

# The Adored, Tell Me Tell Me

It's not the fashion anymore to act abused; it's not so timely anymore to be confused. Tomorrow's just another day for you to lose to come unglued. You're reading letters, sitting, waiting for a call, you're singing broken songs, just staring at the wall. You're finding comfort while you're dreaming of the fall. You'll start to hate yourself, and you'll start to hate yourself.

Tell me nobody ever lies. Tell me nobody ever dies. We have plans to sort the mess inside when it's time to decide. You want to feel it. We're so defeated. You've got to find a way to deal with the pain or you'll be beat at your own game.

You said, "I don't know where the time goes anymore. You know we're kicking bottles scattered on the floor. No opportunities are banging at the door. That's why we swallow it, so we can breathe a little more, no, no, no."

Tell me nobody ever lies. Tell me nobody ever dies. We have plans to sort the mess inside when it's time to decide. You want to feel it. We're so defeated. You've got to find a way to deal with the pain or you'll be beat at your own game.

Well, office furniture around the papers, and you can't figure out how you got run down. A fistful of pills is like a gun to your head, or spend the rest of your days just chatting up the bar with a lie-littered glory story.

Tell me nobody ever lies. Tell me nobody ever dies. We have plans to sort the mess inside when it's time to decide. You want to feel it. We're so defeated. You've got to find a way to deal with the pain or you'll be beat -- at your own game, as your own game, all alone. You know you'll still be sleeping alone