

Matt Nathanson

"Sad Songs"

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I'm waiting up for you to rescue me,
To come around and cover everything,
Relying on my best memories
To breathe for me, breathe for me

So much better than all of this, all of this

I'm tired of singing all the sad songs in my head
But I can't find enough of anything to drown out what
you said
And sometimes I find I catch my self letting you back in
And I'm so tired of singing all these sad songs in my
head

'Cause I can still smell summer on your skin,
And I can still remember giving in
Wrapped all up in your hips, and in your sheets
Felt great falling, great falling

So much better than all of this, all of this

I'm tired of singing all the sad songs in my head,
But I can't find enough of anything to drown out what
you said
And sometimes I find I catch myself letting you back in
And I'm so tired of singing all sad songs in my head

I feel so faded, so far gone
That nothing surprises me anymore

I feel so faded, so far gone
Nothing surprises me anymore

Not much better now, now

I'm tired of singing all the sad songs in my head
But I can't find enough of anything to drown out what
you said
And sometimes I find I catch myself letting you back in
And I'm so tired of singing all the sad songs in my
head

The sad songs in my head

I'm so tired

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