

Beck and Call

Sundressed

If you care to listen at all
Compliments are always subtle
Kind words, they rarely leave your mouth
Underneath the weeping willow,
You're just drooling on your pillow
All is well whenever you are right

Now the pattern is all backwards
Time will tell ya who will act first
Same time, new place
Just another fight

So, who's gonna be at your beck and call, and
If you're always right, why do ya need anyone at all?
Who's gonna be at your funeral?
And although it tears me up, you expect too much

If you choose to take this service
Shooting pains in both of your wrists
Lack of sleep will triumph once again
Under all the same conditions
Starts to feel like a tradition
Every couple years pick up the pen

Now the pattern is all backwards
Time will tell ya who will act first
Same time, new place
Just another fight

So, who's gonna be at your beck and call, and
If you're always right, why do ya need anyone at all?
Who's gonna be at your funeral?
And although it tears me up, you expect too much

You expect too much
You expect too much
You expect too much, too much
You expect too much
You expect too much
You expect too much, too much

You expect too much

So, who's gonna be at your beck and call, and
If you're always right, why do you need anyone at all?

So, who's gonna be at your beck and call, and
If you're always right, why do you need anyone at all?
Who's gonna be at your funeral?
And although it tears me up, you expect too much.

Lyrics Submitted by Michayla

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