

(Hurricane) The Formal Weather Pattern

Something Corporate

Shake down, you make me break, for goodness sake
I think I'm on the edge of something new with you.
Shout out, don't drown the sound,
I'll drown you out, you'll never scream so loud as I want to scream with you. Standing there with your smile
blinding your eyes from seeing
my face as I'm dying to figure out a girl.
But she drifts so far away, I'm on her coast,
so maybe I should stay and map around her world. So Don't Say, "These currents are still killing me"
and you can't explain
how the wind went and pulled me into your hurricane. Stand up don't make a sound, your ears might bleed.
There's sweet fluorescent enemies that live inside of me.
The world moves faster than I knew, not fast enough
to creep up on you and the space we put between. So pull me under your weather patterns, your cold fronts and
the rain don't matter, because a sun burns what I needed.
So Don't Say, "These currents are still killing me"
and you can't explain
how the wind went and pulled you into the hurricane.
You don't do it on purpose but you make me shake
now i count the hours till you wake. with your babies breath
breathe symphonies
come on sweet catastrophe.
Well maybe this time I can follow through,
I can feel complete, stop paying dues. Stop the rain from falling
keep my oceans calm
this time I know nothings wrong.
So Don't Say, "These currents are still killing me"
and you can't explain
how the wind went and pulled me in and no,
how the wind went and pulled me into your hurricane You Don't Say, "These currents are still killing me"
and you can't explain

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