Wildcards

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I would walk a mile in your shoes if you want me to,
nothing can be harder than what you have made me do.
Like a rain cloud your emotions are just passing through,
you think I have problems and I am no good for you.

Don't be avant-garde.
We are just wildcards, wildcards.

Music helps me thin of other things than simply you,
cleansing my own mind of all the things its misconstrued.
Diamonds in my lips are forming from being so damn mute,
fashion into jewellery to express what words can't do.

Don't be avant-garde.
We are just wildcards, wildcards.

Lyrics Submitted by ridgewood

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