

Pompeii, Stories And Charts

Your teeth carry marks, pictures, stories and charts
and biting that lip won't hide a lot.

where's your charm?

don't know. i guess i lost track

or no, i think i left it in that diner with my sister. could i get it back.

i want it back.

to think timing askew, to make sense of what we knew

a date had been placed for i

thought that we thought the same in adding that spot to your name

was my name. my name.

i've got this anxious feeling, for what? i don't know.

and i'm surprised the right track meant a back track down the slope.

Now comes the hard part

the most awkward family just to sit and eat cake in that still, skyline room oh what now? what now?

Are we right to drink wine? cause this seems out of place.

every cup in the air, a slap to their face, so you waited and you waited.

(Merci talleux pour cettes paroles)