

Seven Mary Three, Man In Control?

I count the cracks in the pavement.
Where the weeds and wishes grow.
Every car is a reminder.
That there's someplace else to go.
I steal a moment beside you.
Can you hear me whispering?
I don't know what divides you.
And I wonder if it's me.
I'm a man who needs control.
A little space, just to soothe my soul.
And sometimes I'm too far away.
I'm well enough to believe your lies.
And sick enough to believe you're mine.
If it's painful just because.
Don't be surprised if you're in love.