

Anchors "Dialtone"

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What the fuck went wrong man?
What were you thinking?
I never saw this coming
And it's still not sinking in at all,
And I don't know what to say to you right now.
I was away when they told me
And it didn't hit me until the show was over
And the ringing in my ears sang to me in the silence of
the room;
You're never coming back.

But I'll say, if I may,
Fuck you because we're not ok.
But you never listened did you?
And you couldn't care less could you?
But I'll say, if I may,
Anything you needed was a phonecall away.
But you never spoke up did you?
And now we're left behind.

What did you think that we'd do here without you?
And did you give a fuck about the way they found you?
I hope you're happy with what's left in your place.
A broken family, a dialtone, bloodshot eyes and an
empty home,
And no-one's better off in all of this.

Yeah maybe I've got no fucking tact,
But sentimentality won't bring you back.
Yeah maybe I've got no fucking time
For your egotistic state of mind,
And maybe I should have said this to your face
And put you in your place.
But it might not have changed a thing,
Now we'll never know and it's worse this way.
So I'll think of you every day and remember the good
times,
But it's more than you deserve.

Now all that's left is a memory
And a shitty song to keep us holding on.

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