

# New Found Glory, Understatement

I'm sick of smiling  
And so is my jaw  
Can't you see my front is crumbling down?  
I'm sick of being someone I'm not  
Please get me out of this slump  
I'm sick of clapping  
When I know I can do it better for myself  
I'm sick of waiting  
Sick of all these words that will never matter

I'll wire these nerves together  
Hoping for a chance to think on time  
And I'm tracing over your letter  
To see if your intentions are as good as mine

But you're getting worse  
I swear it  
It's hard to prove you're an understatement  
You're getting worse and I know  
That you'll be calling, calling, calling me again

I'm done with everything  
That had to do with you  
Don't worry your pictures are already burned  
I'm done with new friends  
Don't sell yourself short  
You'll lose it in the end

I'll wire these nerves together  
Hoping for a chance to think on time  
And I'm tracing over your letter  
To see if your intentions are as good as mine

But you're getting worse  
I swear it  
It's hard to prove you're an understatement  
You're getting worse and I know  
That you'll be calling, calling, calling me again

I can't help how I feel  
No I can't help how I feel

But you're getting worse  
I swear it  
It's hard to prove you're an understatement  
You're getting worse and I know  
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again  
Calling me again  
Calling me again

But you're getting worse  
I swear it  
It's hard to prove you're an understatement  
You're getting worse and I know  
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again