

Dashboard Confessional, Saints And Sailors

This is where I say I've had enough
no one should ever feel the way that I feel now.
A walking open wound, a trophy display of bruises
And I don't believe that I'm getting any better.
Any better.

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things
Pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence.

Wandering this house like I've never wanted out
And this is about as social as I get now.
And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you
Cause they would never do, I would never do.
Never

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things
Pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence.

Well don't be a liar,
Don't say that everything's working when everything's broken.
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And you might say the jokes on me.

well I'm not laughing
You're not leaving
Who do I think I am kidding,
When I'm the only one locked in this cell.

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And I'm thinking awful things
Pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment is starving for an argument.
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So don't be a liar
Don't say that everything's working when everything's broken.
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
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