

# Neve, Motor

Broken pieces on the ground  
fading in and fading out  
Masochistic happiness  
I wonder why you wont move on  
and what youll do when I am gone  
This hasnt really made much sense  
Since the very first time  
-chorus: I was never meant to be a motor  
And Ive just always kind of been a floater  
If ever you shuld come around  
and try to keep from coming down  
Then I (oh I) then I will be your only one-  
I remember thinking I would try  
To slow you down so we could find  
All the things that you had missed  
The reoccurring consequence  
Trippin on me in your OCD  
A drama queen that just wont agree  
I am just the accident in your ever tragic comedy  
Tell me this or tell me that  
But I dont listen much to that  
Erase the face you wear and come inside  
-chorus-  
You could tell me this or tell me that  
But I dont listen much to that  
Erase the face you wear and come inside  
-chorus-