Harmless, Armless

Cave In

We don't speak in prose
So what's the meaning, no one knows
I'll lose myself and find no end
To make believe I still pretend

I could say I laughed it off
Then turn around and bump you off
I'll lose myself and find no end
To hate a friend

Well, you talk in ways that your 'might'
Is always too often 'may'
And then you walk away

Let's cut right to the chase
With the dullest knife we've got
I'll lose myself and find no end
To make believe I still pretend
When you're mocking at a harmless armless
He can't cover his ears
But he can walk away

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