

Lagwagon, Violins

I am just another fool
and I have to keep telling myself that
I am just a hypocrit
and I have to keep calling you on
and I forgot to bite my tongue
as my assumption is the mother of all mistakes
so I assume the role
open my mouth, and clumsy words escape
so why you, wanna be there
when you could be here
you are slippin' away

I awake with your replacement
a bottle in my grasp
in an unfamiliar place
'cause you put me out
the butt of your sick joke
into this ashtray life
as you come and go
cause I forgot to service you
and we broke down
and you can't live with my mistakes
so I assume false grace
open my arms
and grasp at something true
how are ya, how have you been
girl I miss you
wanna see you again
oh why ya, wanna be there
when you could be here
girl I'm sliping away

I bring out the worst in you
and you try to let me know
you bring out the worst in me
anxiety, anxiety
I'm trying to let you go
you say I'm giving you the creeps
so I assume the role, open my Claws
and grasp for your heart
How are ya, how have you been
girl I miss you, wanna see you again
into you, like a mortal stake
so vindictive, girl I'm sliping away
(Violins)...Into this ashtray life
(Violins)...the butt of your sick joke
(Violins)...I'm trying hard to let you go