

The The, Icing Up

I was sittin' on the window seal
& staring at the moon
whistling a tune
that really moved me (yeah, yeah, yeah)
"I have no future, for I've had no past
I'm just sittin' here, pullin' arrows
- out of my heart.t.t".
History repeats itself,
within the realms of - my inexperience
It's the laughter in her eyes, that makes me cry,
I'm too tired to eat,
too lazy to die
see me dwindle, watch me dwell,
In my plastic corner, in my plastic world