

# The Cleaner

Aiden Grimshaw

Every piece of silence holds a thousand thoughts  
Interactive violence of the mental sort  
Something on your mind? Then close the door  
I know you missed the warning signs, I've seen you cry before  
Funny how it goes around and comes around again  
Just because we're talking, doesn't mean that we are friends  
When you say there's nothing left, you try and grab my hand  
If you wanna fuck with me, at least take me to bed

We thought we'd cope [?] upon your bones  
Everybody knows  
Modern life, your modern love is  
Only sticks and stones, oh  
I have a lot of love but you never have enough  
I could be chasing fairytales  
This modern love is not enough for me

Every single smile tells a thousand tales  
Better wipe the lies under your fingernails  
Cabled to the wall, I know you're plugged in  
It's how you get the feeling running through your skin  
Ask me if I care cause this has gone on far too long  
I gave you all my thoughts of you, you must've read them wrong  
It's funny how you think that everything will be alright  
But ever since you fucked me, well, I want you out my life