

swear jar

Soak

You're talking to me like I'm an office swear jar
You must be saving up for Christmas
Spilling all your frustrations
Like a fresher on the pavement
You look so alive when you're bitching, bitching
About your life, I wish you had that much to
Say about me, but now it's last call
And that's starting to feel unlikely

The bread's gone stale, not blue
You don't look at me like you used to
Conversations are a lottery now
Is there an itch still left in you?

Things only look the way you wanna see them
I can't stand it when you wake up optimistic
What does that say about me?
I'm gone before you complete my diagnosis

Hell couldn't heat me
I'm Alaska to touch touch touch
There must be a carton
With a miss sign for me out there

The bread's gone stale, not blue
You don't look at me like you used to
Am I just insincere now?
I know every single thing about you

But if there's gum in the swimming pool
Then I'm gonna keep my t-shirt on
Don't start playing favorites now
I've been your plan B for months

Where have I been all my life?
Watching myself from the sidelines
Won't you wake me up sometime?
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