

Saints and Sailors

Dashboard Confessional

This is where I say I've had enough
and no one should ever feel the way that I feel now.
A walking open wound,
a trophy display of bruises
and I don't believe that I'm getting any better, any better.

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
and I'm thinking awful things
and I'm pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment
is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence.

Wandering this house
like I've never wanted out
and this is about as social as I get now.
And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you
'cause they would never do,
I would never do, never.

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
and I'm thinking awful things
and I'm pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment
is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence.

So don't be a liar,
don't say that "everything's working"
when everything's broken.
And you smile like a saint
but you curse like a sailor
and your eyes say the joke's on me.

But I'm not laughing and you're not leaving
and who do I think I am kidding
When I'm the only one locked in this cell?

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