

Phosphorescent, A Picture Of Our Torn Up Praise

I dont want to take and baby I dont want to break and baby
I dont want to try and make you anyway
I just want to lie down, tell my crazy brains to lie down
And then fall away

I wont be alone I wont be waiting by the phone
I wont be dreaming of you dreaming of me anyway
Tell me where youve been and I will tell you where Ive been
It will be all ok

I dont have a home its not a chain its not a throne
Its just a picture of a picture tossed and torn away
Of anger on your face still not as strange and not as brave
As when you turned away

I wont be the one when all is said and all is done
I wont be breathing like you breathe into the light of day
Ill be in the yard still taking pictures in the dark
Of all our torn up praise

Leave me not alone I wont be chased I wont be thrown
I wont be bleeding for you bleeding for me everyday
Tell me where youve been and I will tell you where Ive been
It will be all ok