

Mouthful of Diamonds

Phantogram

Wake up

You're gettin' high on your own supply
Oh, Baby, you're still alive when you could've died
Oh, the world is not around because of you
You know I'm not around because of you

You've got the mouthful of diamonds
And a pocketful of secrets
I know you're never telling anyone
Because the patterns, they control your mind
Those patterns take away my time

Hello
Goodbye

Wasted

You tell the truth when you could've lied
And troubles are on the rise 'cause you're in disguise
Oh, and if it isn't me
Then pack your bags and leave
I wish I could believe those devils won't take you back
Out to the salty sea

You've got the mouthful of diamonds
And a pocketful of secrets
I know you're never telling anyone
Because the patterns, they control your mind
Those patterns take away my time

Hello
Goodbye

I wish I could believe, i wish i could belive ...