

# Loose Lips Sink Ships

# Hit the Lights

this frame once held my favorite picture  
but now it's empty, now it's broken  
and that's how you left my chest  
hallowed out by your hands  
where you dug a grave and laid  
your memory to rest i hate the way you say i told you so  
this is for all the wilted pedals on the floor  
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more  
this should have ended with the kiss  
that you left on someone else's lips  
which turned my heart inside out  
you left it looking much the same  
a motionless mass of muscle and vain  
as i clean up this mess you've made so as i sing you to sleep  
i hope my ghost haunts your dreams  
lost in your memory  
as bad as it seems i hate the way you say i told you so  
this is for all the wilted pedals on the floor  
this is for a waste of a dozen roses maybe more  
this is for how you never deserved  
nothing more from a rose than the thorns so twist the knife  
fashion me counter clockwise  
turn back time  
forget you never were mine  
(with this knife i will cut  
the last piece of you from me  
the razor blades will separate  
any connections we've made  
but there's complications  
in the operation  
that keeps me from forgetting your face  
but come tomorrow i'll rid the sorrow  
from within my heart which you plagued)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>