

I Write B Movies

June

This is about the story that never ends.
But this pen won't run out, but the pages always end up on the floor.

[Chorus:]

You like to keep me awake. Is there something that you wanted?
No, don't apologize; just hold your breath.
Try not to freeze before the morning,
'Cause I am the winter; this sickness will break out.
I am contagious and this illness is what you want.

So I'll stand by your door.
Lay in your bed now, because this is your grave.
Now and burn all your clothes (off) I can tell that your fever
is rising.

Why is it so much colder on your side of town?
Would it make things any easier if something comes up and I'm not around?
You can say this is all my fault at the time when you're painting your finger.