

Snow Patrol, Gleaming Auction

I'll get tired of the heart attacks
Every time it rings
I'll put myself on the waiting list
And get it all cleared up
You're the one with the attitude
Don't try and make me out
To be the root of the evil in
The whole rotten affair

Lie back and suffer now
We've both earned our reward
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Buried deep in the telegram
I'm sure I never got
Was any clue of the whereabouts
Of all the things I'd lost
Just because you were right before
Doesn't mean you're right
To make up now would just vindicate
Every doubt I had

It's not as simple as
How much you think you care
You would never know
When to take the hint
Broken glass aside
My feelings stay the same
Covered head to toe
In blood and fear and spite