

The Panics

"One Too Many Itches"

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I'm staying stubborn in retreat
I was standing on your corner
Pondering defeat
An old lady fixed my collar
Said her steps were getting steep
I said I live by the top
But not permanently
I know you follow I can hear you
And the patter of your feet
I'm looking like I'm still half asleep
And it feels like your standing on me

Why do you ask me?
I don't know my way
Why do you keep me here?
I have no more cards to play

I've got eyelids like concrete
They're too numb to blink
You drain the life out of me
I've forgotten how to think
I was sitting on a fortune
Now I'm staring down a sink
I've got one too many itches
And you're just another sting
You can hope that I might
But I never feel a thing
You can hope that I might
But I never feel a thing

Why do you ask me?
I don't know my way
Why do you keep me here?
I have no more cards to play

A strange thing happened in my mind
All your words turned to scribble
By the time I recognize
I never looked right
In the reflection in your eyes
I'd wait to hear your voice
But I never could reply

Why do you ask me?
I don't know my way
Why do you keep me here?
I have no more cards to play

Why do you ask me?
I have nothing left to say

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