

# Seven Mary Three, Dislocated

I had an awful wakeup dream, everything was just what it seemed  
I had a nightmare soaked in light, everything was cracked from inside  
I've seen the way I go in the end, I shut my eyes to begin  
Little black cars stretched out In a line  
All moving backwards in time

There's no connection  
There's no emotion  
Everyone pretends it's such a beautiful thing

Killed by a memory  
Tell me I don't have to be  
Another number tacked to a wall cuz  
It leaves me dislocated

I fell I fall I'm falling still  
Sleep speaks in little pink pills  
One more chance to get it all wrong  
That's all that you get from a radio song  
I've told that story a thousand times  
So I'm stealing yours to be mine

All those sad books and worn out hooks that hang a man up on the world

Killed by a memory  
Tell me I won't ever be  
Another picture tacked to a wall just  
I'm just too dislocated

Killed by a memory  
Tell me I won't ever be  
Another number scratched on a wall just  
Don't leave me dislocated

I read those sad books they inspired everything I thought I should hide

Killed by a memory  
Tell me I won't ever be  
Another number scratched on a wall just  
Don't leave me dislocated

Killed by a memory  
Tell me I could never be  
Another dead-end brick in a wall  
Just  
Don't leave me dislocated

Tell me I don't have to be  
Another number

Another dead end brick in a wall cuz  
It leaves me dislocated