Understatement

New Found Glory

I'm sick of smiling
And so is my jaw
Can't you see my front is crumbling down
I'm sick of being someone I'm not
Please get me out of this slump
I'm sick of clapping
When I know I can do it better for myself
I'm sick of waiting
Sick of all these words that will never matter
I wired these nerves together
Hoping for a chance to think on time
And I'm tracing over your letter
To see if your intentions are as good as mine
But you're getting worse
I swear it
It's hard to prove you're an understatement
You're getting worse
And I know
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again
I'm done with everything
That had to do with you
Don't worry, your pictures are already burned
I'm done with new friends
Don't sell yourself short
You'll lose it in the end
I wired these nerves together
Hoping for a chance to think on time

And I'm tracing over your letter
To see if your intentions are as good as mine
But you're getting worse
I swear it
It's hard to prove you're an understatement
You're getting worse
And I know
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again
I can't help how I feel
No I can't help how I feel
But you're getting worse

I swear it
It's hard to prove you're an understatement
You're getting worse
And I know
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again
Calling me again
Calling me again
But you're getting worse
I swear it
It's hard to prove you're an understatement
You're getting worse
And I know
You'll be calling, calling, calling me again

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