

## Mayonaise

Fruit Bats

Fool enough to almost be it  
Cool enough to not quite see it  
Doomed  
Pick your pockets full of sorrow  
And run away with me tomorrow  
June

We'll try to ease the pain  
Somehow we'll feel the same  
Well, no one knows  
Where our secrets go

I send a heart to all my dearies  
When your life is oh so dreary  
Dream  
I'm rumored to the straight and narrow  
While the harlots of my perils  
Scream

And I fail  
But when I can, I will  
Try to understand  
That when I can, I will

Mother, weep the years I'm missing  
All our time can't be given  
Back  
Shut my mouth and strike the demons  
That cursed you and your reason  
Out of hand and out of season  
Out of love and out of feeling  
So bad

When I can, I will  
Words defy the plans  
When I can, I will

Fool enough to almost be it  
Cool enough to not quite see it  
Old enough to always feel it  
Always old, I'll always feel this  
No more promise, no more sorrow  
No longer will I follow  
Can anybody hear me?  
I just want to be me

And when I can, I will  
Try to understand  
That when I can, I will