

Small Brown Bike, The Cannon And Tanks

i know that this might sound strange,
but i can't think of a better way to say that if i could find the words i'd tear them out of my throat
and crush them into your eyes.
so i wrote myself a list of things that i've been meaning to say.
i forced them out of my head, but i can't find your eyes.
i try to call it a truce, approach you crush them out of my life, convince you.
a walk is all that i need;
this ambiguity feels like a knife in me.
sixteen blocks without any thanks,
i feel that i think the cannons and tanks.
all of these wars that i try to explain get defused so many times so i play with my shoes,
i've learned to untie them with my eyes.
i try to call it a truce, approach you crush them out of my life, convince you.
call it a truce, crush them out of my life.