

## Crooked Frame

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I'm glad you didn't stick  
To my fingers like a tremble  
A wasted fortune spent  
On things we never felt inside  
I count the footsteps  
That take me away from you  
Because I stayed too long  
Inside this crooked frame

I'm glad you didn't spend the night like you had promised  
I'd have to stretch the truth to say that I was sorry  
And now I laugh out loud at things that aren't that funny  
Because I stayed too long inside this crooked frame

I could burn my clothes and I would be alright  
I could burn the photographs and be alright  
I could burn the postcards, I would be alright  
I could smile for the first time without thinking of you

I'm glad you didn't stick to my fingers like honey  
I'd have to stretch the truth to say that you were pretty  
And now I laugh out loud at things that aren't quite funny  
Because I stayed too long inside your crooked frame