

Taking Back Sunday

"I'm Not Gay And/or Baby, Your Beard Hurts"

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So I say "forget it" while you reach, reach for the
shotgun
you did it simple, but not close
You did on purpose
you serve a purpose on your own

and it was something like a movie's porn
and you both all drop your keys to the ignition
Squirm and lock,
'cause you don't turn that way

I make it
out like a(n)
accident all because it's true

I make it
out like a(n)
accident all because it's true

I make it (I'll make it...)
out like a (Right from wrong and...)
accident all because it's true

I make it (I'll make it...)
out like a (right from wrong and...)
accident all because it's true

I make it out like it's an accident
there's a fine line--blue's and purple
and I misplaced them
from my eyelids: (they're) coming out your stereo
I'm running circles on this town
it makes you, oh, so nervous
I'm a crash-course in de-sper-ation

I make it
out like a(n)
accident all because it's true

I make it
out like a(n)

accident all because it's true

I make it (I'll make it...)
out like a (Right from wrong and...)
accident all because it's true

I make it (I'll make it...)
out like a (right from wrong and...)
accident all because it's true

Break down up upon it
let it get to you a closer way
Take time up upon it

(Turn it down while I hold this drama)
(Turn it down while)

you were on time
I wasn't on and
there were keys that
made me stronger
What did you learn from a month of me?
this?
it's only this:
it's only this:
it's only this:

I make it
out like a(n)
accident all because it's true

I make it
out like a(n)
accident all because it's true

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