

# Yellowcard, Rough Draft

Like a Saturday night I'll be gone  
Like a Saturday night I'll be gone  
Before you knew that I was there

So you wrote it down  
I'm supposed to care  
Even though it's never there  
Sorry if I'm not prepared  
Is it hard to see the things you substitute  
For me and all my thoughts of you  
It's eating me alive to leave you

Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrong  
But so is your blank stare in lieu of this song  
Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrong

Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong  
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song  
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong  
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song

I'm breathing in your skin tonight  
Quiet is my loudest cry  
Wouldn't wanna wake the eyes that make me melt inside  
And if it's healthier to leave you be  
May a sickness come and set me free  
Kill me while I still believe that you were meant for me

I'm finding my own words, my own little stage  
My own epic drama, my own scripted page  
I'll send you the rough draft, I'll seal it with tears  
Maybe you'll read it and I'll reappear  
From the start it was shaky and the characters rash,  
A nice setting for heartache where emotions come last  
All I have deep inside, to overcome this desire  
Are friendly intentions and fairweather smiles

And I don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong  
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song  
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong  
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song

Like Saturday night I'll be gone  
Like Saturday night I'll be gone  
Like Saturday night I'll be gone  
Like Saturday night I'll be gone before you knew that I was there