

Park Ave., My Sick Complainant

She sits and stares into her mixed drink
Telling everyone she's right, well, she's right
I've tried enough on getting over this
Just to end up in this room with the two of you
But you tell me that your phone don't ring enough
And you say she's just the one who picks you up from work
Because I'm not around
Well, I've tried to save this from your sick complainant
Well, I lied, but it was just to save us both
And I tried to name this like it makes a difference to what's true
But that doesn't matter now
And I made a promise to not hate you for this
Well, I lied and I can't cover that up
She walks back into the hallway, searches through a crowded room
Needs a way out of here and I made my mind up not to notice
So I sat back down on the couch, pretended not to care, I didn't care
But I see her as she moves to the front door
And I guess I couldn't stand it any more
She was gone before I could stop her
And I tried to save this from your sick complainant
And I lied, but that was just to save us both
And I crave the moment when there is no resistance in your eyes
And your heart is open wide
And I lack conviction with these drunk decisions
I don't try, and I'm left confused, alone
But I want to be and remember how to see things
Beyond this dull divide