

Playing With Matches

"Worth Fighting For"

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By shot three I've got the fortitude
to move past the prelude
and explain how this escalates.
I left her with an incomplete goodbye,
then caught the midnight flight,
the cliché plain that took me away
from my baby that night.
And it might be naïve
cursing the day I left,
the day you got fed up and said...

If I told you this was foolishness
would you throw in the towel tonight.
I shrugged to confess probably
and she told me I was right.
She said I'll say this once more,
it's just a waste of time unless
it's worth fighting for.

She said distance and relationship
in the same sentence
and she could tell I wasn't interested.
I was in love enough with myself
for the both of us,
we beat around the bush
as my mouth looked
for the proper words to leave.

By last call I'm irrational...
scrolling through my phone
trying to find your name.
I want to say the things
that I don't mean,
and make promises that I can't keep.
The message beeps and
I guess I'm still looking
for the proper words to leave.

