Hairpins

Futurist

Can't sleep,
smoking gun outside your windowpane.
The sky was much to dark to make out your red silhouette.
Hairpins on the floor suggest your staying here,
but I can't touch you. It's like you're not there anymore,

but I press on regardless on the eve of the promise
that we never, we never quite made.
We are free.
Are we free?

So, I won't hold you down, you'll make it better now.
You've got no one else to blame for the mess in your house.
I won't take it back, I'm feeling tied out.
I'm sinking to much this time. It's like you don't care anymore.

I press on regardless
spitting stones, seeming dishonest
but I can't win, and I can't just stand by the furnace heat.
Is it me?

Stop! I don't want to hear it!
Stop! I don't want to hear it!
Stop! I don't want to hear it!
Stop! I don't want to hear it!

I don't need to hear what you have to say.
It was foretold to me in a milky way nightmare.
You are leaving again.
You are leaving again.

And I take a walk,
you pissed me off.
I take a walk,
you pissed me off.

Lyrics submitted by Sigmund Birch.

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