

## Park Avenue Music

### "My Sick Complainant"

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She sits and stares into her mixed drink  
Telling everyone she's right, well, she's right  
I've tried enough on getting over this  
Just to end up in this room with the two of you  
But you tell me that your phone don't ring enough  
And you say she's just the one who picks you up from  
work  
Because I'm not around  
Well, I've tried to save this from your sick complainant  
Well, I lied, but it was just to save us both  
And I tried to name this like it makes a difference to  
what's true  
But that doesn't matter now  
And I made a promise to not hate you for this  
Well, I lied and I can't cover that up  
She walks back into the hallway, searches through a  
crowded room  
Needs a way out of here and I made my mind up not to  
notice  
So I sat back down on the couch, pretended not to care,  
I didn't care  
But I see her as she moves to the front door  
And I guess I couldn't stand it any more  
She was gone before I could stop her  
And I tried to save this from your sick complainant  
And I lied, but that was just to save us both  
And I crave the moment when there is no resistance in  
your eyes  
And your heart is open wide  
And I lack conviction with these drunk decisions  
I don't try, and I'm left confused, alone  
But I want to be and remember how to see things  
Beyond this dull divide

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