Built Without Hands (feat. Peter Dolving)

Long Distance Calling

"Fuck you pretty boy
Nothing you say matters
Every time you laugh I cringe
I've heard your self-contained, conceited alibis
Your fatal little corrections never hold up
I know where you live and I know who you love
So completely unaware we pass the blame
See no shame, see no wrong, feel no Earth beneath me
So eager to display these well groomed sensitivities
Endlessly entangled in shallow escapes
This perfect pitch to sell it swiftly
Tragically pathetic safety"
Which part of this is me
Which part is who I want to be
Which part is where I belong in it all
How can I make it closer
How can I reach inside
To separate the pieces...
I have come to understand there's something more
I only want some of your sweetness
I come to my senses
Hoping for something I guess
If only I had the courage I seekThe pieces have come down again
Shadow of star's light
Swallow me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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