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.