

## **Curl Up And Die**

# **"If This Band Thing Doesn't Pan Out, We're Joining The Army"**

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For all the girls that have interest in me.  
Please forget me. Just go home. I'm breaking bones  
Over roaming free, empty, and with nowhere to go.  
Who wants a boy sad and hurt from you missing your  
call back?  
I am not wanted when you are not around. I hate myself  
and I  
can't help it. Because I don't know how to call it a night,  
I love you  
and can't help it.

I walk to have a hold on this. Someone please help me.

I walk along silent roads trying to figure out how to  
figure this all  
out. Those times of trying too hard to have it all under  
control, all  
understood, where nothing makes any sense. I am the  
ghost  
lingering on behind in time past, and there's nothing  
for me.

I want to have a hold on this. Someone please help me.

(These are quick romances that are adding up kills.)

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