

The Contours

Owen

Lies and vanity
My worst got the best of me
It appears that I've lost everything
Red wine
Tangled teeth
Having a hard time putting words on things
Not sure
I'll ever get over
Contours
Of a shyness that never sleeps
Or the pain that took them from me
I'm in therapy
She's in therapy

Turns out all the answers
Are just questions
For next week's sessions
Not sure
I'll ever get over
Contours
Of a shyness that never sleeps
Or the pain that brought you back to me
Do you mind if I stare
Or if I put my hands here
Can I call you mine
For one more night