

Blueline Medic

"Swan Song Wwan 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 darkend 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 aer 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 tocu
Just about out of everything
Careless if I slip, careful of wher you stand
You say I couldn't care less
I've alwasys 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
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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