

## Frank Turner "Telltale Signs"

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Goddammit Amy, we're not kids anymore.  
You can't just keep waltzing out of my life,  
Leaving clothes on my bedroom floor.

Like nothing really matters,  
Like pain doesn't hurt,  
You should mean more to me by now,  
Than just heartbreak in a short skirt.

You know you kinda remind me of scars on my arms,  
That I made when I was a kid,  
With a disassembled disposable razor I stole from my  
dad,  
When I thought that suffering was something  
profound,  
That weighed down wise heads,  
And not just something to be avoided,  
Something normal people dread.

Well goddammit, Amy,  
Well of course I've changed.  
With all the things that I've done and the places I've  
been,  
I'd be a machine if I had stayed the same.

You're still back where we started,  
You haven't changed at all.  
Yeah you're still trying to live like a kid,  
Like you could always have it all.

You know you kinda remind me of scars on my arms,  
That I hid, as best I could.  
That I covered with ink, but in the right kind of light,  
They still bleed through,  
Showing that there are some things that I just cannot  
change,  
No matter what I do.

The telltale signs of being used,  
Being trapped inside of you.

You're a beautiful butterfly,

Burned with a branding iron,  
Onto my outsides,  
Into my insides.

As a simple sign, to show off your ownership.  
Burned into my naked skin,  
Onto my outsides,  
Into my insides.

It's not even love anymore,  
It's just a stain upon my soul.  
It's on my skin, it's on my breath,  
And I'm ashamed to get undressed,  
In front of strangers in case they see,  
The telltale signs that you have left all over me.

Goddammit Amy,  
You'll always remind me of scars on my arms,  
That I know will never fade.  
And it's not like it's something I think about each and  
every day.  
I just occasionally catch myself scratching at them,  
As if they'd ever go away.

But these telltale signs are here to stay.  
And in the end you know that's okay.  
And you will always be a part,  
Of my patchwork patched up taped up tape deck heart.

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