Two Way Monologue (radio edit)

Sondre Lerche

Mum
All the other options that you had in mind starve me
'Cause I'm optionless and turkey-free and blindPa
Won't you listen and I'll let you in on this
Blind me!
As you listen I'll reduce advice to dust
Oh no!
I shouldn't have to spell my nameMa!
If it's worth the made up smiles, the quiet fights
Oh mother!
It is hard not to look in the mirror's eye
I have come to this while you have come along
So it's alright if you change your mind the other way around again
I shouldn't have to spell my nameSo start the two way monologues that speak your mind
We're talking two way monologues with words that rhymeWe
can't reclaim the shirts we threw away last twirl
Uncurl the note-in-pocket, personal brochures that dust
Machine-washed, that's how paper rustsDays you spend wanting some of Michael Landon's grace
strike back, now they shape your life as stony as his face
Oh no! I shouldn't have to spell his nameSo start the two way monologues that speak your mind
Start the two way monologues with words that rhyme
Start the two way monologues that speak your mind
We're talking two way monologuesWe were chasing rabbits on the hill
And that prairie-life was great, but never real
'Cause we never saw no rabbits out there, ever, no, not once
All we did was put a fire up and watch it burn for months
And I miss the sound of stairs and walls and maladjusted doors
and too little space for holding all the soldiers and the war

Songwriters
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