

# The Bronx, Notice Of Eviction

days

you always want to tell me lies  
you try to sell me to the stars at night  
you think i'm too uptight

love

you call me on the phone alone  
you wish that i could stay  
speaking pain in codes

telling me you still care through a dial tone

drugs

you really want to put my life on hold  
you really want to see my growing old with you  
like a naive friend  
but i never want to face myself again  
unless i'm coming true  
speaking pain in codes  
telling you that i know i'm no good alone  
i've tried so hard just to be myself  
but i've erased everything i was  
i tried searching for the truth alone  
and i remember everything i've done

i'm thinking everything will turn out fine  
but i'm a little kid without a soul  
give me just a little bit more time  
just a little bit

say what you want to do to me or you  
i don't care

right

i erased everything i know  
give me just a little bit more time  
to solve my future