

Jealous Sound, Recovery Room

It's been a month since the Fourth of July
Stood there and stared at the grief in my eyes
Leave it to me to live out a lie

So I sat on the curb and I cried like a child
Catching my breath just walk for awhile
And I thought of what could go wrong

I'm already gone
Don't say a word
I can't hear you
Don't hold me close
I can't feel you

So I stopped at the store to grab cigarettes
Couldn't say it out loud couldn't fathom it yet
You finally feel and we feel like this

I'm sorry just wasn't enough destroying your faith
Preserving your trust we couldn't choose
And neither could I

I know that I left you for dead
Don't give up so soon
Because you know that we all have a bed
It's waiting for you in the recovery room

Just forget everything that I said
Washed out the wounds
Walls painted red
Waiting for you in the recovery room

She stood there in her summer dress
Wind caught her hair and failed to confess
I smiled as we raced through the night
My hand caught her wings then nothing felt right

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