

Bayside, Dear Tragedy

I'm never waking up again
so I'll never have to find out what you did.
Each day it's harder to pretend.
That your eyes aren't lying as much as your mouth did.

I'd grab your head by your hair and I'd hack it off.
And put it on display at the front of the yard
on a stick that's decorated with a little pink bow
and a sign that says "Her friends and family should have taught her more about love."

Dear Tragedy, I never had anybody.
But being alone wasn't half as bad as being obsessed
with a breath taker, a smile faker.
But these years alone have eaten me alive.

Recounting pages in a book.
That I'd turn out ashamed that one day you'd look.
Afraid that once you did you'd really know how it felt
to be a sucker on a string that you dragged around wherever you'd go.

I'm running around, around and it hurts.
Tempted to tape up the pages I'd ripped.
And although I recognize that we're attached at the lips,
you're the one in charge and that the captain's gotta sink with the ship.

I never had anybody.
But being alone wasn't half as bad as being obsessed
with a breath taker, a smile faker.
These years alone have eaten me alive.

Dear Tragedy, I never had anybody.
But being alone wasn't half as bad as being obsessed
with a breath taker, a smile faker.
years alone have eaten me alive.

Breath taker, smile faker,
How could I have let you in my life?
You're a breath taker, a smile faker.
These years alone have eaten me alive.

I never had anybody.
But being alone wasn't half as bad as being obsessed
with a breath taker, a smile faker.
(Dear Tragedy, Dear Tragedy)
These years alone have eaten me alive.
(You'll pay for what you did to me, you'll pay for you what did to me)