

The Menzingers

"I Can't Seem To Tell"

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One, two, three, four

Well the silence hasn't been broken
As we reach the point of utter disgust
As the weeks drag on, the lies unfold
The alcohol loses its touch
And I once held your words close to my heart
With a knife protecting all of them
But now we've made our beds in a deep, dense forest
We're sound
We'll never take the blame

As I dig my hands in the cold, dark dirt
In a search for roots now lost forever
With one last great hope of a messiah
I check the time and admit to the surrender terms
Remember the days when I had a conscience?
Yeah, me neither
And I'm warning you
And I'm warning you

That I can't seem to tell
If it's my head or the earth that's spinning around
I can't seem to tell anymore

I can't seem to tell
If it's my head or the earth that's spinning around
I can't seem to tell
I can't seem to tell
If it's my head or the earth that's spinning around

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