## About Last Night "Dialing For Disclosure"

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Hello caller who'll be your number

Does it even matter how hard we try?
Does it even matter how hard we fight?
Cause were on again
Were off again
Were on again
were off again
You're on again
You're off with him

I'm getting tired of getted used to missing you, and the smell of his cologne is getting old too. A life time of pain shoved into a few minutes. Who'll repair my heart from the holes you left in it?

Hello caller he'll be your number one, and hello caller he'll be there when you call. He was the problem and I was the mess, So you swallowed your problems and choked us to death.

And i'l never get the answers

To the questions that I'll never ask.

Whisper confessions. Your lips burn to speak.
They're speaking of your thoughts, wispering of deceit.
Say I lied again.
You can trust me on this one.
You'd take my hand and weigh you down
By lying by omission.

We'll bury our love right where we dug it up, In that internet chatroom where we fell in love. And on our grave, instead of two lovers "In remembrance of us torn apart by another."

Hello caller he'll be your number one.
and hello caller he'll be there when you call.
He was the problem and I was the mess.
So you swallowed your problems
They choked us to death.
And i'l never get the answers

To the questions that I'll never ask.

I'll never ask them

(sex noises throughout)
I'm getting tired, of getting used
Getting tried of getting used
I'm getting tired, of getting used
Getting tried of getting used
Getting tired

I'm getting tired of getting used to missing you.

You

You

He was the problem and I was the mess. So you swallowed your problems, They choked us to death. And i'l never get the answers To the questions that I'll never ask.

Hello caller he'll be your number

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