

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