

Yellowcard, Violins

I am just another fool, and I have to, keep telling myself that
I am just a hypocrit, and I have to, keep calling you one
And I forgot to bite my tongue, and* my assumption, was* the mother of all mistakes
So I assume the role, open my mouth, and clumsy words escape
So why you, wanna to be there, when you could be here, you are slipping away
I awake with your replacement, a bottle in my grasp, in an unfamiliar place
Because you put me out, the butt of a sick joke, into this ashtray life
As you come and go, and* I forgot to service you, and we broke down
And you can't live with my mistakes, so* I assume false grace
Open my arms and grasp at something true

[chorus]

How are you, how have you been, girl I miss you, wanna see you again
So why you, wanna to be there, when you could be here, you are slipping away
I bring out the worst in you, and* you try and let me know
You bring out the worst in me, anxiety, anxiety
I'm trying to let you go, you say I'm giving you the creeps
So I assume the role, open my claws and grasp for your heart

[repeat chorus]

Into you like a mortal stake so vindictive
Your love's slipping away
Violins, into this ashtray life
Violins, the butt of your sick joke
Violins, I'm trying hard to let you go
Violins