

## Attention

## Ataxia

I'm one of them, it still seems simple  
Here again, lets let those things go  
I want it back, so reject my soul  
It's their attention, don't we say so

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Yes, I'll be here, Ah ha ha ha  
Yes, I loved you, Ah ha ha ha  
Carryin' a torch, Ah ha ha ha  
In the west march On and on

Thoughts I'll read you yet, thought to be unreal  
Never ending bet, something to conceal  
The thoughts I find forget, I spin them in my wheel  
Pleasure that we get, gets to lose its feel  
ah ha, ah ha oh

When you're turning on and of  
Can tell your loves for real  
Thoughts have let you down  
Of the sense to your appeal  
The lines we say again  
Our eyes they must reveal  
A deeper scars to her  
She laughed and shot to hell  
Ah ha, ah oh

Thoughts convene here  
Nothing's too fair  
I'll come down where  
The one has appeared

I'll be one way  
Every new day  
Nothing to fear  
Soon I'll be where  
On and on

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She laughed and shot to hell  
Thoughts are meant to hurt  
Tries to no avail