

Dashboard Confessional, Anyone. Anyone?

I'm not sure of anyone (anyone)
But I've got plans
I'm not asking for everything
But sure I could use a hand

Get a little anxious sometimes
You'll be gone and I'll be left behind
Get a little nervous sometimes
It'll be my cue and I'll forget my lines
Get a little lost look and some staring from the corner of my eye
Never really mastered disinterest

I can't see how the way that you leave me alone makes us close
I must be out of touch
I won't ask you to give up on the things that seem to keep you gone
But I can be gone too

Feel a little sorry sometimes
You're not here when I am writing
Feels a little awkward sometimes
You won't talk but we're not fighting
You hold on to your secrets and I'm not privy to what is on your mind
And I can't help but feel tired

so tired so tired so tired