

Words on Power

Close Lobsters

I hate that wanting too much, so much
Some things don't bear analysis
Here hair was blue and her eyes were black
She's never, ever coming back

There's no sense in thinking too much on it by not willing it d
oesn't hurt
There's no sense in willing too much on it by not thinking it d
oesn't hurt

A few days ago you were distinctively all right
Now you're back heading on for grimness
I never imagined for a moment you were (that scared)
It's time you got some sense in that head of yours

You don't blink slow as not to miss a thing
Just leave it (open ended)
You don't blink slow as not to miss a thing
Just let it sort itself out

Not something you can turn on and off like a tap
But it's reared when the power goes dead
Need someone else and completely forget
Make glaring big mistakes

Don't blink slow as not to miss a trick
Just leave it (opened ended)
Once I was in the same position myself
I think I survived