

Dear And The Headlights, I'm Not Crying, You're

Did the seesaw nights put their hands on you?
I can't really say, I can't really say

Are you swinging from the eaves in a tasteful noose?
I can't really say, I can't really say

You're following a flashlight down utility halls
And then you mumble to yourself that this has all been your fault
And oh you're not laughing, you're not laughing are you?

And now some local loser with a tape and badge
Wants you to answer from the list of pointless questions to ask
And no he's not sincere, you're not sincere are you?

Then the howls and moans pour from the black
and it's a sea of blank faces straight to the back
Aggressively mediocre in every single way
Yet you're the only reason that they came

So if you had to keep singing then singing should be fine
And if it ain't what you had pictured
Yeah that sounds about right

Does it matter much to me to mean a thing to you?
I can't really say, I can't really say

They blather incessantly, every drossy last one
And then they clamor for attention vomiting opinions

But oh you weren't asking, you're not asking are you?

Ain't it hard when you discover that the only thing you've ever loved is passing your hat
And anything that's got a pulse is doing just the same
And you're the only reason that you came

So if you have to keep singing, then singing should be fine
And if it ain't what you had pictured then yeah that's about right
Said if you have to keep singing, then singing should be fine
And if it ain't what you had pictured then yeah that sounds about right.