

Trophy Scars

"Jerry's The Name, Sociology's The Game"

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Everything you do
Will make you separate
From the lovers that you choose
Now your dreams are too confusing
I can't remember what I'm loosing
Cause everything you do
Will make you more like
All the drugs that you abuse
And now its easy to forget, huh?
Every reason to forget her, oh
Forget the phone
The smirking tigers ate their own
Now you know who sleeps alone
(And if I were you)
I would keep the truth
For them and you
She called me on the phone
And all I heard was the bang, bang, bang!
The radio hit the floor
And I could tell that she wanted more
I'll let you use your mouth
To show me what love's all about
My tongue against your thighs tonight
Match maker, math maker
Make me a match
Conceived through a window
Discovered in math
Inhale all the colors
And cough out a map
These demons aren't stopping
This brilliant blood bath
Behind eyes
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set
It's saying things that you'll never forget
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set
It's saying things that you'll never forget
I could have said
All the things that make us sad
But never again
I think our mouths are just too fast
Through that porcelain crack
I can see she just wants nothing to fall

But it's all gonna fall
I swear to God, if it weren't for the fall...
We just wouldn't fall
Let's stand tall
And fall
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set
I bet you guessed I'm the best to forget
Well, I'm feeling fine
Between your legs
Just let me sleep here
For a few more days
Watch my tongue move, and give me credit
I've cheated language, don't you dare forget it
With no one out here, this town begins to feel so small
Swans and opaque colors, these towns seem to me so
dull
Her face in scotch tape and covered in gauze
I swear to God, if it weren't for the Fall these leaves
would seem so fucking far
I'm a little boy
Just a little kid
But I'm my own damn man
With my own damn plans
I'm glad you left me.
Goddamn.
Match maker, match maker
Spark up a match
Covered in color
Dissected in math
In flies an angel
Who's back from the past
The deadness of winter
Distilled in a glass
Behind eyes

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