

The The, The Twilight Hour

You're laying on your bed
And making shadows on the wall
It's almost too hot to move
Outside your window
People are driving home from work
For the weekend
But your waiting for the phone to ring
Your gonna tell her exactly what you think

You practice getting your mouth around the words
That explain the way you feel
You've been scared to show your real self
In case she doesn't like what she sees
You've been a prostitute to humility
She's invaded your life
And you've got to live apart
In order to survive

You were emotionally independent
But starved of affection
But now you've been trapped by tenderness
And been beaten into submission

It's now way past the hour she usually phones
You've decided not to tell her your little joke

Where could she have got to?
Why is she torturing you?
You roll on your side
And run your fingers through your hair
Your scared of losing her
And facing yourself

A red sky at night may be a shepherds delight
But your cutting chunks from your heart
And rubbing the meat into your eyes
She can't leave you now
You've given up all your friends
You're relying on her
For your independence
She can't leave you here
Alone and defenseless

You're relying on her
For your independence
(x2)

You're relying on her
(xToFade)