

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