

Airborne Toxic Event, The "Does This Mean You're Moving On?"

Visit "[Does This Mean You're Moving On?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

And the funny thing is it has no end
I try to call you up at 2 a.m.
In a crowded bar your ringer tones
Crowd my mind
I can see you through the phone, the phone, the phone
Lying wide awake at home, at home, at home
So I think I'll see my coquette, and hope, you don't
Catch the bourbon on my breath, my breath, my breath

I catch a cab outside on 7th Street
And the cars fly by through the Bowery
I come to your door and I hear a moan
Then another voice. "oh Christ, she's not alone, alone,
alone"
And my heart sinks like a stone, a stone, a stone
The tears won't even come, I feel, so numb
So swept aside, so dumb, so dumb, so dumb

When the words are wrong and my patience gone
Will you tell me does this mean you're moving on?

From the balcony you call my name
I see you standing in the rain
Your words so dry, your face so wet
You say I broke your heart but it hasn't happened yet
I'll bet your friends all hate me now
I get the strangest looks from that bitchy crowd
And through they must think they have every reason to
I guess I'm still not quite yet over you

When the words are wrong and you're hanging on
Another guy's arm, does this mean you're moving on?

Visit [Airborne Toxic Event, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.