

The Blue Channel

Taking Back Sunday

And I'm not so sure
If I'm sure of anything anymore
Well this is the last night
That you'll be keepin' secrets from me Hit the lights before you leave you know of
the million things you had to say sorry just
Just might have found it's way in there somehow, someway
But don't worry, sweetie, 'cause I already know And I'm not so sure
If I'm sure of anything anymore
Well this is the last night
You'll be keepin' secrets from me You're so guilty, it's disgusting he's been
Sneakin' underneath your sheets and your hands
Have been in places that they probably shouldn't go
But don't worry, sweetie, 'cause I already know [Incomprehensible]
Regardless if my pictures
They don't line your mirror
Regardless you know that
I'll still wait for your call Regardless if my pictures
They don't line your mirror
Regardless you know that
I'll still wait for your call Honestly, if this is the last time
That I see you, I'll still wait for your call
Do you know what your girl's been up to?

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