

# Pretty Girls Make Graves, More Sweet Soul

headaches, handshakes, little blue pills to take  
i got my stereo on ten, but i'm screaming connely's pain  
and i wanna make it louder, louder, louder  
to drown out the sound of the road under the tires

yeah, i want, i want, i want it, want it x3  
yeah, i want, i want. i want, i want you

don't tell me, tell me what i already know x4  
(dress me up, mess me up, i'm ready to go)

long sighs, sad eyes and twelve hour drices  
ten minutes on the phone it never feels like enough  
but i want you to know that in philly it's ccole  
i'm sick with twenty-two days to go

twenty-one days to go  
twenty full days to go  
i count then down but they just get  
longer, longer, longer, longer, longer

and all the hours, they stretch like all the miles  
they run together like the thoughts in my head  
while i try to remember the last words i said

don't tell me, tell me what i already know x4  
(dress me up, mess me up, i'm ready to go)

don't tell me, tell me what i already know x4  
yeah, i want to, yeah, i want it to go