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Mayday Parade "If You Wanted A Song Written About You, All You Had To Do Was Ask"

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I'm throwing away pictures That I never should have taken in the first place And it's cold in my apartment As I'm changing all the colors From the brightest reds to grays

Well it's 3 o'clock on Monday morning I'm just hoping you're not seeing his face I've been getting calls in these hotel rooms Long enough to know that it was him That took my place

And I hope this makes you happy now That the flame we had is burning out And I hope you like your pictures facing down As even broken hearts may have their doubts

And I'm burning all the letters Hoping that I might forget her and the bad taste That she left when she was leaving me Alive but barely breathing as she walked Out of this place

And you dropped the note and we changed key You changed yourself and I changed me I really didn't see us singing through this Then you screamed the bridge And I cried the verse And our chorus came out unrehearsed And you smiled the whole way through it I guess that maybe that's what's worse

And I hope this makes you happy now

That the flame we had is burning out And I hope you like your pictures facing down As even broken hearts may have their doubts

And I'm taking all your memories off the shelf Cause I don't need you or anybody else So take a look at me

See what you want to see When you get home

Take me home I'd rather die than be with you Take me home You have a problem with the truth Take me home Because this happens every time I knew it would... I knew it would...

Take me home I'd rather die than be with you Take me home You have a problem with the truth Take me home Because this happens every time And I knew it would... I knew it would...

And I hope this makes you happy now That the flame we had is burning out And I hope you like your pictures facing down As even broken hearts may have their doubts

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