

Mayday Parade, The Last Something That Meant

Well I thought that we could sit around and talk for hours
About things I couldn't say to you
And things that we can never do
And this conversation has had no face when the words take days
You can re-write and erase anything

You know my heart
(So tell me honestly, did you ever really want this?)
Knows all the parts

And I'll borrow words from all my favorite paragraphs
To write a ballad while we say the things
You hope would mean the most to me
And each letter sent I have found in the pages
The hope for the days when
I feel like I've lost everything

You know my heart
(So tell me honestly, did you ever really want this?)
Knows all the parts
(Cause my jealous heart can't take this)
So I'll sing this song for every word that's come out wrong

But "I'll be OK";
Is that what you want me to say?
It's called breakup because it's broken

(I'll be ok, is that what you want me to say
Cause it's broken
and well, try so bad to tell me that you
meant that you were sorry and the
lines we said
never meant the words we meant
Cause it's broken
Every kiss that you could ever mean
The everything that takes you back
The chocolate rose, the kisses
That like chasing through your misses)

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