

Third Eye Blind, Wounded

The guy who put his hands on you
Has got nothing to do with me
And the bruises that you feel will heal
And I hope you'll come around
'Cause we're missing you
And you used to speak so easy
Now you're afraid to talk to me
It's like walking with the wounded
Carrying that weight way too far
Concrete pulled you down so hard
Out there with the wounded
We're missing you
Well I never claimed to understand what happens after dark
But my fingers catch the sparks at the thought of touching you
When you're wounded
Let me break it down 'til I force the issue
We miss your face, you know I wish you
Would come back down the Dalva Bar
You tell 'em, that's just my battle scar
I want to kiss you
And knock 'em down like we used to
You're the marigold
Till you're walking down shaking that ass again
And then you walk on, baby walk on, you walk on
On and on
You're an angel in the pit with her hands in the air
And we're missing you
Now it's fall, and your shoulders get tighter
Nervous flicks on your lighter, boots
Your pissed off poets, your women's groups
And the friends with you, we should have known this fool
Well I guess we missed the mark
Still my fingers catch the sparks at the thought of them touching you
Now you're wounded
Let me break it down 'til I force the issue
You never come around, and you know we miss you
Well nobody took your pride away
I said, that's something people say
Back down the bully to the back of the bus
'Cause it's time for them to be scared of us
'Til you're yelling, how we're living cause you got the ball
Then you rock on baby, rock on, you rock on
On and on
You're a summer time hottie with her socks in the air
You're screaming I don't care baby, I don't care, no
You say you don't know
You say you can't grow
All I know is we're missing you, you
You say you don't know
You say you can't grow
All I know is we're missing you, you
Show up
Show up wounded
Show up
Show up wounded