

Conversations

Mother Mother

Sometimes engaging
In conversation's like pulling teeth
The words are assumed
And all is consumed but the moment

The faces are empty
And so are my bedsheets
But my bedsheets keep me warm
Stuck in my side
In the shape of my pride is a deep thorn

Yeah well, I'd do anything
Just to feel genuine
Yeah well, I'd do just about anything
Just to feel genuine

Well, hey man, how you go? Good
Me? Yeah, I'm so-so
But do you really wanna know?
You ask me my name
I play your little game
Your little big show

Yeah well, I'd do anything
Just to feel genuine
Yeah well, I'd do just about anything
Just to feel genuine