

Taking Back Sunday, Head Club

Well it's getting colder and you're getting distant
and I just keep thinkin
that I never meant it to be like this(to be like this)
You know what comes next(so do I)
You're begging for a way to gracefully bow out
and say goodnight

It's worse than you think
On your way home you should have known
you never listen to me
I'm only complaining to keep myself busy, sweetie
I'm only complaining to keep myself busy, sweetie

I can't say I blame you
but I wish that I could
I'm sick of writing every song about you

Don't call my name out your window, I'm leaving [16 times]
I'm sick of writing every song, I'm sick of writing every song about you should have known on your

Don't call my name out your window, I'm leaving
Don't call my name out your window, I'm leaving