

# Disappear

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Play the tape back, take apart,  
Just what happened in your heart,  
Where exactly you fell through.

Now you're going to do some time,  
You don't know, did you cross the line,  
Or did the line cross you?

And no one's going to pick you up down here.  
No one's going to say you're in the clear.

You push, you stretch, you rend apart,  
The edges of just what you are,  
And no one's going to see you disappear.

Appetite has gone away,  
Anything else you can say,  
Bees are buzzing around the hive.

A pullout sofa, some cheap red wine,  
Yeah, you're going to do some time,  
Just get in the car and drive.

And no one's going to pick you up down here.  
No one's going to say you're in the clear.

You push, you stretch, you rend apart,  
The edges of just what you are,  
And no one's going to see you disappear.