Taking Back Sunday, Lonely, lonely

Flower tongue wilts with too much sun
And that's where we've been living for so long
Sending off the western coast
Watch the sun set with your shrinking voice
See I ain't the boy that 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
You wanna get me high (She said)
You wanna get me high (She said)
Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely
Don't you go changing for me
But I often wonder just how deep I could sink my teeth
Into the crease where your all the place
Where all the good times the grow, grow
Wouldn't taste the same, the same for me
Wouldn't sound the same coming from me
Such an awful tearing sound
All the things they said about you
Paper thin walls stacked around you
An hour glass's silhouette and then
No matter how hard I try
Or how dirty you fight
There is no place on God's great earth
Where you could go to hide from me