

# Silverstein, Bodies And Words

This conversation always ends with goodbye.  
You're standing here behind the door,  
you're waiting with your rope.

Maybe you just have to sleep  
in someone else's bed.  
Maybe you just have to keep  
searching for something  
better than perfect, which you know will never exist.  
It's cut and dried.

There's no defense like a good offense, you know this.  
The clock is running down on me,  
there's no way I can win.

Maybe you just have to sleep  
in someone else's bed.  
Maybe you just have to keep  
searching for something  
better than perfect, which you know will never exist.  
It's cut and dried.

I've known this all along.  
I loved you anyways,  
despite all your deceit.  
Think about if you had been faithful,  
how I would have felt.  
Now all we have left are bodies and words.  
I can't be a boy forever!

Maybe you just have to sleep  
in someone else's bed.  
Maybe you just have to keep  
searching for something  
better than perfect, which you know will never exist.  
It's cut and dried.