

## Ribbons & Detours

Silversun Pickups

I can't believe it, you of all things  
It's been a while; memories deem some kind of anthem  
Lingering, images settle internally

Ribbons and detours meant nothing to me  
Swaying our sentiments, pulling our strings  
Tempting me softly, but killing our dream  
You said it's over but maybe...  
It's the same old thing

I can't believe it, you of all things  
Coming in homage, devious needs  
Intimate outliers, weakening  
Tranquilize slowly, inside of me

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I gave the softest parts, trumped by the darkest parts  
Whispered the tender parts, made of idealistic scenes

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