

x CLEAR x THOUGHTS x OF x MORNING x

Field Medic

I'm not much of a charmer
Just the boy who grinds his teeth
The boy who grinds the coffee beans

She sees me underwater
As she skates my eyes secrete
And she wonders what the blade marks mean

The season of the snowman
The season of the pine trees
Weeping needles fresh from wind's beatings

As a blanket, I am fleeting
As a mirror, she's lost to me
And I'm sure her scarf and mittens disagree

Tell me, what am I s'posed to say
When you're kissin' me away
Just before you're cryin'
I should leave 'cause you're ashamed

Sometimes we're both no good
Sometimes we're both no good
So go on, run

'Cause all them dolls got eyes
Could illustrate them pretty
My love, her eyes go unadorned
And see right through me

I cannot avoid
Clear thoughts of morning
If she wants to leave me
She should leave me without warning

What am I s'posed to say
When you're kissin' me away
Just before you're cryin'
I should leave 'cause you're ashamed

Sometimes we're both no good
Sometimes we're both no good
So go on, run

Well, go on

Go on, oh

Sometimes we're both no good
Sometimes we're both no good
So go on, run

Well, go on