

Falling in love, like in a plastic bag
Suffocating, lungs deprived of air
Have to back off, I have to take care
Not prone to romance, not Byron's heir

Here is my heart -- take it and explain (how it works)
It has stopped my soul from love
Too many times before (too many quirks)

Rumours of hollow shells
Whispers in my head

Dismal affairs, like infected scars
Unable to mend, unwilling to open up
Another afternoon in Wayne's coffee shop
Not trying to love you, but trying to stop