

teeth

The London Apartments

Waking up today, it was cold out
There's something I should say, but I can't get my head around
The bends in your brain and your elaborate pain
Makes me tired
As an old balloon, I hold my breath
Like a penance paid too soon, and with too much eagerness
To know what is true
When air is changed by you
Makes it hard
I don't know where it comes from
Where to go
When the rains come
When the rain put me back
In the bottle
Where the sea meets the sun
Where the bones and their rattle

They don't mean anything to no one
I, I had a swing
When my salt was my own
I'd my teeth bared for battle
Till love lost made me dull
It made me dull
It made me dull
Put me back in the bottle
Where the sea meets the sun
Where the bones and their rattle
They don't mean anything to no one
And I had a swing
When my salt was my own
I'd my teeth bared for battle
Till love lost made me dull
It made me dull
It made me dull

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