

Chiodos, If I Cut My Hair, Hawaii Will Sink

You keep tugging on my shirt,
just to pull me closer.
One single step at a time.
Your skin against mine.
I can just feel you wondering.
Fit to be tied,

Fit to be tied.
Fit to be, fit to be tied.

I feel weak.
Thrown in wide open spaces.
We turn ourselves inside out,
expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.
I tell myself.
I keep pulling
I keep pulling

Now grown numb.
Petrified, I think.
No, no you don't mean it.
You simply say it, because you like the way that it sounds

I feel weak.
Thrown in wide open spaces.
We turn ourselves inside out,
expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.
I feel weak,
And I give up.
And I give up.
Sell it well.
C'mon and sell it, sell it.
Sell it well.
C'mon and sell it, sell it.
I feel weak