Country Song

Murmurs

I'm sick of your lies
And I'm sick of your threats
I'm sick of the way you want
And I'm sick of the way you getWait'll I take off
Wait'll you're so bored
You'll still be waiting someday
But you'll never be sureYou're calling me with the blues
It's something I've gotten use to
You treat me like a meal
That you wanna throw-upYou treat me and you trick me
And you don't show up
Don't worry of the queen
If the seats not soldI'm sure you'll keep your tan
When the sun makes you look old
You're calling me so what do you need
Isn't that why you called?I know you think
I'm such a fabulous person
That's not the point
Just tell me which way did you fallJust like that I've gone back on my word
I love you too much to let you fly with a bird
Coming down from an aeroplane crash
Tapping off the shivers on your cigarette ashYou're calling me with the blues
It's something I've gotten use to
You drive too fast
[Unverified] in your mirrorsI'm still one the fly
That you'll get it together
But when's the last time
That you checked your mirrorsI hope for your sake
The vision is clearer
You're calling me
So what do you need?Isn't that why you called
I know you think I'm such a fabulous person
That's not the point
Just tell me which way did you fall

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