

I Hate It Too

Hum

Morning gray ignites a twisted mess of foreign shapes and sounds

I wish the ceiling was the ground

I'll send you flowers made of silent tiny pieces of the sun

To help me make up for this one

While you send me tidal waves of love when you're alone

And I can't remember what you do

To find a way to turn the signal back to heaven sounding blue

And bring me faithful back to you

And she don't hold me right, she's never going to get me there
Not tonight

If we break off gently in slow motion, spinning outward into
Space

My hand always floating gently at the wheel while you sweetly
Hold my face

And I need you to give it meaning, I need you to share the view

Or it becomes a time for me to love myself like every other

Thing I do