

Born on the back burner, you
Not quite deprived, not half the truth
Like shadows in an empty room
Following fleeting footsteps
There's no choice in this for you
Or you, or you, or you

Suspense in bloom
Expectation is doomed
I can't breathe in deep enough to spoil
The tightness in my chest I have recoiled

Why cut the cord when you can chew?
And just let the feeling move through you
Caught in the conversation too many times
Inside my silence
My heart's beating loud like you
I'm alarmingly amused

Suspense in bloom
Expectation is doomed
I can't breathe in deep enough to spoil
The tightness in my chest I have recoiled
I have recoiled

Born on the back burner, you
Not quite deprived, not half the truth
Like shadows in an empty room
Following fleeting footsteps
There's no choice in this for you