Reactionary

Umbrellas

There's a stain on your shirt
From where you spilled the red wine
I almost remember it was over there by the pianoNow you're forcing the liquor down your throat
It's not pleasant but hey, we need to forget
'Cause you tried so hard to get inside her head
The secret is out, you were weak all alongI hear the laughter in the next room
My thoughts scatter
It's as if they don't want to be found out
How do I keep going?
How do I sleep at night?It's like happiness, it's a goal we chase we obtain
And then it slips through our finger tips
The mistakes we made we learn from them
Or we, we learn how to make them againI want to look in from the outside
I'd make my own rules
And I'd stand on something other than this sphere
It would be more like some sort of a box
Full of second chances

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