

Sunny Days & Hand Grenades

Chiodos

The moonlight is calling your attention.
And I don't think I can make a sound.
The champagne is dry.

I heard the cry of what might have been
The shine atop the air like the stars in the sky.
And you don't want to say a word.
I rather show you what's on my mind.

A stitch, a touch, a splash of lemonade.
On a sunny day, where the kids will go out to play.

Shut off this broken heart.
I'm so scared of the things that I'll never know.
I put all of my faith in a dial tone.
They say they beat the punch,
You know they won't.
You know they won't.

The sunlight is commanding your affection.
And my eyes won't leave the ground.
The champagne is dry.

I heard the cries from inside your skin.
The shell that top the air like a starlet when she die.
And you don't want to say a word.
The eulogy is all mine.

A snitch, a clutch, a way to spot a hand grenade.
On a sunny day, where the kids will go out to play.

Shut off this broken heart.
I'm so scared of the things that I'll never know.
I put all of my faith in a dial tone.
They say they beat the punch,
You know they won't.
You know they won't.

Welcome to society's idea of a perfect family
With a love straight from a fairy tale

And two perfect little kids.
Take a seat, sit right down, and welcome to all of the lies
The attention, the guilt, the hate, the unspoken misery
The cheating, faking, hiding, pretending
Neglecting the meaning, the fighting
The resentment, the drugs, the abuse!
Have a seat, get uncomfortable, and enjoy the show.

A stitch, a touch, a splash of lemonade.
On a sunny day, where the kids go out to play.

Shut off this broken heart.
I'm so scared of the things that I'll never know.
I put all of my faith in a dial tone.
They say they beat the punch,
You know they won't.
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