

Sharpener's Calling Me Again

Cavetown

Sharpener's calling me again
Trying to turn it into some
Thing I can draw into my skin
Make it a picture that I love
Instead of something that I wish
I could get in the bath and scrub right off

Why am I ashamed to look the way I do?
All 'cause an escape to me was just a sharpener to you

Big old pill to inch around
There's no coping out this time
Try my best to get it down
Sometimes seems like I'm still young
Looking at the boy across the sink
Thinking "What the hell have you just done?"

Why am I ashamed to look the way I do?
All 'cause an escape to me was just a sharpener to you
Why am I afraid of things I let inside my room?

Just wanted some company, broke the sharpener in two