

The Blues

Self Deception

I am quicksand
I am your favorite brand of man
Know how to pick them
I can fix him
Is that your failure of a plan?
Are you my vixen?

Am I the blues
You won't stop singing

How haven't you had enough of me?
Are you in the love with the agony?
What you see is what you get
I'm a piece of shit and I honor that
Why do you try to save the day?
All you do is give and all I do is take
And it seems like you forget
That I'm a piece of shit and I honor that

I always find them
Who aren't too sure about themselves
Know how to pick them
It's a sickness
Growing cancer in your head
Of what time just cannot mend

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I am the blues
You won't stop singing

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