

Born at Zero

Deer Tick

You're coming back, I don't know why I feel so bad
Oh, a picture always hurts more than words
You're born at zero and dead at 23
Ain't it fucking cold and the dirt comes free

You make it clear, you take me as insincere
A picture I can't live without seeing
Oh, you made your point, I never robbed you of a choice
And I can hear a longing in your voice

I'm a sorry mess to see your face
I wanna hold you close, but I push you away
I wanna feel your skin upon my skin
But I'm not feeling great about letting you in

Close your eyes, it's just about time to speak
Our dreams only come true in better dreams
I dream of me in the middle of a rugged street
Oh, praying to God that one day I'll be clean

Oh, look at the clock, I wish it was a time machine
And I could've been anything [?]

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