Don't Say

St. Lola In The Fields

I'm sick of the silence
I shake as I give my point of view
I'll wait till your heads locked
and trap the blame right back on you
Why won?t you believe me?
Because I keep staring at my shoes
I try and move closer
and open the floodgate locked on you
Baby, please
Don?t say you won?t get better
Don?t say I'm all you?ve found
Don?t say it can?t get better
You scare me out of town
All this comes undone
I?ll be standing by
So don?t let play on your mind

And when all this comes undone
and I?ll be waiting
Don?t say it won?t get better
Don?t say I'm all you?ve found
Don?t say it can?t get better
You scare me out of town
I'm sick of the silence
I shake cause I give my point of view
I?ll wait till your heads locked
And trap the blame right back on you
Baby please don?t say, it won?t get better
Don?t say I'm all you?ve found
Don?t say it can?t get better
You scare me out of town
I'm sick of the silence
I shake cause I give my point of view

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