

I am your writer who bleeds indecision
Your lover, your waiter, your saddest edition
Your fighter, your taker, your old patience breaker
Your mover, your shaker, the one who can make you
Feel like a giant in the morning and so little by noon
First you're drowning in sunrise and then you're froze on the moon
Oh, baby I'll promise, that I'll never change
Hell, I'll tell you I will, but I'll still stay the same

And I'll pray to the angels that you'll see the signs
And they'll glow like a warning and shine through the wine
And they'll scream through the ecstasy, and howl through the snow
And I'll hand you my ganja, and off I will go

And then I'll be a memory of your dodgy decisions
Your ex, your old sex, your old weathered tradition
And you'll no longer kiss me, or hate me, or miss me
Or have to defend me, or teach me, or risk me
The one who remind you of stark imperfection
And how when you want to you can change direction
Oh baby, when I call you, saying that I've changed
Don't believe a word 'cause I'll still be the same

And I'll pray to the angels and beg them to hear me
That despite how I'd like it, that you won't come near me
And I'll dream of the ecstasy I used to feel
From the startling surprise, to the sweet slow reveal
And how I understand you, now that I've lost you
And I wanna thank you, for all that it's cost you
For being the most beautiful part of my life
And for holding me close, and wiping my cheek
And slapping me up when I get too weak
And for touching my skin, and biting my lip
And spitting me out, and breathing me in
And telling me that everything's gonna be alright
So now I guess that it ends, baby
So good luck
Thank you, and good night

Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh