

Upper Class Trash "Third Wheel"

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Sorry, I didn't hear you.
My heart was beating too loudly,
The times I was with you.
Clearly I am into you,
But are you into me?
The question that remains to be seen.

Sorry, I didn't hear you,
My heart was bleeding too loudly,
The pain I've been through.
Softly, you yell into my ear,
All about your love and your fears,
But I didn't care, no not at all.

You're the one with the noose around my neck.
I cry louder, as I fall towards to the floor.
I cry louder, as I fall towards to the floor.

So I guess that he's the chosen, one, more glass to
drown this tension.
Thoughts are so sick, I hope they heal.
So I guess that I'm not chosen one or two, but I am
something else.
I guess I am just third wheel.

You're the one with the noose around my neck.
I cry louder, as I fall towards to the floor.
I cry louder, as I fall towards to the floor.

Dying alone, better than dying without you.
Dying alone, better than dying without you.
Dying alone, better than dying without you.
Dying alone, better than dying without you.
Without you. Without you.

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