

Koalas

Bears In Trees

I can't handle opening lines
They stick to my tongue
Or I simply can't find them
And when they finally realize
The person's moved away
And self-sarcasm fills my mind

And I don't really get butterflies
Just my chest fills with bricks
And my body feels inclined to break down
I guess that's where we start this time

(1-2-3!)

Let's take a trip between my ears
Under my bed, uncover my fears
I'm trying my best to keep my chin up
Though I'm kneeling at the chopping block

And I ignore the future to avoid the shakes
I'm up all night
Just for the sake of staying awake
I bruise myself to the music I wish I could make