

Bury Your Dead, Let Down Your Hair

You're still my everything it might
Feel like I'm wasting my time
But I'd give you anything
And if I have to say this one more time
Someone's gonna get hurt

So tell me what you want from me
I'm left staring at these empty sheets
I know I told you the last time
Was the last time
And now you're hearing it all again

I can't believe that you believe in me
And you see something in me no one sees
You somehow deal with my lifestyle
And I'm always coming home
And to your bed

I hear your heart
And it sounds the bells of war
Another pointless meeting
With another fucking band whore
Another month I'm leaving
On another tour
I hear your lungs breathing
And it means so much more