Freakish

Matt Pryor

As I'm talking my words slip to the floor
and they crawl through your legs and slide under the back door
rendering me freakish and dazed.
Well here I am. I don't know how to say this.
The only thing I know is awkward silence.
Your eyelids close when you're around me to shut me out.
So I'll go walking through the streets until my heels bleed
and I'll sing out my song in case the birds wish to sing along.
And I'll dig a tunnel to the center of the universe.

Well here I am. I don't know how to say this.
The only thing I know is awkward silence.
Your eyelids close when you're around me to shut me out.
I'll make my way across the frozen sea, beyond the blank horizon,
when I can forget "you and me" and get a decent night's sleep.
Well here I am. I don't know how to say this.
The only thing I know is awkward silence.
Your eyelids close when you're around me to shut me out.
Don't shut me out

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