

Nervous Tics

Maribou State

On balance I'd take
'Nother emotional crisis
Over your slow pulse rate
I'm picking up more nervous tics
You're staying inside, playing dead
And every time my dog barks
It's a bomb dropping overhead

You control your breathing but you
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me, no

More graphic nightmares
And I could make that better
But you won't let me, don't dare
So, on balance I'd say
This type of ultra coldness
Is the worst kind of shade

I'm picking up more nervous tics
You're staying inside, playing dead
So, all this longwave silence
Can we please put it to bed?

You control your heart rate but you
Can't shut down
Can't shut down
Can't shut down
Can't shut down

You control your breathing but you
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me
Can't control what you're feeling for me, no