The Chiodos Bros. "If I Cut My Hair, Hawaii Will Sink"

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You keep tugging on my shirt, just to pull me closer.
One single step at a time.
Your skin against mine.
I can just feel you wondering.
Fit to be tied,

Fit to be tied.
Fit to be, fit to be tied.

I feel weak.

Thrown in wide open spaces. We turn ourselves inside out, expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.
I tell myself.
I keep pulling
I keep pulling

Now grown numb.
Petrified, I think.
No, no you don't mean it.
You simply say it, because you like the way that it sounds

I feel weak.

Thrown in wide open spaces. We turn ourselves inside out, expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.

I feel weak,

And I give up.

And I give up.

Sell it well.

C'mon and sell it, sell it.

Sell it well.

C'mon and sell it, sell it.

I feel weak

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