

Walking with Strangers

The Birthday Massacre

Look around for a means
To dissuade her attention
Can't remember the places
And names that she mentions

My words are falling apart in spite of me
I'm stepping out of the light
So she can't see
Don't think I'll miss her
But I want to take her picture
When I found a place
Where she can't find me

And she's falling asleep
As she's walking with strangers
Talking cheap
As the flies on the wall entertain her

Her world is falling apart in front of me
She's stepping into the light
But she can't see
It's hard to miss her
When she's posing for a picture
But I found a place
Where she can't find me

My words are falling apart in spite of me
I'm stepping out of the light
So she can't see
Don't think I'll miss her
But I want to take her picture
When I found a place
Where she can't find me