

Found a flaw in the ending of a book that I've read twice,
I set her straight, it's not based on your life.

There's tension in this room,
We'll have butterflies soon,
Fumbling 'round in the dark with a flashlight.

No need to be uncalm,
We'll leave it by the phone,
A message you can swallow,
A letter to sign,
No need to be alarmed,
We'll leave this all alone,
And all the guilt will follow you in a line.

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We'll have butterflies soon,
Fumbling 'round in the dark with a flashlight