

Ryan Cassata Music

"Artemendous Knows All"

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You're in order like a parking lot,
The lines gridded, there's no dismay,
And I'm as unorganized as a highway.
Full of drunk drivers, lacking survivors,
I'm not good enough to handle this,
The rose kiss.
You're better off without me anyway.

Red Letters coming in from New York
A sign of nonconformity and this won't work
And you won't call me up and talk to me.
I can't take the blow of uncertainty

You're killing me, You're killing me.
Well I can't take the blow of uncertainty
You're killing me, You're killing me,
You're killing me, certainly.

Well I can be beautiful with another shot at the bar,
When it's late at night and you're in shame,
The moon falls on you perfectly and forgets me.
I can't explain the fever that you bring,
Even in winter, I call it Spring.

Red Letters going to New York.
From me to tell you, That this might work
But you want call me up to talk to me
I can't take the blow of uncertainty

You're killing me, You're killing me.
Well I can't take the blow of uncertainty
You're killing me, You're killing me,
You're killing me, certainly.

You will take my hand, And I'll take you're heart.
You will take my hand, And I'll take you're heart.
You will take my hand, And I'll break you're heart.
You will take my hand, And I'll break you're heart.

You're killing me, You're killing me.
Well I can't take the blow of uncertainty

You're killing me, You're killing me,
You're killing me, certainly.
Woah oh oh

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