

# Plus 44, Chapter XIII

And my heart hangs from this noose  
Like your footsteps in crowded rooms  
Filled with sweet scents of autumn blooms  
Is this what you imagine?  
Catch a glimpse from her empty stare  
Hidden eyes behind her auburn hair  
Catch my breath for the smoke to clear  
And it's just as it should be  
My best-laid plans  
Will build and break your heart  
Her guilty hands  
Tear my whole world apart  
My mind keeps racing  
She's softly dreaming  
I'm scraped and sober  
But there's no one listening  
And we'll wake up in vacant rooms  
Pull you close to my aching skin  
Broken glass on the porcelain  
Is this what you imagine?  
We'll forget what we used to say  
And our lives won't mean anything  
Pull me close as I drift away  
And it's just as it should be  
My best-laid plans  
Will build and break your heart  
Her guilty hands  
Tear my whole world apart  
My mind keeps racing  
She's softly dreaming  
I'm scraped and sober  
But there's no one listening  
And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still won't feel any better  
And we both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still won't feel any better  
And we both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
And we'll both take our revenge  
But we still won't feel any better  
And we both take our revenge  
But we still don't feel any better  
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening  
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening  
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening (feel any better)  
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening to me at all