

The Honorary Title, Stuck At Sea

Running in and out of breath
Staining skin and teeth to red
Incessant slamming and that tone
God forbid I spend one night alone
Out to the parking lot
Stumbling towards my apartment
Pressed you close against the screen door,
Close enough to feel underneath your clothes
You overcompensate for your own inexperience
Don't underestimate, oh, my fear of getting caught
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
On the second story of your suburban home
Mom's asleep just two doors down
Funny how when stuck at sea
Things are never the way they seem
Clouds take the shape of gloves
Reaching over the flames at dusk
Missing clips in your consciousness
Just act as if I don't exist
You overcompensate for your own inexperience
Don't underestimate, oh, my fear of getting caught
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
Felt the repetition of my ways
The lack of apprehension that once saved
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
I keep burning my fingers
In attempt to rekindle the flame
The matches, so flimsy
And the wind just denies her name
So I pulled out the garments that were pressed between us
On that dreamless evening you refer to in disgust
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
(Felt the repetition of my ways
The lack of apprehension that once saved)
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea
So many words, so many words
So many you can't believe
So many words, so many words
So many stuck at sea