Ultimate Fakebook, Red Elbows

My head's a spider web of daydreams-whistles while it weaves,
Too many fantasies,
My arms are two legs of a table folded patiently,
Perched up so I can see.
I guess I'm red elbows not sore knees,
I guess I see what it is to be too far back to see,
Red elbows don't bleed.
I watch you flaunt your pain so proudly-scissors on your sleeve,
like self destruction sheik,
I missed the reason I'm designed so sanitized and clean,
Mouthfull of dull teeth.

I'm not so high I can't be reached,
I'm not so dry I won't swim deep,
But I can't decide who I wanna be.
I'd wish to rule over my castle wear the crown and be,
The Indecision King,
I'd kiss the princess' lips but with the fire that dragons breathe,
She might have to save me.
I'm not inspired to referee,
I can't pick sides at rivalries,
I can't decide who I wanna be.