

Format, The "Sore Thumb"

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Forgive me you cut out again
It seems so easy just to blame the reception
There's something wrong
I don't know why, why you
You never say goodnight

So please just leave
Oh you don't mean that much to me
You keep the ring, I'll take the Saturdays in bed
Cuz I know you need them
As for me it's nothing new
Just another two years

I wish we'd always wake up new
Refreshed and born again with nothing left to lose
But we dream too much
Who needs a crutch? Pull off the bandage
There's no wound

So please just leave
Oh you don't mean that much to me
Give back the ring, keep all the summers with your
friends
Cuz you know you need them
As for me it's nothing new
Just another two years
While I'm here losing sleep

Your sore thumb
Your best defense is miles from home
Oh and it reads like a letter with the words
All broken, erase them with a razorblade
Cuz you're gone

I was lost, then I found you
But I'm breaking down now that

Your sore thumb
Your best defense is miles from home
Oh and it reads like a letter with the words
All broken, erase them with a razorblade

Cuz you're gone
You're gone

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