

Taking Back Sunday

"Last Good Sleep"

Visit "[Last Good Sleep](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

At night I cover my ears in tears
The man downstairs must have drank too many beers

But one day you'll pay

Doomed to this kid that you fueled with anger actions
Disgust mostly sick most, never have satisfaction
Till your bones melt high incident clips and crumple
zones
Hold a fix on you eternal, intruder interrupting my zone
Dwell the matter I must follow, why you proposed only
the lonely know
Swallowed my mother when she was hollow
Who can blame a woman like her, singular parent
One love already dissolved and the solution left
polluted
Two kids with a father who broke out as resolute
So fuck it she needed love and you provided false clout
Stomping on the bottom man and I wish she just walked
out
Knew you was jacked as a stepfather, bit my tongue on
the issue
Next to stormy weather and forced tolerance but
secretly vexed
Wish I would have spoke on it but why deny the bliss
Mom's with a new husband casting needles puncture
pressure
Briefly lifted the guilt from a divorce snuffing her
pleasure
Now you're all up in the family tree, come broken
nuclear
With termites corroded in your veins and elected to
drown the pain
But the pain couldn't quite die with a thrown back
whiskey sour
Puritan, crushing Moms between rocks for at least an
hour

Until the day I die x2

That's why

At night I cover my ears in tears
The man downstairs must have had too many beers
Now every night of my life he beats his wife
[Until the day I die]

Until the day I die

Timepiece must've read early morning at least
So I lay death's cousin, woken by the sonics of the
beast
That somewhere deep beneath me a fracture had
seized at my neck
Breath was it, a flag that marked the end of my peace
Conference of the birds I heard my mother dove cry
Not absurd just routined I'd learned
Just keep my fucking grill locked and hope the entropy
stops me process
Stepfather's got to fight verbally when his liver's
soaked
And products come in bottles stuck with drunken last
nerve up too close
But I couldn't sense the distinction from the other
nights' livest wires
Ceremony's sparked again a dry one in comparison to
this one
Handing crutches to my psyche, I was tripping
Huddled up clutching sis I think I heard a dress ripping
I should've reacted to that
But I didn't know the extent, please
You could've caught him in time
Yeah, that thought's occurred to me constantly
Now I've been digging my head and I don't know what
he wants from me
Until one of us is dead I suppose

That's why
At night I cover my ears in tears
The man downstairs must have had too many beers
Now every night of my life he beats his wife
[Until the day I die]

Until the day I die x2

Much more than abrupt I heard the silence erupt
But it was just a touch of tough love that I heard from
above
The calm and the climate confused me
The dawn was a floozy
Barely risen but still beckoning to me
The song of the night's events amused me, morbidly
In a petrified state I wait, to Deadwood on duty

Just tempers flared I figured woozily
When all is dead and done a pair is just as fucking
happy as they choose to be
Now off to where the wild things dwell for shuteye
The prospect bored me, awakened by the stepsounds
coming towards me
A quick glance at my mom's darkened silhouette in the
hallway assured me
So I sunk with the hope that hibernation would cure me
And slept my last sleep while I counted clone sheep
And dreamt about nothing for the last time ever
The ignorance was blissful just a recollection
Of the gift of innocent times from a merciful deception
Woke to hazy landscapes to find my world defied the
laws my mind mandates
Patching jugulars with Band-aids
The turn on you laid well above my bed
Were here and only barely through the shock of what
her broken face told me
You should have known what happened
I was young and oblivious
He almost killed your mom
If I knew I could have done something
You'll never see him again
Yeah but I see him every night
And cover my ears in tears as he beats his fucking wife

At night I cover my ears in tears
The man downstairs must have had too many beers
Now every night of my life he beats his wife
[Until the day I die]

Scott Bivins

Until the day I die x12

Visit [Taking Back Sunday](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.