

Dangerous Summer, The "This Is War"

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My heart woke up my head like a thunderstorm;
A place where I can barely stand.
I spent a winter without my air,
But now I feel it in my chest.
I'm just so sick of the scenery,
And all those hours without sex.
I get so tired of being me,
But now I'm feeling this again.

And God knows that you can't see after dark,
But I won't give this up cause I wrote it on my chest.

So tell me what you think of the atmosphere
And all those months inside my head.
Well do you really believe in me?
I will hold this like a gun
Because I've got some things to do
(say what you are, say Ñthat you are)
Because I've got some things to do

I filled up all my future with written words.
I told the whole world I was spent.
I came around when they needed me,
And that's just how I learned to give
With all the feelings and losing sleep;
It is here where I found hope
It wasn't really buried deep
And now I never want to go.

And God knows that you can't see after dark,
But I won't give this up cause I wrote it on my chest.

So tell me what you think of the atmosphere
And all those months inside my head.
Well do you really believe in me?
I will hold this like a gun
Because I've got some things to do (say what you are,
say what you are)
Because I've got some things to do

Yeah I do.

I've got all these plans laid out again like this is war;
And I want to touch the coast again.
I'll forget to take my voice as going,
Forget to hold my breath as spoken,
And say don't you remember where you've been.

So tell me what you think of the atmosphere
And all those months inside my head.
Well do you really believe in me?
I will hold this like a gun
Because I've got some things to do
(say what you are, say what you are)
Because I've got some things to do
Because I've got some things to do
Because I've got some things to do
(say what you are, say what you are)
Because I've got some things to do

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