

# 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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