

The View, Covers

I'll pull my covers off my lady in the night,
To see the cold reaction when she realises actions I've taken,
To start conversation.

They tell me hope that really pulls the strings the most,
Clever little words from the boring little boy in the corner,
We love one another.

I never asked you to come here,
And no one asked you to come here,
They're saying words people don't wanna hear,
We don't wanna hear,
We don't wanna hear,
So stop shouting.

A piece of mind it carries tension up the stream,
The truth can pierce a hole right through the dingy little boat you sailed in on,
And the one you'll go down on.

Oh what an awful way to throw away the day,
Your season is colliding with the evil massive things you're providing,
No way you can hide in.

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No one asked you to come here,
They're saying words that we don't wanna hear,
We don't wanna hear,
We don't wanna hear,
So stop shouting.

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And no one asked you to come here,
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Exceptions are creative in your sister's way,
Your mother won't approve of these newfound days,
Think of no one but your little selfish mind,
And always think of no one.

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To see the cold reaction when she realises actions I've taken,
To start conversation,
To start conversation.