

# Lack of Days

## Unfinished Thought

So What's The Deal  
With Your Piercing Eyes  
Such a Fucking Cheap Disguise  
So Pale So Thin  
Your Remarks Soak In As I Wash My Eyes  
And My Hands Of Joy  
Never Expect Me To Be Able  
To Handle Your Coy Ways I Told You Not To Play My Game  
Now We Do Things My Way I Wonder If You Know  
That My Tough Shell Is So Weak  
Such A Charade  
To Force Me To Speak No Words Can Be Said  
To Account For My Troubled Mind  
Plastic Or No There's No Sense of Time Just A Lacadazical Whirl  
Just A Fucked Up Lonely Girl

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