

Broke In The Head

Bleach

You haven't said a single thing
The whole way home
The air is thick from awkward silence
So you turn up the radio

And I don't think I've got to tell you
I hope you already know
What you reap is what you sow
And so

I gotta say something
I just can't leave it like this, no

Pretty soon we'll hit your driveway
And you'll escape off in your house
So maybe I'll just hit the highway
And maybe you'll open your mouth and let it out

I gotta say something
I just can't leave it like this, no
I hear you talking, your excuses make me sick
It's getting old

Is there anything that I could've said
To help you fix what you broke in your head?
Tell me now if I'm pushing too hard

I gotta say something
I just can't leave it like this, no
Hear you talking, your excuses make me sick
It's getting old

It's getting old
It's getting old
It's getting old
It's getting old