

# Dance Hall Crashers, Pictures

If you don't know me please why don't you tell me  
cuz I don't want to be with you no more.  
The story that you tell please somebody yell  
I feel the sound before I hear your voice  
A midnight battle, the moon casts a shadow  
I swear I won't know of you anymore  
From a phone booth, [dime, dyin] tell the truth  
I look up through this splint of broken glass.

Now you don't got a picture of me anymore  
Now you don't got a picture of me anymore

If you don't know me please why don't you tell me  
cuz I don't want to be with you no more.  
The story that you tell please somebody yell  
I feel the sound before I hear your voice  
If I thought it possible would you render it impossible  
Get as close to darkness as you can  
From a phone booth, [dime, dyin] tell the truth  
I look up through this splint of broken glass.

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