

## Down The Drain

Cave In

I know why the writing on her face appears,  
Because she can't say  
All the things on her mind  
Everyday she begs me  
"Please, oh please you have to understand  
And read between all of the lines"  
Time goes down the drain  
Love can be the same  
Every morning, she's afraid to wash her face  
Because she knows that no one  
Could then read her mind  
So instead, she passes all her time  
By always making sure  
That the writing is catching your eye  
When I try to kiss her pretty face,  
She always shies away  
And says "Some of the ink isn't dry"  
And I try so hard to sympathize,  
But really all I know is that if I can't have her, I'll die  
Then one day she looked into the mirror,  
Only to discover all that she read was a lie  
Then she turned to me and said  
"My love, I can't decide if I'm going dyslexic or blind"