

Flatliners, The "Here Comes Treble"

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I can't wait to show you what a jaded fuck i've become
i'm officially finished singing about some better way
cause we're all so young and there's time to change
just tell me aren't these the reddest eyes you've ever
seen
sitting on the steps of where my family's grown
i fold from this game after the hundredth time
this feeling's passed over me
i'll try my best not to take my time in...
maybe the telephone ring
i'll waste my life and never make up the time
i wrote this for my brother
i didn't mean to become a stranger
and this is for my mother
how could i ever turn and leave this place?
now listen father,
i need to tell you all i've learned from you
it's written on my face as i drive 'round the world in
disgrace
i'm not gonna take my time in...
making the telephone ring
i'll waste my life and never make up the time
are you still happy to see my pale face?
oh tell me why i rot on the inside
dry your eyes off in half-time
we'll only speak when it matters to me
how i despise this disguise
i'll never take my time in...
making the telephone ring
i'll waste my life and never make up the time
are you happy to see my pale face?
oh tell me why i sit and i rot on the inside
i can't find the words to dry your eyes
ain't life grand sometimes?

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