

We're About 9, Falling Down

i'm no expert on the subject but i heard the words before
scattered in my epicenter where bad memories are stored
she says no

i'm not falling down

i've got two feet in every corner and a hand on every wall
and if this one tries to hurt me i'm kicking him in the balls
i'm not falling down

she's no expert on the subject she doesn't know if she's in love
every time she starts to fall she gets buried in the stuff

i say listen to yourself

it sounds like pain

she says i know this

but from all my experience i'm pretty sure that's what love is

i say love

is caused by chemicals

and she says PMS is caused by chemicals

i wish they made a pad

that would soak up all the aftermath of that boy

so she could throw it all away

cause all the opportunities of her life

highlight fingerprints now from her side

when she's dusting the floor

for any sign of life that can be found

looking up at the hands that would save her screaming

no i don't need you

i'm not falling down

so i compare them to a paint by numbers drawn to the top
of Michelangelo's ceiling or

Claus Souldenbeg's soft stuff

she compares me to a critic

and I say that's just your anger coming out

and she says there you go again

but i like to be there for her

and listen to the pain pouring

out of her like music with the ugly notes sustained

and if i run out of responses it's

cause she heard them all before

so i practice making silences and

all of theses stupid metaphors

her words don't make it past me

and she needs that opportunity

i wish they would make a flag

out of all herself she gave away

she could launch it in the air one time

and tell him everything she has to say

cause all the opportunities of her life

highlight fingerprints now from her side

when she's dusting the floor

for any sign of life that can be found

looking up at the hands that would save her screaming

no i don't need you

i'm not falling down