The Conversation

Elliott

tonight is a perfect disaster of a ratio of two days in your mouth is just perfectly shaped to say the wrong things to me this bed is a perfect example that relations are to blame I feel certain this ones on my own conversation is to blame you found the way to circle and cover the sky moderations to blame I feel the course is black and the compass is worn i feel the conversation gone away I feel certain that once was enough ill keep it right here close to base im feeling star sick and tired of this constellation ill keep it right here and far away you found the way dionysus burning you feel around what they say you try to walk right down to this world dreams under cost what they say you try to walk right down to this world kissed lovers lost what they say you try to walk right down to this world youre sold boxed and locked on time lips locked and lined is what they say you try to walk right down to this world suits under line what they say as and I clearly walk right down to this world to talk to you one last time tin covered call is mine with clicks from the rusted line sin colored call is mine delivered on other side burn down the river feel I divorce your kind then I just burn down the river feel I divorce your kind feel I default on myself feel ive got to divorce some kind feel across myself then I finally wake up and I finally found your kind then I sit silent for some time then I just burn down the river then I sit silent for some time

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