

Self, Glued To The Girl

Planets aligned, here comes the sign
A gilded word, the holy kind
There's rows and rows of Saturdays
To come

They cried a laugh, you cried alone
They fleshed it out, your gone and grown
Equipped with all you'd ever want
To feel

Nigh bricks nor mortar
Can hold you in place
Place your hands upon a hammer
And nail away, see if she stays

You're glued to the girl
Glued to the girl
Six or seven minutes
Repeat then you're finished
You're Glued to the girl
Glued to the girl girl girl girl

Embrace the day with your good deeds
She tunes you out, you speak your peace
With vacant stares and coffee stains
On your shoes

Placid and pain, soaking the stain
We try so hard to cast away
Pilgrimidge is set
To sail

All thrown together but to no avail
No tax, tongue, or tape or fine-tuned detail
See if you sail
You're glued to the girl
Glued to the girl
Cried when you left
All of us alone
Glued to the girl
Glued to the girl girl girl girl

If you want to, I can show you
All the things I learned and misused
It's true that I don't love you no more
I'm sure to lack and not be friends

Planets align with baited breath
The gilded kind within my chest
There's rows and rows of mundane
Junk to sort through