Times Like These
"Hundred Dollar Bills"

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I have nothing left to say
I think it's time that we go our separate ways
And I know this might be
The last time that I see your pretty face

You tied me to the bed, you were dressed to kill
Paid the ransom off with a hundred dollar bills
Call me from the road on the way home
Don't forget your rope on the way home
On the way home

I may be blind but you're fake
(I'm blind but you're fake)
The irony of insecurity is keeping me awake
Empty bottles fill my floor
(Empty bottles fill my floor)

But I want it so much more
And I need it so much more
And we'll never be the same
The same as we were before

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Call me from the road on the way home
Don't forget your rope on the way home

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I've been searching so long
For what I thought was you
And everything I dreamed about
Never would come true
And if I ever had the chance
To take back every word that I said
I would rather have you take me back instead

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