

# Phantom Planet, Just A Scratch

i dont know where my temper went  
i lost it in an argument  
you kept too sharp and careless  
when you made your point and pierced me with it  
i said it did a perfect match  
its meant to burn with just a scratch  
now that should seem to fire you up  
how do i approach this conversation  
'cause i feel like a firetruck  
pulling up too late  
to obvious arsen  
I said I'm good I'm moving on  
Well it won't be long, it won't be long  
What was that thing hanging from your lips  
I swear I wont become afixed  
I watched the smoke you struck a flame  
You then held to your cigarette  
Now was there something more you meant  
that I had not uncovered yet  
Well I guess that's just about as close  
As I was ever going to get  
Walking along I start to gash  
It's nothing more It's just a scratch  
You fanned the fire you fanned your lash  
And I feel like I'm about to collapse  
I'm telling you it does not hurt  
Don't ask you'll only make it worse  
Walking along I start to gash  
It's nothing more it's just a scratch