

# Taking Back Sunday, Lonely

Your flower tongue wilts with too much sun  
And that's where we've been living for so long  
She's still sending off the western coast  
And watch the sun set with your shrinking voice  
See, I ain't the boy she loves the most  
I'm just enough to fill the void her daddy left.  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
(She says, She says)  
"Wanna get me high?"  
"Wanna get me high?"  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
But I often wondered just how deep I could  
Sink my teeth into that crease on your arm  
The place where all the good times,  
They grow and grow.  
Would it taste the same, the same for me?  
Yeah, would it sound the same coming from me?  
Such an awful tearing sound.  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
(She says, She says)  
"Wanna get me high?"  
"Wanna get me high?"  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
Changing for me...  
Oh, all the things they said about you,  
Paper thin walls stacked around you,  
An hour glass is silhouetting them.  
No matter how hard I try  
Or how dirty you fight  
There is no place on God's great Earth  
Where you can go to hide from me  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
(She says, She says)  
Wanna get me high?  
Wanna get me high?  
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Don't you go changing for me.  
Changing for me...