

# Press Return, Stuff You Don't Even Know About

We tiptoe and tap dance  
We drink up and let out  
I'm sorry but I'm boring  
Otherwise; &quot;anyway...&quot;;  
I've come prepared to make due  
And to lose myself in all of you  
Forget the rules dear

Chorus

I'm growing dizzy from watching your rolling eyes in the rearview mirror  
And I'm sick and tired of killing myself trying to impress you again  
You've got the music too loud you can't hear my apologies (too loud to hear...)  
And I'm done with these start stalling compromises you keep throwing me

Your eyes can be so cruel  
When you're staring from across the room  
And the drinks could be so few  
If I could see right through you  
I've been sickened from  
Sipping the wine that slips  
From your lips  
While we kiss

Chorus

And the mistakes that brought us here are the words I whispered in your ears  
You say alright keep going

And we don't sleep 'til the powers out  
These late nights we go all out  
Ideas at 2AM are always  
The sweetest revenge x3

You were getting undressed to the sound of my voice  
That sang &quot;Ut Oh! Let go!&quot;;  
&quot;Oh no, let's go!&quot;;  
Ideas at 2AM; the brashest compromises

My poetry isn't enough I need your prose to get me off  
You say you must be going  
(Your days will pass away, your days, you are days away...)

Chorus

I'm tired of having you around me now  
Cause I'm tired of watching you surround me now