

Coheed And Cambria, Suffering

Is there a word or right to say
Even in this old fashioned way?
Go make your move, girl
I'm not coming home
Would things have changed if I could've stayed?
Would you have loved me either way?
Dressed to the blues.
Day to day with my collar up.
Decision sits so make it quick
A breath inhaled from an air so sick
I cursed the day I had learned
Of the web you spun...
You had your hold till bleeding
Hey, Hey!
If it was up to me
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Hey, Hey!
If it was up to me
I would've never walked out
So until the sun burns out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Would we have lived as a child would care?
With this vial to drink I dare
(Oh where have you been, oh where have you been)
Only to cry all alone with your taste on tongue
(Oh where have you been if it hurts to be forgiving? Bye)
Should we try this again with hope? (Bye, bye)
Or is it lost, give up the ghost
And should I die all alone as I knew I would...
Then burn in hell young sinner
Hey, Hey! (Ha ha)
If it was up to me
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Listen well... will you marry me?
Not now, Boy
Are you well in the Suffering?
You've been the most gracious of hosts
You may be invited, girl, but you're not coming in
Listen well... will you marry me?
Not now, Boy
Are you well in the Suffering?
You've been the most gracious of hosts
I may be invited, girl, but I'm not coming in
Hey, Hey!
If it was up to me (you had your hold)
I would've figured you out
Way before the year clocked out
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Hey, Hey!
If it was up to me (give up the ghost)
I would've never walked out (Oh where have you been, oh where have you been)
So until the sun burns out (Oh where have you been if it hurts to be forgiving?)
Oh, I hope you're waiting
Listen well... will you marry me?
Not now, Boy
Are you well in the Suffering?
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Listen well... will you marry me?
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Are you well in the Suffering?
You've been the most gracious of hosts
I may be invited, girl, but I'm not coming in
And you're not coming in