Blowing On Dust

do you want me to make an exception
to be changing my rules, change them for you, and see what you'd do

cause you wanna make the perfect eight, with your rolling skate
but you never even tried to learn how to ride

i know that i'm drifting into a dream that is not yours but mine

and as the ice melt in my coke, at the bar where you smoke
there's flowers for the dead, and the world has gone mad

yeah i do wonder what you're up, to i wish i knew
hoping you're just blowing on dust

i know that i'm drifting into a love that is not yours but mine

are you true to yourself going this way?
Are you true to yourself ?
are you true to yourself doing what you do?
Are you true to yourself ?

and here's the possessive sailor that wants to be my savior
and wish me well, as hard as i can't tell
and he wants to hang out with me, and know everything
and once again i kept my thoughts to myself

i poured my aching heart into those lines
hoping you're just blowing on dust