Cubicles

Quinn Walker

It's the tearing sound of love notes
Drowning out the gray stained windows
And the view outside is sterile
And I'm only two cubes downI'd photocopy all the things that we could be
If you took the time to notice me
But you can't now, I don't blame you
And it's not your fault that no one ever doesBut you don't work here anymore
It's just a vacant 3 by 4
And they might fill your place
A temporary stand-in for your face
This happens all the time
And I can't help but think I'll die aloneSo I'll spend my time with strangers
A condition and it's terminal
In this water-cooler romance
And it's coming to a closeWe could be in the park and dancing by a tree
Kicking over blades we see
Or a dark beach with a black view
And pin-pricks in the velvet catch our fallBut you don't work here anymore
It's just a vacant 3 by 4
And they might fill your place
A temporary stand-in for your face
This happens all the time
And I can't help but think I'll die aloneI know you don't work here anymore
I know you don't work here anymore
I know you don't work here anymore
I know you don't work here anymore
I know you don't work here anymore
I know you don't work here anymoreSometimes I think I'll die alone
Sometimes I think I'll die alone
Sometimes I think I'll die alone
Live and breathe and die aloneSometimes I think I'll die alone
Sometimes I think I'll die alone
Sometimes I think I'll die alone
I'd think I'd love to die aloneJust take
I think I'd love to die
Me down
I think I'd love to die
Just take
I think I'd love to die

Me downI think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
Live and breathe and die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die aloneI think I'd love to die alone

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