Sluttering (May 4th)

Jawbreaker

Flattered that you think I warrant ugliness
Gutters drain West, mud made a mess of us
It's time to leave this placeI'd saw through your wrist to find a better trap that fits
I'd saw through your traps to find a better you
A part of you that lasts
I saw through your trap and into my own wrists
Saw we were through, red ribbons spill to blue
A sight to sore your eyesI got this dress I'm hiking it around this waist of laughter
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping
Congratulations to you both, I hope somewhere you're happy
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show meHair in the blood, fly in the disappointment
Rubber, I'm glue, I'll write the book on you
It's sticking to my faceYou need a little less than what you take for granted
This is the sip that's drinking back from you
Blacking out your eyes
You need a little more suppression of your appetites
This is your honeymoon, in separate rooms
It's neither sweet nor brightI got this dress I'm hiking it around this waist of laughter
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping
Congratulations to you both, I hope somewhere you're happy
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show meI made a word to give this state a name, this game a guess
I call it "sluttering" it means as little as your little test
You are your worst revenge, your very means, they have no ends
This is a story you won't tell the kids we'll never have
If you hear this song a hundred times it still won't be enough

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