

mister silver

Dora Jar

Hey, Mister Silver
You're tilting my frame
I can't be slipping
Hot like an icicle over a flame
I see you dripping
Over time
Everyone goes out and in again
I know what'll happen

I think I've had enough
Time to fly away
Too much emotion isn't love
And it's temporary
I think I could trick you
Into believing I'm somebody else
And he said "I'm shapeshifting and deceiving me, myself, and I"