

Format, The "Wait, Wait, Wait"

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the chords we play, ways left to communicate
these roads are paved with plans we've made
and your headboards never felt so safe
well they'll reach our graves
where your friends and i will kill the lights and hide,
oh what a nice surprise

Chorus:

dont, dont tell me when its coming (no)
dont, dont i just want to see if for myself
dont breathe, dont make a sound
cause the song wont stop till the tape runs out
when melody has nothing to hold,
i'll be the last sound that you hear as your eyes close

and these chords remain
we'll use them to exploit the friends we've since forgot
those friends we've lost
you all know just who you are
cause ive since made graves
but im too scared to etch the names
for fear that im the one whos changed

Chorus

the thought of death it scares me to death
and i dont know why,
i dont know its just too much to never wake up

Chours

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