

True Romance

Motion City Soundtrack

You better believe it's true
You know I do, I do
You better believe it's true
You know I do, I do

I'm a screw up of epic proportions
A walking hand grenade
Hyper-manic, a dime store dramatic
A conduit for pain
She said, "Don't speak, don't think
Just take it off, take it off"
I said, "Don't speak, don't blink
Just mess me up, mess me up"

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Don't speak, don't think
Just take it off
I'm pathetic, overly apologetic
I'm a tightrope tragedy
You're Chicken Little, I'm the monkey in the middle
There is something wrong with me
She said, "Don't speak, don't think
Just take it off, take it off"
I said, "Don't speak, don't blink
Just mess me up, mess me up"

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Humming a slightly varied tune
Opposite angles of the moon
Buried in layers of ourselves
Leaves room for no one else
I believe it's true
Cause nothing matters when I'm all wrapped up in you
I believe it's true
Cause nothing matters when I'm all wrapped up in you

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