Taking Back Sunday, Follow The Format

Make a big scene
Make this glass house my coffin
(You miss the big picture)
Well it's the words that you're coughin' out,
(out on your sleeve)
So forge my sins here in song
(Well I'm telling you now what you've known all along)
And it's tired, so true,
More subtle than you
There's a lull in the stereo
It's calling for you (calling for you)
It's calling for you

Well I'm a slave to my vices
(It's true)
They've all been renamed as a crutch
So drag my name and my face through the mud
Flattery can flatter me (flattery can flatter me)
Show us just how vicious you can be
Do what you came here to do
(Do what you came here to do)
Trigger finger gets you pointed in
The right direction
My new found discretion

It's not a lie if you believe it
It's no mistake if it's always repeated
It's not a lie if you believe it
It's no mistake if it's always repeated

Shall we call it quits or just wait? (It's not a lie If you believe it)
Even, even if my last name rhymes with your rescue of hear say
Do not say you know (It's no mistake if its repeated)
Call me out
It's not a lie (It's such a lie)
But I don't need to hear it from you
So what's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)

It gets easier with doses of time (easier with dull sense of time)
Easier with doses of time (easier with doses of time)
Easier with doses of time (easier with doses of time)
Easier with doses of time (easier with doses of time)
Show us just how vicious you can be (be)