Stop Talking

Memory Tapes

My hands
Come together
And I draw in the breath through my teeth
Your curt shots
Sarcastic remarks
Come so often
They're never sincere

Darker amusement sets in
That's the problem
You're saying something and my eyes
Open wider
And we grin and we stare at the floor
Your jokes missed
Your hands grow to fists
And your lips purse
Expecting the worst
With every word
That's how it started
That's the problem
And after were done
I can still feel your eyes on my forehead
And after were done
I can still feel the pain in my free time

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written by MATTHEW FREDERICK BARRICK, WALTER R MARTIN, JAMES HAMILTON LEITHAUSER, PETER M BAUER, PAUL C MAROON
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