

The Airborne Toxic Event "Does This Mean You're Moving On?"

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"Does This Mean You're Moving On?"

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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