

Dashboard Confessional, Anyone, Anyone

I'm not sure of anyone, anyone.

but I've got plans.

I'm not asking for everything, but sure, I could use a hand.

Get a little anxious sometimes

you'll be gone and I'll be left behind

get a little nervous sometimes

it'll be my queue and I'll forget my lines

get a little lost look, as I'm staring from the corner of my eye.

Never really mastered disinterest.

I can't see how the way that you leave me only makes us close

I must be out of touch.

I won't ask you to give up on the things that seem to keep you gone

but I could be gone too.

feel a little sorry sometimes, you're not here when I am writing

feels a little awkward sometimes, you won't talk but we're not fighting

you hold on to your secrets, and I'm not privy to whats on your mind

but I cannot help but feel tired, so tired, so tired