

Dashboard Confessional "Sailors And Saints"

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This is where I say I've had enough
And no one should ever feel the way that I feel now
A walking open wound, a trophy display of bruises
And I don't believe that I'm getting any better, any
better

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few
would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence

Wandering this house like I've never wanted out
And this is about as social as I get now
And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you
'Cause they would never do, I would never do, never

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few
would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence

But don't be a liar, don't say that
Everything is working when everything is broken
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me

But I'm not laughing, you're not leaving
Well, who do I think I am kidding?
When I'm the only one locked in this hell

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few
would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence

So don't be a liar, don't say that
Everything is working when everything is broken
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me

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