

## Accidental

Inara George

All the words sound so accidental  
Rise and fall like an old balloon.  
Oh, my words and my marble-heavy mind  
Wasting time.

All wasted on instructions for you to carry me around you. Pay  
me attentions then wave me off with a good-bye.

When you speak to me  
I speak too pleasantly.  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Run away like I'm some holiday.  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Am I a saint or a liar?  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Where's the knife?

I won't question your opinions.  
I can't even disagree.  
You touch on all my troubles  
Expecting nothing more from me.

I am eager for your answer.  
It's just like some baby bird;  
My mouth is so wide open  
For what you think you might have heard.

When you speak to me  
I speak too pleasantly.  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Run away like I'm some holiday.  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Am I a saint or a liar?  
Where's the knife? Where's the fire?  
Where's the knife?