

Closed Heart Surgery

"There's An 8 Percent Chance"

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Dvds, Tapes Stacked So High
Reminders Of Good Things Lost In Time
A Mess Of Pixels Dot The Screen
was Anything Ever As It Seems
Escape The Warmth Of Sunbeams
We Cover The Shadows With Dark Daydreams
If You Ever Need A Shoulder, Lean On Me
I Never Thought I'd Miss The Way You Scream
This Song Isnt About You But You Wish It Was
Incisions Check To Reveall Vicious Cuts
Decisions Are Best Without Malicious Lust
Visions Are Dressed On That Suspicious Trust
My Eyes Are Heavy, My Voice Is Coarse
Hold Hands, Steady, Tryin To Shake Her Force
Significant Other
Imprisonment stutter
She Has My Tongue, My Name In Blood
The World Got Bigger And It Just Figures
Theres Always A Brightside. Hey Mister!,
Do The Things You Love Hold You Back
I Have It In My Hands But I Cant Read The Map
Just Point Me In The Right Direction
Im On The Wrong Path, I Fucked Up At The Intersection
With My Heart In Your Hand Make A Decision
Love It Or Leave It I've Learned My Lesson
With The Pain Im Sailin The Shores
The Oceans To Deep, Couldnt Climb Aboard
This Relationship Was Rich But Now Its Sinking
started Titanic, What Was I Thinking
I See Lights Blinking, Streets Dense With Fog
Cold Crimson meet Lips Commense To Lock
The Story Lacks Passion, Fashion. Too Late
Cant Even Count The Lies She sold here Today

[Chorus]

(Lost In The Memory Of You
Sick And Tired Of All You Put Me Through
Break The Bottle, Cut With Glass
Open Eyes Forward I Only See The Past)

Ill Leave The Door Wide Open
To Create The Chance Of A Second Helpin'

It Still Plays On Deck, On Mixtape 8
I Really Want You To Stay, But Its Gettin Late
Wrap Your Arms Around My Neck
Get The Gun To Play Russian Roulette
Pull Your Body Closer To Me
With An 8 Percent Chance Close Your Eyes And
Squeeze
Confessions Of An Ex Left Pillows Cold
Every Words Poison Down To Each Syllable
We Never Had Answers Just (?) Glances
You Werent Wrong But Never Took Right Chances
I Guess We Lack Balance Not Our Ability To Sit
But I Couldnt Stand Your Willingness To Drift
Always Afraid Of What You Didnt Know
Games Over But You Still Cant Hear The Whistle Blow

[Chorus] x2
(Lost In The Memory Of You
Sick And Tired Of All You Put Me Through
Break The Bottle, Cut With Glass
Open Eyes Forward I Only See The Past)

This Pen Hasnt Touched Paper In Days
Whats The Point? Whats Left To Say
Theres Pictures, Drawings, Bitter Cold Mornings
They Serve As The Price To Pay
Pass Me The Book I'll Sign The Check
I Said This Is The End, But Whats Next
In Her Eyes Theres NOTHING Else
And What The Hell Im Fine ALL BY MYSELF
We're Two Of A Kind Like Window Shades
Your Almost As Useless As Nick Lachey
Face It, Embrace It, Stop Tryin To Chase It
Chase Us. Like The Music, I Remain Basic
To You, Your Friends, Tangled Up In Stems
Our Rose Grew From Cement
But Cut My Fingers too tough to grasp
Im Done Writing You, No More Rough Drafts..

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