

You're my favorite explosion.  
A violin with no hands plays symphonies with no words.  
A drowning boy with no voice prays someone up there's telling me,  
You'd better not get back up!  
I spit my heart into this red cup.  
I'd better pick it back up, it might ruin your night.

And she said,  
"Baby, leave the water by the bed for later,  
and I woke up without a single drop.

I told myself I'm tired of holding up your backup plans.  
Go down your list and be satisfied if all you have is not enough.

(True love comes from more than just the heart)

She said paint a picture on me,  
throw your dress up and your heart away.  
Yeah, I heard what you said.  
A friend of a friend, these strangers at the party never paid.  
And if that doesn't turn you on.  
I'll keep talking till something does.  
As we're covered in sand, you roll over and smile.

I told myself I'm tired of holding up your backup plans.  
Go down your list and be satisfied it's all you have.  
And until that day,  
I'll steal you flowers from the cemetery, red roses.  
Red rose of the dead.  
How does it feel to breathe oxygen inside her head?

So say it, say I'm in love, cause you called me  
crying from your job, said you just got fired.  
And you don't have a backup plan,  
so don't expect me to understand.

(A diamond bullet and a gun made of gold, she was covered in blood last seen  
in San Francisco)

Yeah!  
We all breakdown.  
Sometimes the bedroom walls become my only friends,  
but they were there from beginning to end.

I'm tired of holding up your backup plans.  
Go down your list and be satisfied it's all you have.  
You know I've never held a gun in my life,  
but now I carry one around in case I see you tonight.  
Bedroom walls.  
Oh, these bedroom walls.  
Oh, I hate what it tastes like