

April 24th

Dawes

Give me something good I can attack
The explanation of my heart that I have lacked
All these words that aren't enough
Are just the world trying to earn itself back
So I put my conscious back into its case
The curse of my own mind minding its place
All these hands to catch my signature, my commissioner, my over
ture, my face

And if it's yours, not my song
Well I'm not your poet
And if something were wrong
Well, I would think you'd know it

The clock should not count updation countdown
Yes, clock should not count updation countdown
Now where nowhere we are headed
Or at least we'd start to ask around
I wish no one had ever given me a name
I could be everything that you see and yet the same
You want a song to melt your heart, I want a song to melt the g
oddamn tame

Oh, if it's yours, not my song
Well I'm not your poet
And if something were wrong
Well, I'd think you'd know it

This is my happy birthday to a friend
Support, on reaching closer to it's end
It's not that I want back all my innocence
I just want the pleasure of losing it again

Woah, if it's yours, not my song
Well, I'm not your poet
And if something were wrong
Well, I'd think you'd know it