

Silverstein, The Ides Of March

Tie me up with sheets, and hang me from your tree
I'll stay out here all night, it doesn't even matter
As long as I can see, into your room and feel
Like I'm inside your life, I'll follow you forever

Don't cut me down just yet, I'll make things right again
Don't close your blinds on me, on me...

I will never recover from this
I will never believe in this again
And I can never go back to the way I used to be before this started

The snow won't go away, My nose runs down my face
No one sees me here, It doesn't even matter
And every step I take, I stay in the same place
I can't begin to start again why can't I just be perfect?

I will never recover from this
I will never believe in this again
I can never go back to the way I used to be before this started

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I will never believe in this again
I can never go back to the way I used to be before this started

You see my ghost and you'll never forget it
My face is as white as the snow that haunts me
Your windows my door and nothing can stop me
Sometimes betrayal can make you happy

Don't cut me down just yet, I'll make things right again
Don't close your blinds on me, on me...

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