

Cliché

James Vincent McMorrow

How about every time I let you down
Just write it out and thank me later
I was proud, maybe too proud to be patient
And maybe patience is the answer
Then I found out, catching every drop of blood
It never got you any closer, no
How about, you don't ask too many questions
I won't ask too many favours

Always see you with the sun coming up
Every cliché in the goddamn book
Oh, that's how I think about us
How it all should be
Drowning underwater
Least another week
I think it all could change
Wouldn't ask except I lost my way
Oh, now I think I'm ready
Think I'm sure
Think we're ready
Hope we're ready, yeah

Broken rail
Of all the 7000 little problems
That you could face
You never fail
We always end up dancing
In a corner somewhere discreet
But if I were you
I'd be with somebody else
And I could build myself a tower
If there was proof
That blossoms lead to sorrow
I would live my life in flowers

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I wouldn't ask except I lost my way, yeah
Oh, now I think I'm ready
Think I'm sure
Think we're ready
Hope we're ready, yeah

I really hope we haven't got this wrong
Hope we're ready, yeah
I really hope we haven't got this wrong

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