

# Taking Back Sunday, The Ballad Of Sal Villanueva

It's not that I don't trust you  
well I just know what you've been up too  
and well this dial tone is agreeing with everything I've had in mind.  
and you've got your high as a kite tricks in the bag.

so as his eyes move past your shoulder  
and your shades start moving in the same direction  
don't worry I, well I won't say a thing.  
and you can't blame a girl for (you can't blame a girl for)  
stickin' to what she knows..(stickin' to what she knows)

I hope he takes his time  
and I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight  
I hope that when he leaves,  
you still smell him on your sheets  
cause I can, I can.  
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and I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight  
I hope that when he leaves,  
you still smell him on your sheets  
cause I can, I can.

if I could get to sleep  
then, I guess you could stop pretendin'.  
cause if I didn't think you loved it,  
well then I wouldn't play along  
and you've got your high as a (you've got your high as a)  
kite tricks in the bag..(kite tricks in the bag)

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you're down for sellin' me out  
while I play dumb,  
it's cool cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you,  
you'd say "we're only friends." yeah, real good friends, I bet. I bet.

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forget your legs around my hips.  
forget your hands pressed on my back.  
forget the letters that I kept.  
this is another I won't send.  
forget your lips, your eyes, your thighs.  
forget our one last kiss goodnight.  
forget me stakin' out your house.  
this time I've got you figured out.

forget your legs around my hips.  
forget your hands pressed on my back.  
forget the letters that I kept.  
this is another I won't send