

Backseat Goodbye

"Distortion, Please"

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This is cancer, right? Whe you walk into those empty rooms and hope someone follows you in just to take notes. You can only check in so many times with an artificial smile. And you want to believe that you're here for yourself, but you know better than that. You want to believe that the 40 hours isn't killing you day by day, that the home you live in is your own, though you can't even paint the walls. I can hear you breathing and I know you hope it stops. I should have known since I was five and I watched those leaves hit the ground, and it was one of the only times I ever felt alive. Now it's twenty years gone by. Two decades of descent. Still waiting fore someone, something to prove me wrong. And I'd like to call you up, and tell you things that would make me look better than I'll ever fucking be, but it's a waste of my time and yours. So lets see those eyes well up. Sons and daughters, this place needs a black flag just to break even. They're searching for all the wrong answers in a ribcage. Don't bother looking .. you won't fucking find me. You can't kill someone who's as good as dead. Check your fucking backbone.

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