

We're About 9, Falling Down

i'm no expert on the subject but i heard the words before
scattered in my epicenter where bad memories are stored
she says no
i'm not falling down
i've got two feet in every corner and a hand on every wall
and if this one tries to hurt me i'm kicking him in the balls
i'm not falling down

she's no expert on the subject she doesn't know if she's in love
every time she starts to fall she gets buried in the stuff
i say listen to yourself
it sounds like pain
she says i know this
but from all my experience i'm pretty sure that's what love is

i say love
is caused by chemicals
and she says PMS is caused by chemicals
i wish they made a pad
that would soak up all the aftermath of that boy
so she could throw it all away

cause all the opportunities of her life
highlight fingerprints now from her side
when she's dusting the floor
for any sign of life that can be found
looking up at the hands that would save her screaming
no i don't need you

i'm not falling down

so i compare them to a paint by numbers drawn to the top
of Michelangelo's ceiling or
Claus Souldenbeg's soft stuff
she compares me to a critic
and I say that's just your anger coming out
and she says there you go again

but i like to be there for her
and listen to the pain pouring
out of her like music with the ugly notes sustained
and if i run out of responses it's
cause she heard them all before
so i practice making silences and
all of theses stupid metaphors
her words don't make it past me
and she needs that opportunity

i wish they would make a flag
out of all herself she gave away
she could launch it in the air one time
and tell him everything she has to say

cause all the opportunities of her life
highlight fingerprints now from her side
when she's dusting the floor
for any sign of life that can be found
looking up at the hands that would save her screaming
no i don't need you

i'm not falling down