

Bleach, Broke In The Head

You haven't said a single thing
The whole way home
The air is thick from awkward silence
So you turn up the radio,
And I don't think I've got to tell you
I hope you already know
What you reap is what you sow
And so I gotta' say something
I just can't leave it like this
No, no
Pretty soon we'll hit your driveway
And you'll escape off in your house
So maybe I'll just hit the highway
And maybe you'll open your mouth
And let it out
I gotta' say something
I just can't leave it like this
Hear you talking
Your excuses make me sick
It's getting old
Is there anything that I could've said
To help you fix
What's broke in your head
Tell me now if I'm pushing too hard