

Projectors

Abstract

Project on me, I'll project on you
Breaking both our hearts
We won't fill those shoes
We'll ignore those clues
Till we both can't hide
Oh, you're human too
Well, that just won't ride

So you
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Yeah
See these feelings I keep spilling
Are revealing our darkness
I thought we'd hit rock bottom
And we'd reap pillage and harvest
Be my Suze, I'll be Dylan
We were freewheeling regardless
Overdosed on western medicine in east village apartments
Got two hands on my heart like the knobs of an old projector
And a memory that's bad enough
There's not much that I don't remember
Got a pile full of letters
Swept up from a cold September
Lying on the floor of our apartment
Playing broken records
Joni Mitchell, Bon Iver, even the sun would shiver
If we burned our Phoebe Bridge or sped off into the Hudson River
We lost our love but saved face and changed wrinkled skin
Threw a rock into the waves of the Great Lake of the state of Michigan
When I climbed up to Rapunzel, but stumbled and punched
Struggled like Jackie Chan
Badly man
I could have used a stunt double
I was there for you when your Grandma died
You were there for me when my Grandpa died
We planned our lives
I would have tossed in all my bets
That we'd be walking til the end
Arm in arm the song resets
If I could rewind
Tuesday twenty two times
I'd do em all again
But I'd be counting down to when
I lost more than a friend

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Two sides of the same coin
We flipping, hope for the best
Fifty fifty I'll end up with another hole in my chest
You'll turn to your delusions just to minimize your mess
Pretend I'm less than human for the ego you protect
That weight would be too much to carry
So you start to cut me down
Cause otherwise you'd have to realize
That it's you you're letting down
You know what you do in shadows
I can feel it when you're home
Got me thinking who you really are
Ain't someone that I've known
Mask was slipping, I still feel the way
It's ripping at my soul
Far from my first rodeo
So I was loosening my hold
In the past I would have kept it wrapped
And put up with the bull
Now I hold on while I can
And let the clowns assume the role
Known to think that I contained the rain
Right out a hurricane
And I know that's insane
While batting 5-0 against the game
But every part that's in my heart
Been known to go against the grain
Like love's supposed to be a challenge
And they can be saved
Cope until I lose me
Paper thin as looseleaf
Way I write these poems
That your lack of depth cannot read
Screaming into that void
Another round is that boy
Still thankful to be me
Hope one day that you get that joy

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