

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)