

# Hit The Lights, Loose Lips Sink Ships

this frame once held my favorite picture  
and now it's empty, and now it's broken  
and that's how you left my chest  
hallowed out by your hands  
where you dug a grave and laid  
your memory to rest

i hate the way you say i told you so  
this is for all the wilted petals on the floor  
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more  
this is for how you deserve  
nothing more from a rose than the thorns, than the thorns

this should have ended with the kiss  
that you left on someone else's lips  
which turned my heart inside out  
you left it looking much the same  
a motionless mass of muscle and vein  
as i clean up this mess you've made

s i sing you to sleep  
i hope my ghost haunts your dreams  
lost in your memory  
as bad as it seems

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this is for all the wilted petals on the floor  
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more  
this is for how you deserve  
nothing more from a rose than the thorns, than the thorns

so twist the knife  
fashion me counter clockwise  
turn back time  
forget that you were never mine  
so twist the knife i will cut (the last piece of you from me)  
fashion me counter clockwise  
turn back time (the razor blades will separate)  
forget that you were never mine (any connections we've made)

but there's complications  
in the operation  
that keeps me from forgetting your face (fashion me counterclockwise)  
turn back time (come back tomorrow i'll rid the sorrow)  
forget that you were never mine (from within my heart which you plagued)