

Swell Season, The

"The Verb"

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What's the verb to cut it off
To take a knife and hack away at it
You keep saying, "Well that's the last time"
You'll pretend to stand aside no matter what we did
I'm not playing all in all then
Just enough to keep us sliding back to where we were
I'm not waiting
That's the last time
You'll get friends who will tell you that you walked away
with it
When you barely scraped through

"I'm tired of fighting," she said
Your words just rattle my head
All joy escapes in the dark and I can't make this make
sense
Your words are lost to me now
I cannot take it
I'm out
I'm stuck here kidding myself
You're out there caring somewhere

What's the verb to kick it off
To take the time and walk away from it
I'm not playing
That'll never sit with us well
We're far too pious to get out of it and we're on our way

"I'm tired of fighting," she said
Your words just rattle my head
All joy escapes in the dark and I can't make this make
sense
Your words are lost to me now
I cannot take it
I'm out
I'm stuck here killing myself
You're out there drinking somewhere

This time I've lost all my hope
I cannot take it no more
I'm stuck here killing myself

You're out there laughing somewhere

I'll tear my heart out no more

I'll burn this bridge 'til it's gone

I'm stuck here killing myself

You're out there laughing somewhere

All joy is lost to me now

I cannot take it

I'm out

I'm stuck here killing myself and you're out there

drinking somewhere

I'm stuck here killing myself

Running away won't change anything

It only puts it off

Stand on the spot

Work out where you are and take it all from there

Running away won't change anything

It only puts it off

Stand on the spot

Work out where you are and take it all from there

Running away won't change anything

It only puts it off

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