

Scissors

Young Rising Sons

I'm under the bleachers
You're over the moon
All of my best years
Meant nothing to you
But it's an American cinema in my head
The one where it works out in the end
Maybe one day we'll both forget
How we fell apart

I gave you scissors
You cut the cord
I lay here dreaming
Hopeless and torn
My paper heart aches
You're still adored
I gave you pieces
Wish that I gave you more

You're wearing my t-shirt
If the captions are true
I guess it's closest
That I'll get to you
And I'm stoned here staring at the internet
Part of me misses your two-faced friends
Maybe one day we'll both forget
How we fell apart

I gave you scissors
You cut the cord
I lay here dreaming
Hopeless and torn
My paper heart aches
You're still adored
I gave you pieces
Wish that I gave you more

My eyes are glazing over
And after all the closure
I'm stitching up some fragments that look like you
I tried to leave a light on
I tried but got it all wrong
Now nothing really stings like you do

I gave you scissors
You cut the cord
I lay here dreaming
Hopeless and torn
My paper heart aches
You're still adored
I gave you pieces
Wish that I gave you more