

# Coach Said Not To, Words That I Employ

There are things about your face that I enjoy and I will even miss them,  
And there are girls and there are boys with their lips of crimson.  
And there are words that I employ but I am slow to listen.  
And there are friends and there are toys and  
I'm sure you kiss them all, I'm sure you kiss them all.

There's a grace in your walk. Is it from your weekend?  
And there's a pain in your talk, so I am quick to respond.  
There's a break in your voice, is it because you need me?  
There's a length in your stare. I don't know why you're keeping now. Why are you keeping now?

I don't want your mouth to move anymore.  
When your words fall out my knees fall down.  
It seems like you've learned a lot about love.  
So, you're in love?  
And so is she.

Well, that's so sweet. It makes me sick. It makes me sick and happy for you.

I play with words and notes without ever, ever meaning any.  
But every time I look around you are so tempting.  
So stand in the crowd and join the screaming.  
I leave it alone and I'm hardly breathing now, I'm hardly breathing now.

I don't want my mouth to move anymore.  
When my words fall out my eyes roll.  
It seems like I've learned a lot about pride.  
And it's time to feel proud for me.

And that's so sweet. It makes me sick. It makes me sick and happy for you.

For you, ah. For you, ah. And here is proof.

So many times I no longer count,  
I lure them in and spit them out,  
Laughing at my little way to flee.  
Oh, look! You've done the me to me.

And that's so sweet it makes me sick. It makes me sick. It makes me sick and happy for you.

So sweet, it makes me sick. It makes me sick like candy and you.