

## Calling In Dead

This Time Next Year

I want to sleep for days  
When my heart's sick  
She's calling and calling  
She's pouring salt in my wounds  
You'll be alone someday  
That's a promise  
It's shameful to know  
Little girls grow up to be you  
Never mind your best intentions  
I've come to find these situations  
Never cease to rest,  
They always get the best of me  
You know that it's true  
Fair weather, go figure  
Calling it quits had its run  
So I'm calling in dead  
Fair weather, go figure  
Some things are better unsaid  
So I'm calling in dead  
I want to sleep for days  
When my heart's sick  
She's calling, she's calling  
She's pouring salt in my wounds  
Never mind your best intentions  
I've come to find these situations  
Never cease to rest  
They always get the best of me  
You know that it's true  
So pray to God it's all in your head  
That I never told a lie or never will again  
I'm not your friend, in fact  
Why don't you hang yourself  
You're a blatant contradiction  
To your heart felt confessions