Shelf Life

Kyshera

Words keep falling from my mouth
Trying just to slow them down
Keep on spilling around
Saying, "Why do you hurt me?"And if anger is my gift
The only gift I'm fit to bring
Then put me on your shelf
See the wind turn meIf it's the only gift I'm fit to give
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to liveWhat's in that suitcase?
A picture and a name
Brought here from someplace
Not brought here to stayShe picks up the pieces
Puts down the phone
Yes, baby's not speaking
To her angel anymore, noIf it's the only gift I'm fit to give
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to liveIf it's the only gift I'm fit to give
Then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live
This way, this way
My love, this way, this way, my loveAll of my actions are no consequence of you
My love and affection just doesn't know what to do
How can I love anyone else when I can't trust my?

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