

Trophy Scars, If You Call It A Knife...

A waltz and a gunfight
they're typically new
in typical tune
a waltz and a gunfight
they're typically new
the typical tune

a waltz and a gunfight
they're typically you
a waltz and a gunfight
they're typically you

(they're typically you, they're typically you)
(they're typically you, typically you)

alright, alright...

about the break the phone
i took the long way home
but i'm comfortable alone
it's something i never knew

i stole the silver moon
'cause i'm nothing without that moon
but i'm doing this for you
i'm typically not in tune

i'm about to pick you out
'cause you're giving me your blues
i'm about to cut you out
'cause you're giving me your blues

i hope to see you soon
picking up that phone
giving me the marks that i earned (you're giving me those off-centered)
the black and white, those blues

call it a wild dream (cold winter wired-break)
it's still the thing you never said (I steal the things you'll never take)
it's better when i'm awake
and it's nothing like the dream (and there's nothing left to drink)

about to bring (leave) you out
'cause you're giving me your (the) blues
about to cut you out
'cause you're giving me your (the) blues
i hope to see you soon
picking up that phone
and giving me these songs that hurt (these off-centered)
those black and white, those blues

my body is dead, my body is dead (bang, bang, you're dead)

about to bring you out
'cause you're giving me your blues
about to cut you out
'cause you're giving me your blues
i hope to see you soon
picking up that phone
and giving me these songs that hurt
those black and white, those blues

(my body is dead, my body is dead)

hello, hello, hello?
liar, liar!
hello, hello?
if you call it a knife...
hello, hello?
liar, liar!
if you call it a knife...

about to pick you out
'cause you're giving me the blues
i'm about to cut you out
'cause you're giving me the blues
i hope to see you soon
picking up that phone
giving me those sunset eyes
the black and white, those blues