

Plus 44, Chapter XIII

And my heart hangs from this noose
Like your footsteps in crowded rooms
Filled with sweet scents of autumn blooms
Is this what you imagine?
Catch a glimpse from her empty stare
Hidden eyes behind her auburn hair
Catch my breath for the smoke to clear
And it's just as it should be
My best-laid plans
Will build and break your heart
Her guilty hands
Tear my whole world apart
My mind keeps racing
She's softly dreaming
I'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listening
And we'll wake up in vacant rooms
Pull you close to my aching skin
Broken glass on the porcelain
Is this what you imagine?
We'll forget what we used to say
And our lives won't mean anything
Pull me close as I drift away
And it's just as it should be
My best-laid plans
Will build and break your heart
Her guilty hands
Tear my whole world apart
My mind keeps racing
She's softly dreaming
I'm scraped and sober
But there's no one listening
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still won't feel any better
And we both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still won't feel any better
And we both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
And we'll both take our revenge
But we still won't feel any better
And we both take our revenge
But we still don't feel any better
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening (feel any better)
I'm scraped and sober, but there's no one listening to me at all