

The Word You Wield

Say Anything

You've got nowhere to go but up
To where you'll dine with foreign kings
You can't forget about our tryst
And all those other fleeting things
And will they train you like a dog?
And will they walk you down my street?
The wind will whistle our old songs:
The ones I'll always keep

You've got nowhere to go

I've got a bone to pick with you
About the argument we had
The day you got into that cab
And said my world is in your past

You've got nowhere to go

There must be something wrong with me
My mind is just a sickly little alibi
And why am I surprised you're giving up on me?
Goodbye: the word you're wielding like a knife

You've got nowhere to go