

Sophomore Attempt, The "Sky Command To Battlestations"

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If I bend I'm breaking
I'm tired of living through the yellow pages
The ghosts are calling and they want you back
Two hundred miles is farther than it seems
It's just enough to keep you safe from me

You might as well just hate me
And you can stop pretending
You're just what the boys like me are so afraid of
And I can't imagine what it's
Like stepping on all your friends
Like they're concrete (they're not concrete)
You're going to sink (you're going to sink...)

The curtains closed and now I see you clearly
Your facade is broken and your hands are red
And it's a dangerous game you play so sweetly
You're compared a bullet and my heart's roulette.

You might as well just hate me
And you can stop pretending
You're just what the boys like me are so afraid of
And I can't imagine what it's
Like stepping on all your friends
Like they're concrete (they're not concrete)
You're going to sink (you're going to sink...)

Why else would I believe any or everything
Unless I had the faith that you had felt the same
Why else would I believe any or everything
Unless I had the faith that you had felt the same

You might as well just hate me
(And you can stop pretending)
You're just what the boys like me are so afraid of
And I can't imagine what it's
Like stepping on all your friends
Like they're concrete (they're not concrete)
You're going to sink girl, (you're going to sink...)

