

Table for Glasses

Jimmy Eat World

Sweep the dirty stairs, the ones I waited on
This is just for me, I felt it watching her
And it happens too fast to make sense of it, make it last
It happens too fast to make sense of it, make it last Where do you intend to go with dirty dress
Lead my skeptic sight, to the table and the light
It happened too fast to make sense of it, make it last
It happened too fast to make sense of it, make it last Lead my skeptic sight
Lead my skeptic sight Not asking of me anything
Saying nothing about what it means
Without anybody telling me
How I should feel Not asking of me anything
Saying nothing about what it means
Without anybody telling me
How I should feel but I should know Lead my skeptic sight
To the table and the light

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