

Stabilo, Paperboy

Ask why

You don't wanna talk about the things that make you cry

You're never really sure about the reasons all the while

Same thing

Except the main intention, yours wasn't meant to cut

And that look upon your face can only mean one thing

And that is

You hate the things that I'm thinking

The things read in my eyes

We open up the box and let the demons in the skies

Yeah the skies

But I'm learning all about my life

Cause I read it on the front page on the paper

The boy on the bike has delivered my life

And along with it comes my alibies

And I'm screaming at the side of the page

In the corner as I read it I drop my coffee

The dates not today or the day before, its the next,

That's what kills me

I have no choice

I can't remember all the things you said

I can't remember all the times that you turn that perfect smile

Upside down and then

Spun it all around

In the office that I animate

A senior guy but I can't relate

To words from happy songs

A title of a boy who was a little bit empty

Blind man

I wish my limbs were broken

I'd have hands to heal

I can't wake up and I can't sleep

So just crash

Just crash

In the time that it took the flashing van to split the road

I actually cared about its destination

The car with the cans on the back and the sign just bearing my expectation

Pull to the side possibly for like everyone else ask the simplest questions

Was it the wife of a lover or a child of a mother or some hated politician

And I remember reading all about it in the morning

Yes one awful sad misfortune

The light had turned red but the witnesses said

His eyes were on the girl beside him

So take your time

Rest your mind

And let others creep into your soul now

In my life

There are few

Opportunities to

Find release

And justify some peace

Justify some

Justify some

Justify some fun release

Justify some peace