

Murmurs, Country Song

i'm sick of your lies
and i'm sick of your threats
i'm sick of the way you want
and i sick of the way you get
wait! i take off
wait! you're so bored
you'll still be waiting someday
but you'll never be sure
you're calling me with the blues
it's something i've gotten use to
you treat me like a meal
that you wanna throw-up
you treat me and you trick me
and you don't show up
don't worry of the queen
if the seats not sold
i'm sure you'll keep your tan
when the sun makes you look old you're calling me so what do you need
isn't that why you called
i know you think i'm such a fabulous person
that's not the point
just tell me which way did you fall

just like that i've gone back on my word
i love you too much to let you fly with a bird
coming down from an aeroplane crash
tapping off the shivers on your cigarette ash
you're calling me with the blues
it's something i've gotten use to
you drive too fast, ? in your mirrors
i'm still one the fly
that you'll get it together
but when's the last time
that you checked your mirrors
i hope for your sake
the vision is clearer
you're calling me so what do you need
isn't that why you called
i know you think i'm such a fabulous person
that's not the point
just tell me which way did you fall