

Monday In London, The New You

There were things that I had said just
to make you mad and I'm give out.
True to form you asked about just
what was in my head and it's alright.
Everyone I seem to know is crying for someone
else to lift them up and every one
of these new orchids are dying
because the weathers getting rough.
Now its time that we can get away
or I can do away with everything.
But by the time you say please don't go your way,
you will have built your life around me.
And you will talk about us.
We were such a pretty thing from the outside
looking in "I want to spend my life with you";.
Now you're such a petty thing that I can see
from within "I want to spend the night alone";.
So don't be scared there's a million
ways to die out here. So don't be scared,
I'm the memory that resonates for years.
Like when you lie and I just lie awake and breathe now.
You pretend just like in a play that's
only begun to invite everyone that's
ever seen or heard that your life's story was so imagined.
But you lift me up just by the honest fact that
I should have my foot on your back.
But we're such a pretty thing and there's
a price on your bed "I want to spend the night with you";.
Now I'm such a pretty thing but not in my head
"I want to spend the night alone";.
But you know that don't you and that's why
I'm standing, waiting for you to sober up a little.
I'd curse your use with all my oxygen
but you're not worth the words. You bitch!