

# Say Anything, The Word You Wield

You've got nowhere to go but up  
To where you'll dine with foreign kings  
You can't forget about our tryst  
And all those other fleeting things  
And will they train you like a dog?  
And will they walk you down my street?  
The wind will whistle our old songs:  
The ones I'll always keep

You've got nowhere to go

I've got a bone to pick with you  
About the argument we had  
The day you got into that cab  
And said my world is in your past

You've got nowhere to go

There must be something wrong with me  
My mind is just a sickly little alibi  
And why am I surprised you're giving up on me?  
Goodbye: the word you're wielding like a knife

You've got nowhere to go