

I'll tell myself that I'm not standing here,  
Convince myself that I'm standing somewhere else  
Where we can make believe all of our friends from  
Enemies,  
Where we can make believe it all.  
But now you're not making any sense  
Pay attention to yourself  
And now you're not helping anything  
Pay attention to yourself  
It's not an opinion, it's a bad idea.  
Count me out and take the blame for yourself  
Chances are that the chances don't look too good right  
Now.

Shadows stand beside themselves  
And the outcome never fit the first idea  
I can't make heads or tails of your declarations now.

Someone else's cigarette is in the ashtray  
That sat the full night on our bed.  
You said, yeah well those scars are on your back  
You said where and when along your arms?  
Well that's not all you said.  
Now you wish that we could be like someone else.  
And now you're not changing anything,  
Pay attention to yourself.  
It's not an opinion, it's a waste of breath.  
Count me out and take the blame for yourself.

Chances are that the chance you'll stay will look just  
Fine  
{telling me your bloody knees and two of them were  
Mine?}  
And the outcome never fit the first idea.  
Can't make heads or tails of your declarations.

And you wake up on a city bench at 5AM  
No one's there to walk you home.  
It's too cold outside to watch the sun rise. (3x)