

LS/MFT

Jawbox

Narrowing his eyes,
God only knew what she'd try.
Obsessed with drawing lines,
What's wrong with saying, "This is mine?"
He says her pain subsides.
He only wants a quiet mind. Control is the prize.
A different mark for every time,
he thought he'd been defied.
He said she left some marks on him inside. Keep your eyes on me,
Never lie to me.
Strike to shape what you see.
You stayed willingly. She's healing up just fine.
To take what's coming up next time.
Striking with an "open-hand" mind set,
even as sense unwinds.
Tightening the ties that bind.
The cells are self-assigned. Keep your eyes on me,
Never lie to me.
Strike to shape what you see
You stayed willingly. Keep your eyes on me,
Never lie to me.
Strike to shape what you see.
You stayed willingly.

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