

# The Story So Far, Small Talk

Of all the roads I took the wounded way  
Of all the words that you chose to say  
There was only three that held any weight  
The rest was all just small talk

Lust, I hate it  
I guess it's what you make it  
Now it's said with past tense  
For the sake of moving past this

Breaking in to me  
Tell it how you think it's going to be  
I'll bite back with broken teeth  
So helpless  
(I can't help this)

I sense  
Your purpose  
So tense inside yet not on the surface  
And if this is worth it  
Then why is there still small talk?

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I guess it's what you make it  
Now it's said with past tense  
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Breaking in to me  
Tell it how you think it's going to be  
I'll bite back with broken teeth  
So helpless  
(I can't help this)

'Cause you're breaking in to me  
Tell it how you think it's going to be  
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So helpless

So where is my patience  
I cannot erase this  
It lives inside me and it will die with me  
This gap between us grows on  
The last thing I want to do is move on

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