

# Seven Mary Three, Shelf Life

Words keep falling from my mouth,  
trying just to slow them down.  
Keep on spilling around,  
saying "Why do you hurt me?"  
And if anger is my gift,  
the only gift I'm fit to bring  
Then put me on your shelf,  
see the wind turn me.

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give,  
then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live

What's in that suitcase?  
A picture and a name.  
Brought here from someplace,  
not brought here to stay.  
She picks up the pieces,  
puts down the phone.  
Yes, baby's not speaking  
to her angel anymore, no.

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give  
then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live

If it's the only gift I'm fit to give  
then put me on your shelf, I don't want to live  
this way. This way. My love, this way, this way, my love.

All of my actions are no consequence of you.  
My love and affection just doesn't know what to do.

How can I love anyone else when I can't trust my...