

## **Ryan Cassata**

# **"Mouth Like A Hurricane"**

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Matthew Pryor taught me all about heartbreak he said  
I'll catch you on Holiday, but honestly I'd be better of  
dead  
than waiting around for a silly girl and her stupid phone  
call  
I wanted to shave my head, but the razor blades  
caught my heart instead

I would never cause another a panic attack  
I would never twist the ones on a lovers back  
You said sorry I'm leaving  
I said sorry I'm heaving on you  
with a mouth like a hurricane  
baby I'm through with you

I would never say such awful things to you  
I would never crush you hard as to break you in two  
You said sorry I'm leaving  
I said sorry I'm heaving on you  
with a mouth like a hurricane  
baby I'm through with you

I wish it were simple, to take the aces and split them  
accordingly  
Like some pair of shoes, you trade them in from reds  
to blues  
But it's not possible to find the girl your truly looking for  
If love were a metaphor you better search the decks  
and search the floors

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