

# Taking Back Sunday, My Blue Heaven

Two sides twist and then collide;  
You're calling off the guards (Am I coming?)  
I'm coming through. (Am I coming?)  
Adulteress conditioned to a spin cycled submission,  
You know, sometimes it just feels better to give in.  
(Sometimes it just feels better to give in.)

And it's all too familiar  
And it happens all the time.  
All the cards begin to stack up,  
Twisting heartache into fine  
Little pieces that avoid an awful crime,  
But it's you I can't deny.  
(You I can't deny.)

Dull heat rises from the sheets.  
I'm both a patient boy,  
Well, and a jealous man. (Am I coming?)  
\* But double standard of suspicion  
Is remedied, oh, my blue heaven,  
Sometimes it just feels better to give in.  
(Sometimes it just feels better to give in.)

And it's all too familiar  
And it happens all the time.  
All the cards begin to stack up,  
Twisting heartache into fine  
Little pieces that avoid an awful crime,  
But it's you I can't deny.  
(You I can't deny.)

We swing and we sway  
As this tiny voice in  
My head starts to sing  
"You're safe, child, you are safe."  
("You're safe, child, you are safe.")  
"You're safe, child, you are safe."

We swing and we sway  
As this tiny voice in  
My head starts to sing  
"You're safe, child, you are safe."  
"You're safe, child, you are.."

Safe (safe, safe)  
You are (safe)

We swing and we sway  
As this tiny voice in  
My head starts to sing  
"You're safe, child, you are safe." (Am I coming?)  
"You're safe, child, you are safe." (Am I coming through?)

Is this all too familiar?  
Does it happen all the time?  
I'm just asking you to hear me.  
Could you please, just once, just hear me?  
More then anything you wanted to be right.  
Still it's you, you, it's you I can't deny.  
(You I can't deny.)  
It's you I can't deny.

[\* Note: cd cover has this line as "My double standardized suspicion"]