

The Wonder Years

"Cul-De-Sacs"

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I've been leaving messages on an answering machine
In a house that's always empty, so I know nobody's
listening.

I've been confessing my transgressions over tape hiss
And the silence makes me sick.

No good can come from this.

I'm letting go.

I've been holding on like poison ivy
Out of cold suburban concrete
From this careless urban sprawl.

I'm letting go.

You know we can't keep out of trouble.
I thought my kids would call you uncle.
I thought we'd never be alone.

I've got images of you inside my head
Outside of the gas station where we always used to
shoplift.

It's car-crash rhetoric.

We fucked up everything we came in contact with.
Just boyhood recklessness.

I'm letting go.

I've been holding on like poison ivy
Out of cold suburban concrete
From this careless urban sprawl.

I'm letting go.

You know we can't keep out of trouble.
I thought my kids would call you uncle.
I thought we'd never be alone.

I'm letting go.

If you walked me home, you'd know how weak my arms
got.

I just can't carry you.

If you walked me home, I know I'd have flashbacks
Of snow angels and gut laughs.

If you walked me home... but you won't.

You're all alone on some bullshit, pill-bottle vision

quest.

If you walked me home, I don't know when I would
finally

Work up the backbone to walk alone.

I'm letting go

Cause I loved you, but I have to.

I'm letting go.

You know we can't keep out of trouble.

I thought my kids would call you uncle.

I thought we'd never be alone.

I'm letting go.

If you walked me home...

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