

Elliott, The Conversation

tonight is a perfect disaster
of a ratio of two days
in your mouth is just perfectly shaped
to say the wrong things to me
this bed is a perfect example
that relations are to blame

I feel certain this ones on my own
conversation is to blame

you found the way to circle and cover the sky
moderations to blame
I feel the course is black and the compass is worn
i feel the conversation gone away

I feel certain this ones on my own
conversation is to blame

I feel certain that once was enough
i'll keep it right here close to base
i'm feeling star sick and tired of this constellation
i'll keep it right here and far away

I feel certain this ones on my own
conversation is to blame

you found the way