

Bayside

"A Synonym For Acqueise"

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Empty fields move me so much more then rooms filled
up with friends

The way the trees look dead

Reminds me that there's more to life then living

Maybe giving up's not bad, but part of letting go of you

If I surrender to this feeling maybe all the aches and
pains

Will go and I can close my eyes

Never again to have them open till I bleed out all I've
been

I don't want to be alone no more

No more

So take this razor, sign your name across my wrists

So everyone will know

Who left me like this

Empty fields move me so much more then rooms filled
up

with friends

The way the trees look dead

Remind that there's more to life then living

Maybe giving up's not bad, but part of letting go of you

So take this razor, sign your name across my wrists

So everyone will know who left me like this

Sew me up my scars run deep

A reminder not to forget the times that we've had

I'll never waste another second

I have wasted so much time

I have wasted wasted so much time

So much time

So take this razor, sign your name across my wrists

So everyone will know who left me like this

Sew me up my scars run deep

A reminder not to forget the times that we've had

