

Danger Radio, Curses In Cursive

Sitting on a bench in a park on a Saturday night
Waiting for the sun to arise to show me what I've missed in my life
Isn't it beautiful to envy their lives?
Lying in the middle of streets waiting for my defeat
Isn't it great to think of how we've all just been beat.
Let's drink to the holes in our walls and drug all our hearts with remorse.
Staying up to hear you're heartbeat
To believe in myself.
So quick, so anxious to hold and to be held in return.
Let's just leave don't get carried away
Don't loose track or you'll loose concentration.

I wrote this song for December
I hope she likes what she hears
I hope she tears out her heart, and leaves home and then drinks away all of her fears
I wrote this song for our new year, i hope it turns out bad
Because when the clock hits twelve all these people will be heading on back

Lying to myself for the past few weeks
Keep on turning to my left because my saint is weak
and I'm gone, broken down, in this world where I'm only an image
Keep on stomping down to the same old beat
And my life is like a record left on repeat.
I'm so lost in my mind and my angel just died.
Am I standing here all on my own?

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I hope she tears out her heart, and leaves home, and then drinks away all of her fears
I wrote this song for our new year
I hope it turns out bad
Because when this clock hits twelve all these people will be heading on back

I wrote this song about you,
She left you stranded and weak like they told you she would,
She left you standing alone, I wrote this song about you.
'Cause she's gone and you know it, don't blame yourself for this