

Nice Night For A Fist Fight

Park

Take back your new yellow dress
the one without the blood stains that makes you feel the best,
but insincere and moving scared you were just waiting patiently
for a moment between the second you knew would be there

Maybe if I could have held out longer
I would be sharing with you my last cigarette
and maybe if I could have let go sooner
I wouldn't be telling to you my first six regrets

Act out your clueless distress
and try not to forget the numbers scratched onto your chest
but in-between and out of scenes
you were sprinting for an epiphany
hoping this would all make sense

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I would be sharing with you my last cigarette
and maybe if I could have let go sooner
I wouldn't be telling to you my first six regrets

I'm sure it felt good to you
to find a wound to bleed through
a sense of security the feel of someone to cling to
the fuel is fear the scenery's not that clear
but as for insight it's a nice night for a fist fight.