

Something Corporate, Formal Weather Pattern

Shake down, you make me break, for goodness sake I think I'm on the edge of something new with

Standing there with your smile blinding your eyes from seeing my face as I'm dying to figure out a g

So don't say "these currents are still killing me" and you can't explain how the wind wen

Stand up don't make a sound, your ears might bleed. there are sweet fluorescent enemies that live

You don't do it on purpose but you make me shake now I count the hours 'til you wake. with your b