

## **Danger: Radio "Curses In Cursive"**

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Sitting on a bench in a park on a Saturday night  
Waiting for the sun to arise to show me what I've  
missed in my life  
Isn't it beautiful to envy their lives?  
Lying in the middle of streets waiting for my defeat  
Isn't it great to think of how we've all just been beat.  
Let's drink to the holes in our walls and drug all our  
hearts with remorse.  
Staying up to hear you're heartbeat  
To believe in myself.  
So quick, so anxious to hold and to be held in return.  
Let's just leave don't get carried away  
Don't lose track or you'll lose concentration.

I wrote this song for December  
I hope she likes what she hears  
I hope she tears out her heart, and leaves home and  
then drinks away all of her fears  
I wrote this song for our new year, i hope it turns out  
bad  
Because when the clock hits twelve all these people will  
be heading on back  
Lying to myself for the past few weeks  
Keep on turning to my left because my saint is weak  
and im gone, broken down, in this world where im only  
an image  
Keep on stomping down to the same old beat  
And my life is like a record left on repeat.  
I'm so lost in my mind and my angel just died.  
Am i standing here all on my own?

I wrote this song for December  
I hope she likes what she hears  
I hope she tears out her heart, and leaves home, and  
then drinks away all of her fears  
I wrote this song for our new year  
I hope it turns out bad  
Because when this clock hits twelve all these people will  
be heading on back

i wrote this song about you, she left you stranded and  
weak like they told you she would, she left you

standing alone, i wrote this song about you. Cause  
she's gone and you know it, dont blame yourself for  
this

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