

Jimmy Eat World, What Would I Say To You Now

Still sitting there with your legs crossed,
not paying attention to me.
If we talk, just curious, would this end up like it always does?
All the wrong I've done.
All the wrong I'll do.
Keeps me from trying.
It keeps me quiet.
Throw out your arms to each side.
It's easier to let things go.
When we talk think what we say: there's questions then silence and
in silence we remain.
All the wrong I've done and all the wrong I'll do.
It keeps me from trying.
Keeps me from calling you.
Something I just found out.
Something you know by now.
Hope makes you so strong.
Strength keeps you alone and far away.