

2 Week Notice

"To The Victims Go The Spoils"

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Its a long fall from the top, girl, and ive hit below the
bottom before,
you made me trade what we started for tears and
"heavy hearted" now.
(alright fine, you had yours and ill get mine)
ive got the same songs on repeat, this is the worst mix
tape you ever made for me.
all the best kids die believers, put the phone to the
receiver and ill leave her standing colder than a stone
(abandon hope abandon love)
so here it goes, well maybe mom was right, your lips
and eyes arent worth the fight
but your lips have shared mine, and i guess theyve had
enough
Polaroids and hair ties (the spoils of war) pictures on
your wall
empty beds and left unsaid (your heart to break my
fall)
My name is no good in this town anymore,
too many kisses on collars lying on my closet floor.
Dont say a word (as our heartbeats collect in stereo,
tonight)
well maybe mom was right, your lips and eyes arent
worth the fight
but your lips have shared mine, and i guess theyve had
enough

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