

Sluttering (May 4th)

Jawbreaker

Flattered that you think I warrant ugliness
Gutters drain west, mud made a mess of us
It's time to leave this place

I'd saw through your wrist to find a better trap that fits
I'd saw through your traps to find a better you
A part of you that lasts
I saw through your trap and into my own wrists
Saw we were through, red ribbons spill to blue
A sight to sore your eyes

I got this dress I'm hiking it around this waste of laughter
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping
Congratulations to you both, I hope somewhere you're happy
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show me

Hair in the blood
Fly in the disappointment
Rubber, I'm glue
I'll write the book on you
It's sticking to my face

You need a little less than what you take for granted
This is the sip that's drinking back from you
Blacking out your eyes
You need a little more suppression of your appetites
This is your honeymoon, in separate rooms
It's neither sweet, nor bright

I got this dress I'm hiking it around this waste of laughter
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping
Congratulations to you both, I hope somewhere you're happy
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show me

I made a word to give this state a name, this game a guess
I call it "sluttering" it means as little as your little test
You are your worst revenge, your very means, they have no ends
This is a story you won't tell the kids we'll never have

If you hear this song a hundred times it still won't be enough
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