

Nada Surf, Silent Fighting

don't know what to say
don't know what to talk about
don't know what to do
about me and you
I don't know what to think
I always feel time's running out
it's getting harder
harder to get a clue
even when we're quiet fighting
silent treatment on the street
still there's no doubt we're going home together
even when we're silent fighting
making a scene on the street
we'll be under the covers and out of the weather
I just can't tell the truth
always thinking 'bout leaving you
i'll be the captive
you'll be the captain
i'll be your chaperone
i'll book your first date now
been watching too much television
been thinking stupid thoughts
so confused about men and women
I just can't tell the truth
always thinking 'bout leaving you