

Dashboard Confessional "I Know About You"

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Well I know the trouble when the trouble starts.
I know the signals of a straying heart.
I know the stirrings of a double-cross.
I see suspicions arise around you.

I know the chatter as it starts to creep.
I know the walls as they ring and repeat.
I know the secrets they were meant to keep.
I see suspicions arise.

It's a shame, I know, but it all shakes out real slow
When the follies of your weekend hang like smoke onto
your clothes.
And the shame of it grows when you whisper it nice and
low.
But all the walls have ears my darling, and all bad
things get known.
And I know about you. I know about you.

I know the ceiling when it starts to burn.
I know the season when it starts to turn.
And I know that the patterns that the wicked learn.

And I see suspicions arise around you.

I know the curtain and the way it falls.
I know the burden and the pain it draws.
I know you're sorry for something,
But I don't know why.

It's a shame, I know, but it all shakes out real slow
When the follies of your weekend hang like smoke onto
your clothes.
And the shame of it grows when you whisper it nice and
low (whisper it nice and low).
But all the walls have ears my darling, and all bad
things get known.
And I know about you (I know about you). I know about
you.

It's a shame, I know, but it all shakes out real slow
When the follies of your weekend hang like smoke onto

your clothes.

And the shame of it grows when you whisper it nice and low (whisper it nice and low).

But all the walls have ears my darling, and all bad things get known.

And I know about you. I know about you (I know about you).

I know about you (I know about you). I know about you.

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