

T13C

"I Wouldn't Be Caught Dead In Timonium"

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I swear now when did I become for sale as
they bargain for my head and my heart. If I
had the chance I'd kill this Florida sun, cause
summer is tearing me apart. Now when did I
become so paranoid and defensive in my own
skin, looking for reasons to push everyone away.

This choir of ghosts God how they won't stop
singing - "You're one of us!"

This is your heart, look what you've done yeah
you've gone and misplaced it. We're looking for
love, and I never knew it was gone.

We sit and wait for this pouring rain to come,
it lands with criminal intent. I hope it washes
my conscience clean, cause I swore I would
make amends - For every failed attempt at
change but its hard to look in the mirror when
your own reflection is working up the courage
to escape.

With your head to the ground you'll hear me
coming cause I won't be gone for long.

This is your heart.

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