

Chris Pureka "31 And Falling"

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Well you call again,
As if I don't know what you're going to say...
So let it ring,
I can count the cracks in the ceiling all day long.

I guess the birds they just went south,
But I've got no where to go,
It's 31 and falling,
I've been dreaming of you darling,
In case you'd like to know...

God damn my wasted time,
Ringing all the bells.

If I could hold my tongue,
Just long enough to get me through the door
Then you won't know...
Rewind the tape while your back is turned,
Fold my arms and pull the curtains closed,
Bury the roses in the backyard
And darlin' never mind what I might have said, before,
Before,

God damn my wasted time,
Ringing all the bells...
I've got half a mind to lie to you
Half a mind to tell you everything I have to tell, to
Tell, to tell.

I've been wasting my time I know I know better,
And I'm tired of waxing sentimental,
I'm tired of saying please, please,
Tired of waiting,
I'm tired of waiting.

You call again,
As if I don't know what you're going to say...

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