

The Awkward Romance, Calendar Day Clich

books and covers and pigeon holes
walk in the door ears burning already in a box - wheels turning
pre-conceived notions and quiet whispers judge me on what I say
judge me on my everyday
judge me on yesterday
calendar day clich mohawks and dyes - nothing but lies
i don't wear dickies nor have any piercings
and i even forgot what emo meant
what it was and what it is
and how it defines the giver and the gift i'll never be your
i even forgot what emo meant what it was and what it is
and how it defines the giver and the gift
after all, music's emotion