

once again we lost the role to boredom and late nights on the radio. don't. spare me. i already know mix tapes sound their best when i'm alone. i've practiced the best policy. nothing, is what it's gotten me. why blame this on anyone but me? she 'll freak out. i'll freak if she doesn't get the hint. don't think that i could deal with it. if i couldn't follow through with the routine, we'll give it up and move on to another scene. phone call sounds. silence serenades, jumps on deaf ears and lands it with ease. if you're no angel, then where did you get those wings? your fly on by blue eyes break me. is it in the cards? what's in the future? is it ours? i don't play with fire if i know i'll get burned. hand over flame takes me where i want to be. i hope that we don't lose the role to boredom and late nights on the radio. don't. spare me. i'd rather not know mix tapes sound their best when i'm alone.