

## Running With Scissors

Cavetown

I think this life is a circle, a line with a bend  
Never-ending, eternal, again and again  
Just a matter of time till the lines intersect  
Trickle down in a spiral, I just want to forget

I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything

You look like your father, baby face  
You sound like your mother, how cliché  
You hold up a mirror, demonstrate  
I rush like a river, tempting fate  
You're running with scissors, I'm the same

Everybody's a copy, everybody's in drag  
Every man is a baby, always kicking the can  
He gets it, kinda vaguely, butterfly in the net  
I just want you to see me, she just wants to forget

I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything  
I want to forget everything