The Smile, Skrting on the Surface

When we realize, we have only to die, then we're out of here We're just skirting on the surface We have only to click our fingers and we'll disappear We're just skirting on the surface

Dull eyes, trying to pull you through the ice Being drawn to the ledge When we realize that we are broke and nothing mends We can drop under the surface

When we realize we are merely held in suspension 'Til someone comes along and shakes us As the pattern lines cross our fingers like a web Do we die upon the surface?

Dull eyes, trying to pull you through the ice Being drawn to the ledge When we realize that we are broke, and nothing mends We can drop under the surface