

Matt Nathanson

"Loud"

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You win
I quit
I'm certain you let my hands
Wander your hips
Just to leave me
Desperate now

I remember your thread thin arms
I remember your hands
And how easily
It seemed to me
That they could rip me open

Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away

Wasted my Septembers
With you stuck up in my head
Raced the days closed
In the hopes that the mornings would swell again

Don't offer me rewards
That's a weight that I don't need
I've seen stronger men draped over your shoulder
So filled with praises

Too drunk to leave

Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away

You were always good at putting words together
About how you always liked me better
When I never came around
You were always good at putting words together
And wearing them so loud
And wearing them so loud

You were always good at putting words together
About how you always liked me better
When I never came around
You were always good at putting words together

And wearing them so loud
And wearing them so loud

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