

Loud

Matt Nathanson

You win, I quit
I'm certain you let my hands
Wander your hips
Just to leave me desperate now
I remember your thread thin arms
I remember your hands
And how easily it seemed to me
That they could rip me open

Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away

Wasted my Septembers with you stuck up in my head
Raced the days closed in the hopes that the mornings would swell again
Don't offer me rewards dear, that's a weight that I don't need

I've seen stronger men draped over your shoulder
So filled with praises, to drunk to leave

Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away

You were always good at putting words together
About how you always liked me better when I never came around
You were always good at putting words together
And wearing them loud