

My Tiled White Floor

Curve

My tiled white floor,
Seems so soothing.
It's so inviting,
So don't ask questions.
'cause my nose is bleeding,
But all's forgiven.
It's so inviting,
And it don't ask questions.

How have I been living?
You already know.
You've seen it all before.
You sat and watched me grow.

Everyone lies around you,
From deep inside.
Nothing seems to undermine you,
No need to hide.
You're only what you know,
Only what you know,
Only what you know.

My stained white dress,
Tells a story.
It flows with humor,
And laughs at reason.

That's how I've been living.
But you already know.
You've seen it all before.
Or so you tell me so.

Everyone lies around you,
From deep inside.
Nothing seems to undermine you,
No need to hide.
You're only what you know,
Only what you know,
Only what you know.

Now we've come to the end.
I never thought we'd get this far.
It's not so clever for someone like you.
You could do better.

Everyone lies around you,
From deep inside.
Nothing seems to undermine you,
No need to hide.
You're only what you know,
Only what you know,
Only what you know.