

Cutting My Fingers Off

Turnover

I found a picture that we took when brought in the new year,
it's hard to see but I remember.
You wore a cocktail dress ignored the goosebumps on your neck
the name sake of your outfit to keep you warm.
You always said that every thought I had was geometric,
I couldn't think outside my own lines.
I hope you're alright, and I'm sorry that I wasted your time,
never had the intention to make you go.
To make you go,
To make you go, to make you go, I never wanted to make you go,
you might be a stranger now and I just wanted to let you know
that I meant what I said.
And every dream I've ever had has been of myself,
And every dream I've ever had's been of
better view with a ten month summer,
losing you is like cutting my fingers off.
And even with that summer,
without you I'd rather cut my fingers off.