

The Silent Type

"Last But Certainly Least"

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It's painful every time I call upon your arms to suffocate
the song I'll sing until the past catches up to me. I beg
you, remember me last night. I've paid for every hour
spent dancing with her ghost. Though I hammered
every night, I couldn't keep the coffin closed. Now I'm
hung on every nail, but I need a reminder that you
came. I'm nervous every time I'm well enough to call.
You couldn't make me any better. (You shouldn't help
at all) But this establishes my role as dependent and
eager to move on.

So leave me in this pose, unblinking and untouched,
the portrait of a lover who presented love as such. I
swear the frame will hold. Though it splinters, the
shape remains the same. Make note of this exchange
because it may be our last. Stop interrupting me. If you
care about this mess then you'll leave it as it is,
because at least if it's not clean, I know it's mine. Then
I'm in your room again, just inches from your bed.
Why?

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