Breeze

The Bunny the Bear

This can't be right.
There's something inside that binds me.
Spending my nights thinking of ways you'll find me... closer to the sun
And I will... swallow my pride, forget all the lies from lovers.
I know it's been said, the skirts on the bed, hearts flutter…
Thoughts of suicide or flowers?

It's known. Or at least it was at sometime...
That these lies roll your lips at a drop of a dime...
And the end...
And the end is not worthy
Of fairytale rhymes, peace of mind, don't be worried
It's sad, that I had such foolish remorse
For suspicion of lacking, for locking of doors.
Like the coat hanger swinging by means of your clothes
Being torn…
Being torn.

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Like I've said, it's kind of sad, we can't hold on…
And pain is said to sweep away whats left of breathing (sweep away whats left of breathing
)
Like I've said, it's kind of sad, you won't hold on…
A lover's bed, now dormant and deprived of meaning

You can sneak, while the city sleeps.
Tie an anchor to my head.
You can moan, if it builds a thrown for a heart that's lined in lead.

Give it to me, give me more than…. give me more than you know…
Give it to me, let me see you turn it to gold.

Turn it to gold.

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