

Broadcast, Papercuts

You can't pretend cause I can see
You're not the boy you used to be
Trust me with a secret you can't keep

I watch your eyes they shift with doubt
So every night when stars come out
I try to read your personality

The writing for pleasure you wouldn't let me read
The things you miss out when you try to mislead
You said you wrote a page about me
In your diary

Your heart a place that noone sees
You can't disguise your own unease
Trust me with a secret you can't keep

The writing for pleasure you wouldn't let me read
The things you miss out when you try to mislead
You said you wrote a page about me
In your diary

Don't you be afraid
Theres bound to be a place
No matter who or where you are
You've got to be willing

Don't be so afraid
You're bound to make mistakes
No matter who or where you are
You've got to be willing