

No Help Pamphlet

Liars

Pieces of things that we can't figure out
Piles of clothes that we never wear
Maybe insane but we never shared a doubt

Still, we're hiding our heads and our thoughts in the sand
Waiting right there for the fair
Worried we're counting on Marilyn's looks alone

It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross
It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross

People are strings that we never untie
Walk in reverse so we're always there
Try to explain but the train never stops for us

And they're shoving their hands in their pockets to hide
Banging on drums in the heat
Thinking they'll never stop, wishing their borders held

It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross
It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross

When I wake up
And I feel tall
I will take a part in it
If I grow up and I find them
I will take the benefit

It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross
It's a boundary
That we're bound to cross

Okay, that's it, that's all the songs I really like. Um, so I hope that
at you're not burning out, and I hope that you have a really great break.
And I'm thinking of you all the time.
Was that kinda close?