

# 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