Incomplete

Jawbreaker

We hear your one hand clapping.
It's music to our ears.
You don't like the way we sound.
We don't like the way you hear.
Sorry we ain't hard enough to piss your parents off.
Hatred's not our policy.
We tried that game and lost.
You keep saying you're just killing time.
Be careful,
You're killing some of mine.
I don't want it.
Keep it to yourself.
You can't help it,
So put it on a shelf.
Well hate makes hate.
It percolates.
You're brewing up a storm.
This song's the head of your coffee spoon,
Mirroring your form.
The distortion's pretty accurate.
I'd say your head's about that size.
Your vision's been so striken by those beady little eyes.
And all the broken nursery rhymes.
Old hopes cracked open by cynical minds.
We'll try to work them out sometime.
I wouldn't want to be so cool in a world about to freeze.
You're so hard you're brittle.
You shatter easily.
And no one's there to pick you up
'cause you fucked with all your friends.
Lying there like an unpieced puzzle nobody can mend.

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