Getting Tired

Braids

Getting tired, of the, I wish I could just be with you
It breaks my heart
How alone am I?
I'm sitting alone in this room
The room and I
Baby I could laugh, a little at my long and pouted mouth
A waited grin,
It is winter now, I must prepare for all I cannot bareMyself and I
Ha ha ha,
Laugh a little
Ha ha ha
You're so brittle
Ha ha ha, laugh a little
Ha ha ha,
You're so brittleIn the car at home
My hands like little clams, moist and cold
That grey window
So a piece of mind
I'm driving across the lawless foes
Soon I want to want hold
Finding sadness, I'm the one to joust at the truth
I'm swearing things,
Tears are singing now
Along into dark corners of my mouth
Feel I have dreamtHa ha ha,
Laugh a little
Ha ha ha
You're so brittle
Ha ha ha,
Laugh a little
Ha ha ha
You're so brittle

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