

The Ballad Of Sal Villanueva (Album Version)

Taking Back Sunday

It's not that I don't trust you
I just know what you've been up to
And this dial tone is agreeing with everything I've had in mind
And you've got your high as a kite tricks in the bag So as his eyes move down past your shoulders
And the shades start moving in the same direction
Don't worry, I won't say a thing
You can't blame a girl for sticking to what she knows I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
And I hope that when he leaves,
You still smell him on your sheets
Because I can, I can
I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
And I hope that when he leaves
You still smell him on your sheets
Because I can, I can If I could get to sleep
Then, I guess you could stop pretending
Because if I didn't think you loved it
Well then I wouldn't play along
And you've got your high as a kite tricks in the bag I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
And I hope that when he leaves
You still smell him on your sheets
Because I can, I can
I hope he takes his time
And I hope he keeps your eyes closed tight
And I hope that when he leaves
You still smell him on your sheets
Because I can, I can You're down for selling me out
While I play dumb
But it's cool because I let you, you thought I'd never catch you
You said we're only friends, yeah, real good friends, I bet, I bet You're down for selling me out
While I play dumb,
But it's cool because I let you, you thought I'd never catch you
You said we're only friends, yeah, real good friends, I bet, I bet You're down for selling me out
While I play dumb,
But it's cool because I let you, you thought I'd never catch you
You said we're only friends, yeah, real good friends, I bet, I bet Forget your legs around my hips
Forget your hands pressed on my back

Forget all the letters that I kept
This is another I won't send
Forget your lips, your eyes, your thighs
Forget our one last kiss goodbye
Forget me staking out your house
Forget I've got you figured out Forget your legs around my hips
Forget your hands pressed on my back
Forget all the letters that I kept
This is another I won't send

Songwriters

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