If You Wanted a Song Written About You, All You Had to Do Was Ask

Mayday Parade

I'm throwing away pictures
That I never should have taken in the first place
And it's cold in my apartment
As I'm changing all the colors
From the brightest reds to grays

Well it's 3 o'clock on Monday morning
I'm just hoping you're not seeing his face
I've been getting calls in these hotel rooms
Long enough to know that it was him
That took my place

And I hope this makes you happy now
That the flame we had is burning out
And I hope you like your pictures facing down
As even broken hearts may have their doubts

And I'm burning all the letters
Hoping that I might forget her and her bad taste
That she left when she was leaving me
A life of barely breathing as she walked
Out of this place

And you dropped the note and we changed key
You changed yourself and I changed me
I really didn't see us singing through this
Then you screamed the bridge
And I cried the verse
And our chorus came out unrehearsed
And you smiled the whole way through it
I guess maybe that's what's worse

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That the flame we had is burning out
And I hope you like your pictures facing down

As even broken hearts may have their doubts

And I'm taking all your memories off the shelf
And I don't need you or anybody else
So take a look at me
See what you want to see
When you get home

Take me home
I'd rather die than be with you
Take me home
You have a problem with the truth
Take me home
Because this happens every time
I knew it would...
I knew it would...

Take me home
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And I knew it would...
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