

Hang

The Subliminator

She grabs her magazines
She packs her things and she goes
She leaves the pictures hanging on the wall
She burns all her notes and she knows
She's been here too few years to feel this old
He smokes his cigarette
He stays outside 'til it's gone
If anybody ever had a heart
Well, he wouldn't be alone
He knows, she's been here too few years, to be gone
And we always say, it would be good to go away, someday
Yeah but if there's nothing there to make things change
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang
The trouble understand, is she got reasons he don't

Funny how he couldn't see at all
Until she grabbed up her coat
And she goes, she's been here too few years
To take it all in stride
Yeah, still it's much too long to let the hurt go, to let her go
And we always say, it would be good to go away, someday
But if there's nothing there to make things change
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang
The same for you, I'll always hang
Well I always say, it would be good to go away
But if things don't work out like we think
And there's nothing here to ease the ache
But if there's nothing there to make things change
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang

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