

Upside Down Pictures

Surrogate

There's paint on the brush
But waiting is all that you know
The doors have been locked from the inside
There's nothing thereThe memory you have of your dad
Is losing you sleep
As well as your lovers
And friends and familyI don't mind, I don't mind
The shape of your insides
The shape of your insidesThe sunlight collides with your walls and begs you to breathe
But your mind is in other places till it leaves
Lately your thoughts are as focused as they'll ever be
But you're thinking of upside down pictures and symmetry

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