Dear And The Headlights, Try

Straighten up my shoulders for my mother and mirrors The overcompensation of a posture I'm dying to know Feeling like a kid selling ten dollar chocolates Reciting all my rehearsed lines to your closing door Thought a change of scenery would make me feel better Moved four hundred miles away, I'm still staring at the floor And feeling useless as a mime in a counseling session Here's a million mute expressions, here's the one where I choke on my words Then in comes the church with the answers Ah Ah bless me with those tired acronyms They look good on the overhead slide They're saving lives Works every time Coughing courtesy up in a month of indifference And lapping up the lie with an apologetic tongue I'm polishing my eyelids with a hand on your shoulder Scripted adornment always kills concern Sick of coming home with the TV mumbling There used to be a time when you spoke to me with words I'm swearing up and down saying it's a commitment And toasting new beginnings saying sorry I thought it would work All my speech is riddled with annulment I'm sorry, I'm just doing what I think I should I'm gathering my things and I'm leaving for good in November I don't know when I'll talk to you I guess when both our eyes have finally died I still want to try