

Loud

Matt Nathanson

You win, I quit
I'm certain you let my hands
Wander your hips
Just to leave me, desperate now
I remember your thread thin arms
I remember your hands
And how easily, it seemed to me
That they could rip me open
Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away
Wasted my Septembers
With you stuck up in my head
Raced the days closed
In the hopes that the mornings would swell again
Don't offer me rewards
That's a weight that I don't need
I've seen stronger men draped over your shoulder

So filled with praises too drunk to leave
Baby, I'm falling away
Baby, I'm falling away
You were always good at putting words together
About how you always liked me better
When I never came around
You were always good at putting words together
And wearing them so loud
And wearing them so loud
You were always good at putting words together
About how you always liked me better
When I never came around
You were always good at putting words together
And wearing them so loud
And wearing them so loud

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