

The Life and Times of a Contortionist



*Lost Cavaliers
of Mercy*

The Life and Times of a Contortionist

[145 bpm E Major]

Verse 1 – Part A (16 Bars)

Packing my belongings back
Into the boxes that they came in
Try to pack my body back
Into the bed I struggle to remain in
Looking for that box
I used to keep my brain in.

Verse 1 – Part B (16 Bars)

Tracking down the piece I lack
As they go dancing on my ceiling
Try to hide my fear of fact
But the passions there will still reveal them
Staring at my self
With every breath I'm stealing

Chorus (16 Bars)

Twist, turn, tear it apart
Folding my feelings in the dark
Twist, turn, tear it apart
Putting another crease into my heart
Twist, turn, tear it apart
Here where the flowers used to bloom
How can there be so little space inside an empty room.

Verse 2 – (16 Bars)

Six cardboard walls and that's all
It isn't much when it starts raining
Break the stretch fabric cloth out of the mothballs
That's just the seams, it's not me, complaining
I am always late
But then I always end up waiting

Verse 3 – (16 Bars)

The games of youth held the truth
I held no indecision
Right hand on red, left leg on blue
I made my moves with surgical precision
Now I can't even change
The channels on my television
Got itchy fingers but nowhere to scratch
Got mangled memories and a body to match