

The Priests

"Playing The Part"

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It's Friday night and there's nothing left to talk about.
The silence shatters like a glass pane broken on the
ground,
As your name rings out.
It's been a while since I've spoke or even thought of
you.
I'd say I miss you but again the glares will shut me
down,
So I'll leave it out.

Suspicious rattle every feeling that I had for you.
They're overshadowing the times you said "forget
them now." I listened well.
All those lies that you'd hoped would never get around,
Have finally surfaced and the contract out on your
heart is collected now.

You thought I'd never hear the rumors,
And said "no matter what, don't listen."
You think that I don't care about you.
Well you brought it on yourself.

Breaking hearts has become this little game to you.
I'm sick of trying to mend up all the scattered parts of
broken hearts.
It's not enough that I know you've been with other guys,
I've got to hear it from my best friend that he turned
you down.
And you've let me down.

But the truth be told, I'm breaking down,
And my jaded thoughts are fading out.
Everything I used to say, I'll mean again.
Three weeks have gone by since you've been in my
mind.
But tonight... simple?, lonely?,
PATHETIC me!, I cried.

I'm forced to mock all that you stand for.
So simply close your ears, don't listen.
It's time you wise up to your senses.

(I don't care about you.)

And you'll hate this,
And won't take it lying down.
But you'll learn,
You brought it on yourself.

Thanks to **k-leb (thisaintnorodeo@yahoo.com)**
for these lyrics

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