

Taking Back Sunday, Mutual Head Club

Well it's getting colder and you're getting distant
and I just keep thinking
that I never meant it to be like this (to be like this)
You know what comes next (so do I)
You're begging for a way to gracefully bow out
and say goodnight

It's worse than you think
On your way home, you should have known
you never listen to me
I'm only complaining to keep myself busy, sweetie
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I can't say I blame you
but I wish that I could
I'm sick of writing every song about you

So keep me updated, call back in a week, to check up on me
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