

Is it all a question of timing? It sounded right in my head
Is it all a matter of content? Or something else I said?
These lips part waves to blank stares I forgot to think again
These words are the cause of cold shoulders and an empty room
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening
I'm talking to a wall again. I never know when to say when

It's not like there's no intent. It's not like I can't see
Every time I open up ... "Is something the matter?"
This place is a ghost town. This silence is frightening
I'm talking to a wall again I never know when to say when
You won't be back. December night, my third strike
You won't be coming back for more. "Is something the matter?"
You won't be back.