

Park, Angles And Errors

There's a selfless soul I'm seeking
One that wants nothing, just look after me
Such is a seldom seed, planted far from the sun
And full of hope, she's not yet gone

Well lift your sleeves
So bare they might see
Your angles and errors
Arms that have shared you
With every heart etched in your skin
I'm so sorry
I'm so sorry, for who I am

If such a pillowed hand worth holding
Staggers into palms which are running
Take a taste to be taken away I do believe
Centerfold, now to complete

Can someone be
More of a mother to me?
Discern out my thoughts
Correct all my verses
Show me I'm wanted every night
I'm so sorry
I'm so sorry, for who I am

It's such a sad eclipse, fired sure as a bullet
Such a tatter, on a chest that will not happen
I take a chance, to be taken away a
And suddenly fall back into place
I'm so sorry (everyday now it's true)
I'm so sorry (everyday now it's true)
I'm so sorry (everyday now it's true)
I'm so sorry (everyday now)

I'm so sorry
I'm so sorry
I'm so sorry, for who I am