

The Verb

The Swell Season

What's the verb to cut it off
To take a knife and hack away at it
You keep saying, well that's the last time
You'll pretend to, stand aside no matter what we did
I'm not playing, all in all then just enough to
Keep us sliding back to where we were
I'm not waiting
That's the last time you'll get friends who
Will tell you that you walked away with it
When you barely scraped through

I'm tired of fighting she said
Your words just rattle my head
All joy escapes in the dark
And I can't make this make sense
Your words are lost to me now
I cannot take it I'm out
I'm stuck here kidding myself
You're out there caring somewhere

What's the verb to
Kick it off to
Take the time and walk away from it
I'm not playing,
That'll never sit with us well
We're far too pious to get out of it
And we're on our way

I'm tired of fighting she said
Your words just rattle my head
All joy escapes in the dark
And I can't make this make sense
Your words are lost to me now
I cannot take it I'm out
I'm stuck here killing myself
You're out there drinking somewhere

This time I've lost all my hope
I cannot take it no more
I'm stuck here killing myself
You're out there laughing somewhere

I'll tear my heart out no more
I'll burn this bridge till its gone
I'm stuck here killing myself
You're out there laughing somewhere
All joy is lost to me now
I cannot take it I'm out
I'm stuck here killing myself
And you're out there drinking somewhere
I'm stuck here killing myself

Running away won't change anything it only puts it off
Stand on the spot work out where you are and take it
all from there
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Stand on the spot work out where you are and take it

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