## Neve, Motor

Broken pieces on the ground fading in and fading out Masochistic happiness I wonder why you wont move on and what youll do when I am gone This hasn't really made much sense Since the very first time -chorus: I was never meant to be a motor And Ive just always kind of been a floater If ever you shuld come around and try to keep from coming down Then I (oh I) then I will be your only one-I remember thinking I would try To slow you down so we could find All the things that you had missed The reoccurring consequence Trippin on me in your OCD A drama queen that just wont agree I am just the accident in your ever tragic comedy Tell me this or tell me that But I dont listen much to that Erase the face you wear and come inside -chorus-You could tell me this or tell me that But I dont listen much to that Erase the face you wear and come inside -chorus-