

Saosin, They Perched On Their Stilts, Pointing And

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