

Dying Of Silence

Phantom Planet

So as I stand here dying of silence tonight,
The quiet spell you slung on the ceiling fan
You will return again,

Why?
I ask myself sometimes,
Dine on small talk after school
Why?
I ask myself sometimes

So as the mood gets darker and darker tonight,
Can't help but feel a little
uncomfortable alright
you will return again

Why?
I ask myself sometimes,
Dine on small talk after school
Why?
I ask myself sometimes

Why?
I ask myself sometimes
Why, why , why?
I ask myself sometimes
Why, why, why?