

## Quicksand

Clever

Sweet champagne all nice  
Prioritized out on the table  
You tried to read between the lines  
But most the time, you're just not able  
There's rain in your garden I'm lost in  
Blood on your flowers again

What if I need the pain, and cut, and suffering?  
What about me? The quicksand takes me under

Of all the fools who wanna die  
You had to find the fool that loved you  
Light that leads the road won't shine  
And all the signs remind me of you  
I'm lost in your garden, there's cloudless skies  
But slowly it darkens and there's cloudy skies

What if I need the pain, and cut, and suffering?  
What about me? The quicksand takes me under