

Saints And Sailors

Dashboard Confessional

This is where I say I've had enough
And no one should ever feel the way that I feel now.
A walking open wound,
A trophy display of bruises
And I don't believe that I'm getting any better.
Any better. Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things
I'm pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment
Is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence. Wandering this house
Like I've never wanted out
And this is about as social as I get now. And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you
Cause they would never do,
I would never do.
Never. Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things
I'm pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence. So don't be a liar
Don't say that
Everything's working
When everything's broken.
And you smile like a saint
But you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me.
But, I'm not laughing
You're not leaving
Who do I think I am kidding?
When I'm the only one locked in this hell. Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things
I'm pretty sure that few would notice.
And this apartment is starving for an argument.
Anything at all to break the silence. So don't be a liar
Don't say that everything's working
When everything's broken.
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me. As for now I'm gonna hear the saddest songs and sit alone and wonder how
you're making out.

But as for me, I wish that I was anywhere, with anyone, making out.

Songwriters

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