

# You Won't Hear This

Envy on the Coast

It's a quarter past four,  
I packed my bags with less things than we hold in conversation,  
If that's even possible.  
I wish it weren't true,  
The fact that I could write this song,  
And you can't speak a word... Whoa, it's why...

You're not my baby,  
Oh baby, and maybe, I'm crazy, yeah.  
I don't want to have to write, oh baby,  
Don't want to have to write to you,  
But you made me, you made me,  
Because you never changed.

I think I'll move somewhere inviting,  
Where my heart's not being lied to,  
Cause I'll keep on trying.  
But you can't change anymore,  
So put that smile behind your lack of effort,  
It's the only thing that shows anyway.  
And it's why...

You're not my baby,  
Oh baby, and maybe, I'm crazy, yeah.  
I don't want to have to write, oh baby,  
Don't want to have to write to you,  
But you made me, you made me,  
Because you never changed.

Don't want to have to write, oh baby,  
Don't want to have to write to you,  
But you made me, you made me,  
You'll never change.