Saosin, They Perch On Their Stilts Pointing And I

On my face I scratched out something like a silhouette around the golden ten like lambs on my face I've hidden away any embarrassment, away from my acquaintances I'm not sold on anything but half a dream I'm not sensing a thing

I see a blank notebook page and it's my life and there is nothing I can think to write I fear the thought of not sensing a thing

I hope you don't see a thing I said, smile through everyone you ever see (so what you gave him the time of day) twist back and end this suffering I'll dance around, I honestly give up and de robe

I see a blank notebook page and it's my life and there is nothing I can think to write I fear the thought of not sensing a thing

Right side falls heavenly grace to you I owe you too Right side because heaven and I should be so easy [to fade]