

# The Jealous Sound, Troublesome

All this could be  
How can I decide  
Call it all loses  
We'll try it on for size

How can I believe  
I can be so brave  
And I can never stop  
I can never save

Someone is searching  
Calling your name  
Wanting and willing are one in the same

With all things aside  
I'm calm when I confide  
You're always in my thoughts  
My stomach tied in knots

These days become the week  
These weeks become our lives  
Hanging overhead  
Uncertain I arrive

It's open and closing  
Closing again  
Startled and stunning  
But I can pretend

And I've seen troublesome  
And I dig myself a grave  
And I'll be done

How could I believe  
I could ever change  
The burden that you've built  
I've rearranged

Kool-Aid and Camels  
Standing in line  
A bottle of something  
For \$5.49

No one can say it  
Know that you lied  
Nothing beneath me  
I can't decide

Is everything escape  
Is everything alone  
Afraid to be awake  
Afraid to use the phone

They're calling and calling  
And calling again  
Why don't you answer  
Where have you been

Pick up this once just please  
Pick up this once for me

Bleed to death, the first aid kit  
We cut our hands as we open it

Nothing will help us  
Nothing will do  
Nothing has meaning  
Nothing but you

And I've seen troublesome  
And I dig myself a grave  
And I'll be done

With a call they've sent for you  
With heads bowed  
And I dreamt what I can do  
No shame now

And mother dreams for you  
Father's words are few  
Hope that they can have me  
Dreamt what I can do

It's all in the dark  
It's all that I despise

Bleed to death, the first aid kit  
We cut our hands as we open it

Nothing will help us  
Nothing will do  
Nothing has meaning  
Nothing but you

And I've seen troublesome  
And I dig myself a grave  
And I'll be done

With a call they've sent for you  
With heads bowed  
Never dreamt what I can do  
No shame now