

The Ballad of Sal Villanueva

Taking Back Sunday

It's not that I don't trust you
Well, I just know what you've been up to
And while this dial tone is agreein'
With everything I've had in mind
And you've got your high as a kite tricks in the bag So as his eyes move past your shoulders
And the shades start movin' in the
Same direction don't worry I
Well, I won't say a thing And you can't blame a girl
(You can't blame a girl for)
For stickin' to what she knows
(Stickin' to what she knows) I hope he takes his time and I
Hope he keeps your eyes closed tight and
I hope that when he leaves you still
Can smell him on your sheets 'cause I can, I can I hope he takes his time and I
Hope he keeps your eyes closed tight and
I hope that when he leaves you still
Can smell him on your sheets 'cause I can, I can If I could get to sleep then
I guess, you could stop pretendin'
'Cause if I didn't think you loved it
Well, then I wouldn't play along and You've got your high as a
(You've got your high as a)
Kite tricks in the bag
(Kite tricks in the bag) I hope he takes his time and I
Hope he keeps your eyes closed tight and
I hope that when he leaves you still
Can smell him on your sheets 'cause I can, I can I hope he takes his time and I
Hope he keeps your eyes closed tight and
I hope that when he leaves you still
Can smell him on your sheets 'cause I can, I can You're down for sellin' me out while I play dumb
It's cool 'cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you
You say, "We're only friends, yeah, real good friends"
I bet, I bet You're down for sellin' me out while I play dumb
It's cool 'cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you
You say, "We're only friends, yeah, real good friends"
I bet, I bet You're down for sellin' me out while I play dumb
It's cool 'cause I let you, thought I'd never catch you
You say, "We're only friends, yeah, real good friends"
I bet, I bet Forget your legs around my hips
Forget your hands pressed on my back

Forget the letters that I kept
This is another I won't send Forget your lips, your eyes, your thighs
Forget our one last kiss goodnight
Forget me staking out your house
That's right, I've got you figured out Forget your legs around my hips
Forget your hands pressed on my back
Forget the letters that I kept
This is another I won't send

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