

# Slip

## The Lounge Box 2

Sitting, attractively bored  
You've got the sand in the palm of your hand  
I guess I had this coming, it's been a long time coming  
Casually she kills me, attractively bored  
I leave too much unsaid, I leave too much unsaid  
Don't let it slip away  
Regret haunts forever, don't try to be clever  
He musters up his courage, hello

To shatter these weak walls  
And finally he approaches, the one he's watched so long  
When a tap upon his shoulder, hello  
And I'm swaying on the border, got to get my life in order  
Then he turns around and heads back to the daily life he knows  
Casually she stills me, attractively scarred  
I leave too much unsaid, I leave too much unsaid  
Sweating, my swagger ignored

Lyrics provided by

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