

Ask why  
You don't wanna talk about the things that make you cry  
You're never really sure about the reasons all the while  
Same thing  
Except the main intention, yours wasn't meant to cut

And that look upon your face can only mean one thing  
And that is  
You hate the things that I'm thinking  
The things read in my eyes  
We open up the box and let the demons in the skies  
Yeah the skies  
But I'm learning all about my life  
Cause I read it on the front page on the paper  
The boy on the bike has delivered my life  
And along with it comes my alibies  
And I'm screaming at the side of the page  
In the corner as I read it I drop my coffee  
The dates not today or the day before, its the next,  
That's what kills me  
I have no choice

I can't remember all the things you said  
I can't remember all the times that you turn that perfect smile  
Upside down and then  
Spun it all around  
In the office that I animate  
A senior guy but I can't relate  
To words from happy songs  
A title of a boy who was a little bit empty  
Blind man  
I wish my limbs were broken  
I'd have hands to heal  
I can't wake up and I can't sleep  
So just crash  
Just crash

In the time that it took the flashing van to split the road  
I actually cared about its destination  
The car with the cans on the back and the sign just bearing my expectation  
Pull to the side possibly for like everyone else ask the simplest questions  
Was it the wife of a lover or a child of a mother or some hated politician  
And I remember reading all about it in the morning  
Yes one awful sad misfortune

The light had turned red but the witnesses said  
His eyes were on the girl beside him  
So take your time  
Rest your mind  
And let others creep into your soul now

In my life  
There are few  
Opportunities to  
Find release  
And justify some peace  
Justify some

Justify some  
Justify some fun release  
Justify some peace