

Tablescrap

Stolen Babies

Notebook

Scrapbook

Somehow I've misplaced you

You were a scratch on a paper, ink and a voice

Not meant to look back at me

The something or someone played a joke

Put on a twisted show

And there we wereI remember just listening,

Looking up to a fantasy

Til the day it was right in front of me

Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescrap and nothing else

It kills me to think about all the things

I threw around while hiding

My nature is and always has been that of a pill-bug

When someone gets too close

I now can see how you saw me when I couldn't see myself

But there we wereI remember just listening,

looking up to a fantasy

Til the day it was right in front of me

Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescrap...

I don't think that I really wanted any of itBut before I could understand anything that was happening

So quickly, the bottle, the squinting

I could not undo the knots of an undeveloped mouth

...On the way back from the island,

The turbulence hinted at no end

All I got, I barely saw...

Now I've finally tied it up with no regrets

But I remember... just listening,

Looking up to a fantasy

Til the day it was right in front of me

Now it's ruined, now it looks like tablescrap and nothing elseNow it looks like tablescrap

All that's left are tablescrap

All that's left are tablescrap

Tablescrap and nothing else

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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