

Static Slumber Party

A Static Lullaby

Stay and fill me up with something else
You're all that's left
And I'll be picking up the pieces of our past
Like broken glass Affection ruptures lonely nights
But I've always been the last in line for romance
Captive among lonely hearts are all we are
Captive behind broken hearts are all we are So lovely, can I stay the night?
And baby, if I said that I'll be back tomorrow
This might be a bit shy from the truth
And as lonely as the days that we begin to follow Somehow we become those walls we build, somehow
Somehow we lose the urge to feel, somehow
I've become, I've become, I've become the lesser man
We become products of ourselves Slave to despair, despair to aspire
A real lovers love
The profound beating of this chest
A poetic type of touch
That reminds us who we are The feeling, the rhyming rhythm
Recalling wounded thoughts
Still seeming a little tempted
To set these sheets aflame as your eyes close So lovely, can I stay the night?
And baby, if I said that I'll be back tomorrow
This might be a bit shy from the truth
And as lonely as the days that we begin to follow He finds that, that it's worth more
As he's slipping out, out the back door
He finds that, that it's worth more
As he's slipping out, out the back door So lovely, can I stay the night?
And baby, if I said that I'll be back tomorrow
This might be a bit shy from the truth
And as lonely as the days that we begin to follow So lovely, can I stay the night?
And baby, if I said that I'll be back tomorrow
This might be a bit shy from the truth
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