

Punchline, Heart Transplant

If you think that I don't notice
that you're not looking me in the eye
then you're blind and I don't have the time,
to sit here and wonder
just what's under your skin tonight.

And I know that there's a problem
but I don't understand
if what's in my chest is now in your hand,
I don't want to hear a word but I do.

Go to hell, who needs you,
I say that because I don't believe you.
Take my words the way I'm taking yours.
It's not fair, you know me, so you don't even hear me.
But listen once, and listen close to me.

Even a heart transplant
wouldn't show you how I feel would it baby.
It's tearing up my past now.
Yeah, it wouldn't show you how I feel would it now.

And those inside jokes and things we know
are the furthest thing from my mind,
but you let one slip and I forget and smile.
But I shouldn't because I hate you
and I hope this irritates you
as much as it does to me for even
thinking that I don't want you.
I'm not looking at you like I used to
when you'd kiss me and
when you'd want me,

what did I do?
What did I say?
What did I do?
What did I say to make you forget?
What did I do?
What did I say to make you forget?

Time goes by and wonders why
and where and how and what you've learned.
Who is this you're sitting with tonight.
I'm over you, way over due now
but my heart lies to and between my past.
But if I pretend for a minute and put all that I have into it,
I swear that I can still feel
your something, but it's probably nothing.

What did I do?
What did I say to make you forget?
What did I do?
What did I say to make you forget?

Even a heart transplant
wouldn't show you how I feel would it baby.
It's tearing up my past now.
Yeah, it wouldn't show you how I feel would it now.