

Patient Mind

The Armed

Dumb like your money
A tableau –
Through and through
Lines sound, like paper
But said in the right voice...
They're so sweet they taste like apple pie
I hate that fuck-off time of the day
I wish you would take me to the hospital

But instead you just stare
And you lie to yourself
How could you have known?
You're not there when I poison myself
Every single day anymore
It's just my eight to four
Every single day anymore
I am steadfast and sure
I am sure, I am sure, I am sure

Gone back for seconds
More for the road
You chew and chew
I get the message
You'll tolerate me
But your eyes, they hate that no-reply...
They hate that fuck-off guy
Go away
I wish you would take me to the hospital

But instead you just stare
And you lie to yourself
How could you have known?
You're not there when I lie to myself
Every single day anymore
It's just my eight to four
Every single day anymore
I am steadfast and sure
I am sure, I am sure, I am sure