

Poets Of The Fall, Don't Mess With Me

Sometimes I know there's nothing to say.
So do I pick up my puzzle and just walk away?
Do I follow my conscience?
Am I mock sincere?
I don't know what I'm doing here.

I have a knack for perceiving things.
I can see how it sounds.
I can feel how it sings.
When you paint me an image of who you are,
I know it's the best by far.

So,
Don't, don't, don't mess my hair, if all you do is fake it.
Don't, don't, don't say you care, cos I could never shake it.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.

No point of view is enough to quell,
the rigors of passion in this world I dwell.
If I'm going to scale the highest wall,
I'm gonna give it my all.

Riding along with this train of thought,
I see everything, I find all I sought.
And I try to kick the habit of trying to reach.
But there's something I do beseech.

So please,
Don't, don't, don't mess my hair, if all you do is fake it.
Don't, don't, don't say you care, cos I could never shake it.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.

I'll say it's not surprising.
You're sweet talking, mesmerizing, juicy and appetizing.
True.
But will I need to get over you?

Feels like my sun is rising.
Tick, tick, tick, synchronizing, readjusting, organizing me.
Is this fiction reality?

Bless the uncompromising
with no shame for advertising
when my needs go through downsizing
I need someone to pick up my beat.

My dreams need realizing.
Candles on sugar icing.
Judgment and harmonizing,
or it'll end up like before.

Don't, don't, don't mess my hair, if all you do is fake it.
Don't, don't, don't say you care, cos I could never shake it.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.
Don't, don't, don't mess with me.