

I thought I was in love
It felt like it from close up
But someplace to spill my blood
Was all it ever was

I felt I was in debt
Each night spent in your bed
A dream I let drop dead
And never had again

You were the moon held high
You broke black with your clean light
You're words I can't say right
Anytime I try

You said, "Sing from your joy!
You sound bored, you sound annoyed
You can't keep what you did not have;
Can't even give it back

So go, write from your spine
Tell the truth and you'll be fine
So what if your truth's just another lie?
No one seems to mind."

These sour grapes when the joke goes bad
This same smirk, same bullshit laugh
The egg on my face when I can't go back
I didn't plan for that