

Charades

Better Luck Next Time

I've been thinking that lately you've been being far too honest
; you waste my time away
And you know it; you always show it, nagging me for hours to drive me out
And I've been thinking for months just dreaming that for once you'll get it;
we'll set the record straight
But this time, it seems to be another flaw in my mind; I'll get it done in time

Running on empty one too many times, I haven't had a decent sleep in nights
Is it in my head?
Nothing was ever said to give it all away

Playing your game of charades
The secret to your mind means I'll come back in time playing your game of charades

I'm getting tired, lacking motivation, I deny frustration; I can't get out
Always reminding me of dedication, procrastination is how I put
Constant aggression is a killer lifestyle; my mind just runs wild when you're around
Take it or leave it, I am out the door now and taking my vow; I'm homeward bound

Running on empty for the very last time, I haven't had a decent sleep in nights
It appeared to be, she blamed me
Can't you take the blame about your game of charades?

Inside lies a chance to stay, you pushed away
And I find you're waiting, dying
You're lying, I'm trying, don't let me go