

Painted Thin

"Still Calling"

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There's no peace in this quiet. Laced with a bitterness that even beer can't wash down. He's out on the lawn three steps past the door. Far enough to feel held back, close enough to be at home. Children's toys, wedding presents, cheap champagne. Relics of a time now between gone and going. "And I don't need this I am leaving, because it's just not worth the grief." but she's still calling. It's too familiar now. It doesn't sound at all. A non committal shrug shows all he cares to hear. "It's not my fault that they're all so fucking lonely." The street, like his heart, is still and empty, but not quite silent. She's still calling. She's alone and inside picking up the pieces that he's left behind. Searching for an end too bitter memories. Sacrificing nights as time to hurt and time to bleed. "I could tell him that I have feelings, but it's just not worth the grief." He's not calling. Silence somehow cleanses and brings strength, but god does it hurt. Twenty years and counting, gotten used to needing someone. But if he's trying to ruin three lives he wont get this one because she's not calling anymore. Falling fast behind, with not one last kiss good-bye. It's time that I reclaimed my stolen life. Let it all fall fast behind. This is what I want. To once again learn how to sleep at night.

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