I'm Bored, You're Amorous

Dear And The Headlights

I've got this feeling in my blood that I want more This ain't enough A girlfriend, a movie A slow dance, and straight teeth Some candle lit forced sentiment I'm bored to tears, You're amorous So please pass the regret It tastes good on thick skin I'm fast approaching death You aren't helping it Your smile's been losin' it's charm You still think you've got it Is this the best idea that you've ever had? The living room, the furnace heat You pull your hair and gnash and weep Confess how you've blessed me While I'm blank, just blinking No pressing lips just pleading speech That falls to the floor to rest on feet That float so light at first but They've clotted up with concrete I'm fast approaching death

> You aren't helping it Your smiles been losing it's charm You still think you've got it Is this the best idea that you ever had? I'm fast approaching death You aren't helping it Your smiles been losing it's charm You still think you've got it Is this the best idea that you ever had? This is how This is how it stops This is how This is how it stops I'm still just blinking And you're still talking There is no meaning not

Now

Fast approaching death you aren't helping it
You're a girlfriend, a movie, a slow dance
A thought that just passed
So fast approaching death we never noticed it
It came on and came apart on us
The best idea that we never had

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