

Every Time I Die "Punch-Drunk Punk Rock Romance"

Visit "[Punch-Drunk Punk Rock Romance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Pressed the seven sequenced silver panic buttons,
The distress calls that fall on a distracted short-wave
signal.
A metronome timed to my panic stricken breathing
And a pulse conducted by our dying lines.
You said my heart sounded like a payphone in the rain.
Distorted, distant, scrambled and desperate.
Baby, i swear to god tonight i am sober.
It's the reception between us that's failing.
Everything's coming out all frenzied and confused.
She's got what it takes to make collapsing a habit
And a dance out of a tantrum fit (it's tragic but i am
sobering up).
Pick up the phone.
Tonight i feel like the hero of a rusting war.
My touch has the timing and precision of a car wreck.
No use translating the trembles.
They're symptoms of repetitive testing for fluctuation.
If i come back home, i am bringing back the bends.
So give me a kiss. let me taste the reptilian appeal.
Say it again baby. does it turn you on? does it get you
hot?
I get a little hysterical sometimes.
The panic you shouldn't have been so sentimental.
All that kicking and screaming.
Everything i touch starts peeling.
We malfunction like machines.
Get up off the floor and answer the phone.
I want to be a big star.
Didn't want to touch so hard.
Open the door.
I am your deviant satellite, an orbit defected by the
ballast of words.
You're the reason for collisions.
I am face down like a sailor washed up under your
window.
Tonight is a shipwreck.
Navigating through disorder.
Now every electric star hums like a telecaster.
How punk rock is that?
You're so oblivious.
Baby, you're my oblivion.

Visit [Every Time I Die](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.