

Ribbons & Detours

Silversun Pickups

I can't believe it
You of all things
It's been a while
Memories teem
Some kind of ending
Lingering
In my tresedo
Internally

Ribbons and Detours mean nothing to me
Swaying the sentiments pulling the strings
Tempting me softly but killing the dream
You say it's over but maybe..

It's the same old thing.

I can't believe it
You of all things
Counting the moments
Deviously
In-turning our parts
Reconnecting

Tranquilized slowly
Inside of me

Ribbons and Detours mean nothing to me
Swaying the sentiments pulling the strings
Tempting me softly but killing the dream
You say it's over but maybe..

It's the same old thing

I gave the softest smarts
Trapped by the darkest parts
Whispered the tendered thoughts
Made of alderestic scenes

Ribbons and Detours mean nothing to me
Swaying the sentiments pulling the strings
Tempting me softly but killing the dream
You say it's over but maybe..

It's the same old thing

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