

## Cold Shoulder

Tim Atlas

All I needed was your shoulder  
But you disappeared once you met your quota  
Scroll the web just to feel closer  
Was I just a means to an end?  
Just another friend

Dripping like a painting  
I let you run around my mind  
Showed me what I hated  
That my shadow was an alibi  
Drinking in the basement  
Sinking in my own self doubt  
I wrote it on the pavement

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Ego was undressing  
Hoping I could redefine  
All my first impressions  
Took a good look in my bitter eyes  
Maybe it was me  
Maybe it was in my head  
I should keep a foot in my mouth

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I wish you'd call just to say hi to me  
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