Formative Age

Arm's Length

I'm not concerned that you'd kill for me
But you don't even live for me
I beg you to get out of bed

You spoke only in similes
And smiled at the symmetry
Whatever made sense in your head
You said

Don't let me know you got home
Man, I wanna feel more alone
Don't hold out hope
Hold your hands around my throat
Your days are numbered and you know
(You're waxing and waning)
Torn picking between your skin and bones
(You flicker, you're fading)

Now you're winding me up and I'm twirling and dancing inside of your music b
ox dreams
Learning to love from the men in my family only gets you so far it seems

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Man, I wanna feel more alone
Don't hold out hope
Hold your hands around my throat
Your days are numbered and you know
(You're waxing and waning)
Torn picking between your skin and bones
(You flicker, you're fading)

How many times am I told
I won't go through it alone
When there's nothing I want more?
Here, you'll always have a home

I think I found what I needed just as you were leaving
Guess you would've had to have been there to believe it, I know
If you could bring anyone, who would you bring?
Each lower-case city and bad hiding place
If you're like this with everyone, I swear that's okay
I'm the intrusive thought that you can't shake away

And I'll give you my jacket, you can call me old fashioned, oh
I'm just an accident waiting to happen, oh no

'Cause I'm bound to go braindead or better, insane
And there's no guarantee you would love me the same
Put me up on your shoulders, I've been standing all day
Crooked, craning my neck at a formative age

I was taught slow and steady but I'm running on empty
You said I miss you already
Are my hands too heavy to hold?

It's like I'm walking on eggshells inside of my brain
A minefield of memories

I'm stuck in one place

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