Cinema Stare

Knapsack

Tangling up at the foot of your bed
Wonder who's next both went ahead
She swears the passion is past me
She will outlast meThe try to look bored
Well fall on the length of the sword
She's falling faster I cannot ask herSo to bed all can decree
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe
This is the last timeCinema stare and their hands
Tangle up in the cinnamon hair
And the freeze I cannot let goThey can't afford but it picks up
His clothes from the floor
And he leaves and this will let her knowFind a way so they can believe
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve
But you will not break mineThere's no darkness in the dark for them
There were chances for the ball to endSo to bed all can decree
Holding your breath, afraid to breathe
This is the last timeFall to waste they can believe
Breaking their hearts they wear on their sleeve
But you will not break mine

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