

A Song That Reminds Me of the People That I May Not Have Treated So Kindly

Talking

You're not saying much
You say that I kiss women as if that were my problem

Musing

Dreaming of the quiet dullness
Of rain hitting on my back lawn

Victories

Are few and far between,
But that don't mean that I don't love em when they go

Rushing

The chemicals inside my brain keep telling me
That I'm always right and wrong

Don't think that I'd ever try

To disappoint you
Don't think that I'll ever stand
Lying down alone

Stinging

My arm sometimes falls asleep with women
That don't want to hear me change

Charming

Beautiful and silent, that's how I am still perceived
by queens and kings

Ivory

Covering the glass that smudges with the elegance
Of someone standing in the wrong place

Dying

I don't want to die, but I also don't want
Nothing to be wished of me

Don't think that I'd ever try

To disappoint you
Don't think that I'll ever stand
Lying down alone