

Sore Thumb

The Format

Forgive me you cut out again, it seems so easy just to blame the
reception but theres something wrong and i dont know why
Why you, you never say goodbye so please just leave, you dont mean
that much to me you keep the ring, ill take those
Saturdays in bed cause i know you need them as for me its nothing
new just another two years i wish we'd always wake up new,
Refreshed and born again with nothing left to lose but we dream
too much and who needs a crutch pull off the bandage, theres
No wound so please just leave, you dont mean that much to me give
back the ring, keep all those summers with your friends
Cause you know you need them as for me its nothing new just another
two years that im here losing sleep your sore thumb,
Your best defense is miles from home oh and it reads like a letter,
with the words all broken erased them with a razorblade
Cause youre gone i was lost then i found you but im breaking down
now that
[chorus]