

A Day Without Glasses

Lambchop

Takes the sum of all the kindness
And the whole of all the guilt
I scramble our affection like some eggs

There are things I want to tell you
But sometimes I get confused
Still I try to make a mental note of this

But tonight we'll have this whole place to ourselves
And tomorrow will not have the chance to speak
Come closer now so these words lay soft and low in
Your ear
I've never had a moment of regret

I should have seen this coming
And if pressed I guess I did
It's not like I can change things in a day

Let's step out of the ghetto
Let's stray too far from church
We should take this to the highest court in the land