

Linoleum, She's Sick

She says
Why don't you let me take you home
He's bored
And doesn't want to sleep alone
She'd like another drink
And he's blinded by her clothes

They sit
In darkened corners everywhere
She's sick
He seems completely unaware
He's spent too long
Going nowhere

He waits round for things to try
She knows ways of killing time

He flies
He says his feet don't touch the ground
She's tired
But she forgets when he's around
It's weird
The way they always dress the same
But he lies
Always denying it again
They spent too long
Going nowhere

He waits round for things to try
She knows ways of killing time

He waits round for things to try
She knows ways of killing time