

More Sweet Soul

Pretty Girls Make Graves

Headaches, handshakes, little blue pills to take
I got my stereo on ten, I'm screaming Connelly's pain
And I want to make it louder, louder, louder, louder
To drown out the sound of the road under the tires

Yeah, I want, I want, I want it, want it
Yeah, I want, I want, I want it, want it
Yeah, I want, I want, I want it, want it
Yeah, I want, I want, I want, I want to fuck you

Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)
Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)

Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)
Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
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Long sighs, sad eyes and twelve hour drives
Ten minutes on the phone it never feels like enough
But I want you to know that in Philly it's cold
I'm sick with twenty-two days to go

Twenty-one days to go
Twenty full days to go
I count them down but they just get
Longer, longer, longer, longer, longer

And all the hours
They stretch like all the miles
They run together like the thoughts in my head
While I try to remember the last words I said, yeah

Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)
Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)

Don't tell me, tell me what I already know
(Dress me up, mess me up, I'm ready to go)
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Don't tell me, tell me, what I already know
Don't tell me, tell me, what I already know

Don't tell me, tell me, what I already know
(Yeah, I want to, yeah I want to)
Don't tell me, tell me, what I already know
(Yeah, I want to, yeah I want to)

Don't tell me, tell me, what I already know
(Yeah, I want to, yeah I want to go)