

## Boring Disaster

## The Ballroom Thieves

Here we are again  
Wishing we were more or less than friends  
And in the end  
You get what you negotiate

In my head  
You take off your shirt and get into my bed  
And we talk about death like it's not in the room

Life is too brief to fall in love with anything  
Life is too brief to fall in love with anything  
Don't be naive, don't fall in love with anything  
Don't be naive, don't fall in love with anything

There it is again  
The meaning of an ordinary end  
We both pretend  
Then just see each other less and less  
And less and less  
The mildest dose of nothingness  
Like holding a deer that is dead by the antlers  
Or spending a year all alone in New Hampshire  
Or kissing the mouth that refuses to answer  
It's bleak is it not  
It's a boring disaster

Life is too brief to fall in love with anything  
Life is too brief to fall in love with anything  
Don't be naive don't fall in love with anything  
Don't be naive don't fall in love with anything

I know the heart  
Has its own entropy  
I know the heart  
Has its own entropy

I know the heart  
Has its own entropy  
I know the heart  
Has its own entropy

I know the heart  
Has its own entropy  
I know the heart  
Breaks like a wave on a rock