

knots

Quadeca

I walk around with
Knots on my neck and my chest
And my neck and my chest
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And my neck and my chest
I'm an open book in a closed casket
I walk around with knots
Knots
Knots
Knots

Don't ask the question if you don't want the answer, oh my gosh
Ask what the news is, I became a nuisance when we tied that knot
And walked down the aisle, holding back a smile, how many years?
Like lassoing ocean waves when I try to hold back my tears
You told a story and got to my name and it made you flinch
I became your stutter, I became a knot, I became a glitch
Unlucky tangles
I'm tripping up
Tripping over words
Tripping over shoes
Tripping over me
Tripping over you
Tripping over tripping
Running outta room
Running outta knots

Knots (Don't think about it too much)
Knots (That lump in your throat)
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Knots
In my neck and in my chest
Pulling strings 'til they intersect
Uh uh, still in the carpool by yourself
I had to fasten up my belt
I cut chords if you couldn't tell
I don't fade to black, I cut to static
I don't fade to black, I cut to static

Tightrope

Try to make it back, it's acrobatic
I hope you could get some luck from scratching at it
Something's kind of rubbing off
Took it up another notch
Had to turn the oven off
Puppeteered and strung along
Stories end in nevermind, stories end in record time
I know it's a cruel, cruel world, it happens every time
Get through yours, I'll get through mine, it's just another dot, dot, dot
Just another dotted line I walk around with...

Knots in my chest, no matter how hard my lungs try
Knots on my neck, try to speak but I'm tongue-tied
That knot's the strongest yet, I don't think it's coming untied
Cold in the room, cold ever since the sun died
Ever since the two sides turned into the one side
Two-faced people only look at you through one eye
Too late- seen you, brought a rope into a gunfight
Shoe laced evil, watch your step before you dust bite
Treat me like a dust mite, thought we had enough, right?
Knots like a fisherman, hooked me in with one bite
Knots like a businessman, tied the tie a touch tight
Not doing this again, thinking 'bout that one night
Knots

You took out that film too soon
There was light bleeding in the red room
I'll do anything but stand in front of the projector
I'd watch it all again