

# 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