

Seven Mary Three, Dead Days In The Kitchen

Why am I a stranger in this house?
When everything that's here belongs to me
You carry the weight for me
You couldn't wait for me
When you're away from me
I am lost
Every time I think the things I want
Are smaller than they ever seem to be
You remind me of
You call my bluff
All the things I want are everything
Everything
From the couches to the fishbowl
To the pictures only I saw
From the car keys to the ashes
Of every choice I made
From the dead days in the kitchen
To the best ones in the bedroom
I fade away
I just want to sleep a whole night through
Without thinking there is something I forgot
I want the things I changed for you to be recognized
I want to work and be satisfied
With my life
From the couches to the fishbowl
To the pictures only I saw
From the car keys to the ashes
Of every choice I've made
From the dead days in the kitchen
To the best ones in the bedroom
I fade away
Fade away
Fade away
Fade away
From the couches to the car keys
To the best days in the bedroom
From the couches to the fishbowl
To the dead days in the kitchen
I fade
I fade away
Fade away
I fade away