

## **The Airborne Toxic Event "Does This Mean Your Moving On?"**

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And the funny thing is it has no end  
I try to call you up, at 2am  
In a crowded bar, your ringer tones  
Grab my mind

I can see you through the phone,  
The phone, the phone  
And I'm wide awake at home  
At home, at home  
So I think I'll see my coquette  
And hope you don't catch  
The bourbon on my breath  
My breath, my breath

Catch a cab outside on Seventh Street  
And the cars fly through the Bowery  
I come to your door and I hear a moan  
Then another voice, so Christ, she's not alone  
Alone, alone  
And my heart sinks like a stone  
A stone, a stone  
And the tears won't even come  
I feel so numb  
So swept aside, so dumb  
So dumb, so dumb

When the words are wrong  
And my patience gone  
Will you tell me  
Does this mean you're moving on?

From the balcony, you call my name  
I see you standing in the rain  
Your words so dry, your face so wet  
Said I broke your heart,  
But it hasn't happened yet  
I'll bet, your friends all hate me now  
I get the strangest looks,  
From that bitchy crowd  
And though, they must think  
They have every reason to  
I guess I'm still not quite yet over you

When the words are wrong  
And you're hanging on  
Another guy's arm  
Does this mean you're moving on?

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