

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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