Cubicles

My Chemical Romance

It's the tearing sound of love notes

Drowning out the gray stained windows

And the view outside is sterile

And I'm only two cubes downI'd photocopy all the things that we could be

If you took the time to notice me

But you can't now, I don't blame you

And it's not your fault that no one ever doesBut you don't work here anymore

It's just a vacant 3 by 4

And they might fill your place

A temporary stand-in for your face

This happens all the time

And I can't help but think I'll die aloneSo I'll spend my time with strangers

A condition and it's terminal

In this water-cooler romance

And it's coming to a closeWe could be in the park and dancing by a tree

Kicking over blades we see

Or a dark beach with a black view

And pin-pricks in the velvet catch our fallBut you don't work here anymore

It's just a vacant 3 by 4

And they might fill your place

A temporary stand-in for your face

This happens all the time

And I can't help but think I'll die aloneI know you don't work here anymore

I know you don't work here anymoreSometimes I think I'll die alone

Sometimes I think I'll die alone

Sometimes I think I'll die alone

Live and breathe and die aloneSometimes I think I'll die alone

Sometimes I think I'll die alone

Sometimes I think I'll die alone

I'd think I'd love to die aloneJust take

I think I'd love to die

Me down

I think I'd love to die

Just take

I think I'd love to die

Me downI think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
Live and breathe and die alone
I think I'd love to die alone
I think I'd love to die alone

Songwriters

Matt Pelissier;Frank Iero;Raymond Toro;Michael James Way;Gerard Arthur WayPublished by BLOW THE DOORS OFF THE JERSEY SHORE MUSIC, INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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