

In Cursive

All Get Out

It loses its meaning
You turn out your pockets
Trash and a couple of coins
A note from the weekend
You can't read the cursive
A monolith of all that you know
Sweat from the fever
The salt's why you need her
Life from her light for a lifetime

So many wanna meet ya
But you're always at your end
And the pause you show's enough for me
To know it's not a trend
And the party starts to die down
Takes bets on who drives who
Bets on who's alone tonight
Or who goes on with you
I hope that it's me
I hope that it's me

I found you laughing
You talk to yourself
It's normal if you want it to be
My god I love you
I stare at your neck
I wanna bite you and sing got away with it
I don't feel fear in you
I see a smart-ass
Someone who cannot connect

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A half a year feeling like a holiday closing in
Some point it all evens out
Nothing much happened
Potential still staggering
I love you and nothing much else
I can spend weeks with you
I can spend years with you
I love you and nothing much else
And I can be weak for you
I can see nothing through
I love you and nothing much else

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