

Blueline Medic

"Swan Song Swan Dive"

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Put the gun down, i just want to talk
I can't hear you, you're breaking up
I can't help being static
a rise in the voice marks the descent
as the atmosphere thickens
it quickens the coming apart
a shooting star
shooting down in the darkened half

sometimes the hinges aren't strong enough
splinters splitting us,
embedded in the floor
some nights don't pass quick enough
nor the walls thick enough for you,
or me, or next door
I can't help being static

so the wounds are dressed and each given a name
dated and placed
the records remain
both tired of being the cause of this happening
I'm moving out onto the edge
just out of touch
just about out of everything
careless if I slip,
careful of where you stand
you say I couldn't care less
I've always been sure of what should not have been
said
I've never had to say I love you to death,
because we'd both have to dive on that gun
and jokingly say. . .
that it just might have to be that way

sometimes the hinges aren't strong enough
splinters splitting us,
embedded in the floor
some nights don't pass quick enough
nor the walls thick enough
you really don't take enough
notice of what I'm telling you

you could act as though you give a fuck
I'm sick of disappointing you
you refuse to see me as anything
more than what you think I've been
that's not what I was thinking at all

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