

Out of Touch

Osker

Pick up the pieces.
Listen until it sinks in, or at least until you go crazy again.
Anything to show you understand.
The more you have a fit, the more I back away.
Tie those loose ends up.
The ones that you seemed to have cut.
Why don't you fucking go?
Why don't you show me how strong you are?
Hey, am I out of touch?
The things I do to keep your mouth shut.
I have watched mistakes they take the shape of flesh and blood, and even a name.
It's the truth that would tear your heart right out.
You know, I called last night just to tell you I tied those loose ends up,
the ones that you seemed to have cut.
Every moment you bitch, know that this is your shit.
The pointed-finger play affects me less
not that I understand it doesn't have to be someone stringing someone else along.
I'll minimize all I want.

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