Taking Back Sunday, Ghost Man On Third

Jinx me something crazy
Thinking if it's three
then I'm as smooth as the skin
rolls across the small of your back
It's too bad it's not my style
If you need me
I'm out and on the parkway,
patient and waiting for headlights,
dressed in a fashion that's fitting to the
inconsistencies of my moods

It's times like these, where silence means everything And no one is to know about this It's times like these, where silence means everything And no one is to know about this

It's a campaign of distraction and revisionist history, oh

It's a shame I don't think that they'll notice (it's a shame, I don't think that they'll notice) It's a shame I doubt they even care (it's a shame I doubt they even care) No one is to know about this

It's a shame I don't think that they'll notice (it's a shame, I don't think that they'll notice) It's a shame I doubt they even care (it's a shame I doubt they even care) Don't let me down

But whatever I have gettin' myself into maybe has been slicing inches from my waist It's my fist vs. the bottle (and thank god you weren't there...) And that's how bad could this hurt or against I won't feel a thing (and thank god you weren't there...) I tell you all about it It's just not working out (...to watch me hit bottom) not working out

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This is why we were taught so much better than this This is why we were taught so much better than this

This is what living like this does This is what living like this does