

Dislocated

Seven Mary Three

I had an awful wakeup dream, everything was just what it seemed
I had a nightmare soaked in light, everything was cracked from inside
I've seen the way I go in the end, I shut my eyes to begin
Little black cars stretched out In a line
All moving backwards in time

There's no connection
There's no emotion
Everyone pretends it's such a beautiful thing

Killed by a memory
Tell me I don't have to be
Another number tacked to a wall cuz
It leaves me dislocated

I fell I fall I'm falling still
Sleep speaks in little pink pills
One more chance to get it all wrong
That's all that you get from a radio song
I've told that story a thousand times
So I'm stealing yours to be mine

All those sad books and worn out hooks that hang a man up on the world

Killed by a memory
Tell me I won't ever be
Another picture tacked to a wall just
I'm just too dislocated

Killed by a memory
Tell me I won't ever be
Another number scratched on a wall just
Don't leave me dislocated

I read those sad books they inspired everything I thought I should hide

Killed by a memory
Tell me I won't ever be
Another number scratched on a wall just
Don't leave me dislocated

Killed by a memory
Tell me I could never be
Another dead-end brick in a wall
Just
Don't leave me dislocated

Tell me I don't have to be
Another number

Another dead end brick in a wall cuz
It leaves me dislocated