of have her eyes...

By the way I know, there's a prayer in every lie you told  
There's more to it than you'll ever show,  
Not much to mention you don't know,  
It's small and rich and wet, but wait  
Aren't we tired of taking all this hate?  
With nothing but a bitter taste to show.