

Window

Madison Cunningham

Get away from the window
The second floor above your fears
You live on your own, clinging to the bedposts
Wearing the stripes of the shutter shadows

Get away from the window
That angry face staring back at you
Your heart and the glass, they're one and the same
Fragile and tempered, held by the frame

Wishing you were everybody, anybody, just somebody else

Let the sun color your skin
The wind play with your hair
The street under your shoes
The release of despair
Madness and sadness the inseparable pair
They dance in a haunted ballroom
While you call the tune

Get away from your solutions
A cigarette between your lips
You're looking to lose the shape of your hips
You're only losing your confidence

Wishing you were everybody, anybody, just somebody else

Let the sun color your skin
The wind play with your hair
The four [?] and history's affair
Madness and sadness the criminal pair
They dance in this way to trouble's tune
While you call, while you call the cue

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Get away from the window
Get away from the window