

Taking Back Sunday "Ballad Of Sal Villanueva"

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It's not that I don't trust you
Well I just know what you've been up too
And well this dial tone is agreeing with everything I've
had in mind.
And you've got your high as a kite tricks in the bag.

So as his eyes move past your shoulder
And your shades start moving in the same direction
Don't worry I, well I won't say a thing.
And you can't blame a girl for (you can't blame a girl
for)
Stickin' to what she knows..(stickin' to what she knows)

I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
I hope that when he leaves,
You still smell him on your sheets
Cause I can, I can.
I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
I hope that when he leaves,
You still smell him on your sheets
Cause I can, I can.

If I could get to sleep
Then, I guess you could stop pretendin'.
Cause if I didn't think you loved it,
Well then I wouldn't play along
And you've got your high as a (you've got your high as
a)
Kite tricks in the bag..(kite tricks in the bag)

I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
I hope that when he leaves,
You still smell him on your sheets
Cause I can, I can.
I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
I hope that when he leaves,
You still smell him on your sheets
Cause I can, I can.

You're down for sellin' me out
While I play dumb,
It's cool cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you,
You'd say "we're only friends." yeah, real good friends,
I bet. I bet.

You're down for sellin' me out
While I play dumb,
It's cool cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you,
You'd say "we're only friends." yeah, real good friends,
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You're down for sellin' me out
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It's cool cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you,
You'd say "we're only friends." yeah, real good friends,
I bet. I bet.

Forget your legs around my hips.
Forget your hands pressed on my back.
Forget the letters that I kept.
This is another I won't send.
Forget your lips, your eyes, your thighs.
Forget our one last kiss goodnight.
Forget me stakin' out your house.
Forget I've got you figured out.

Forget your legs around my hips.
Forget your hands pressed on my back.
Forget the letters that I kept.
This is another I won't send

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