

The Rules

illuminati hotties

I'm still inside his room
I'm plastered on his walls
I'm drippin' from his drawers
With a clumsy hand I cannot take what's mine
And turn the knob

I've grown too
Sentimental
Please grow too
And forget the rules

We could trace them on vacant pages
Read them off 'til they make no sense
We could shoot to unfold the corners
But a memory's just a heedless child who skips rocks 'cross you
r head
And she tries to match your steps
'Til she bails for better tread
And she bails for better

I've grown too
Sentimental
Please grow too
And forget the rules

He's still inside my room
He is written on the walls
In a font that is so familiar
With a clouded head I cannot comprehend his words at all
I can't read them at all
I can't read them at all
I can't read them at all