

Replica

Big Talk

Well maybe I will
Maybe I won't
When I'm done with the thrill
When I finally come home
But that's a long way home that is
When I finally come away from all the sinking ships
I'm tired of trying

It could take a long time
To forget that color of the water
Only the deepest blues
Can get me back to the crux of the matter

She's a replica
An imitation of
My conscience and she knows I'm stepping inside of bliss
She's a replica
Another image of
No patron saints not one no one to trust outside of this

Well maybe I will
Maybe I won't
If I'm losing my step
Will you carry me home
But that's a long way home that is
Can I finally walk away from all the sinking ships
Oh baby I'm trying

It could take a long time
To forget that color of the water
Only the deepest blues
Can get me back to the crux of the matter

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An imitation of
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But its got blood
Not your blood
Its that blood on your hands
Well your friends
Are your friends
Or your biggest fans
So pin that letter
Pin that letter
Pin that letter to your chest
I confess
I confess
I confess
Bring it back and cut it loose
Put it on like all the rest
You tell them lies
I'll tell them truths
I confess
I confess

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