

The Format "Threes"

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"Threes"

Eliza's in the elevator
Finding words that rhyme with "sunny"
I think it's funny how she just leaves "funny" out
And me, I'm on my way downstairs
Gonna gaze and wander aimlessly
I'm gonna figure out what Manhattan's all about
And how I wish it would rain tonight
I'd find a good excuse to stay inside
And watch those props come tumbling through the air
'Cause it's been the worst year of my life
I don't wanna live, I don't wanna die
So could you please, could you please, could you
please
Grow out you hair?

William plays harmonica and guitar
By the side of the sidewalk
I'd love to stay and steal his melody
'Cause he hasn't got an answer to force
No one cares about his voice, no
No, not a choice
Sometimes I wish that nobody loved me
And now I wish I could stab my throat
There goes your wife, your car, your home
There goes the life I've convinced myself I wanna own
And Becca you could come back to my clothes
The only note I'll hold is the one you fold
Could you please, oh could you please, oh could you
please
Grow out your hair?

Grow it dark and long like the winter
With no split ends, split ends are like friends
I don't need them
And if you've got older friends
Then I suggest you listen to them
Cause they're all I want, the world, the fallen hope
All the prophets on the green grass, they're all in the
window
Yeah, my life is just like religion

I'm making it up as I go, oh, oh, oh.

Well they say all bad things come in threes
Well the last year has made the last three look so easy
You were supposed to keep the disease between you
and me
So bandage up your wrists, throw away your
prescriptions, and
And baby come back to me, yeah

My legs gave in on Forty-Second,
Lord, I think it's a hint...

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