Rough Draft

Yellowcard

Like a Saturday night I'll be gone
Like a Saturday night I'll be gone
Before you knew that I was thereSo you wrote it down
I'm supposed to care
Even though it's never there
Sorry if I'm not preparedIs it hard to see the things you substitute?
For me and all my thoughts of you
It's eating me alive to leave you
Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrong
But so is your blank stare in lieu of this song
Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrongDon't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me
In lieu of this song
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me
In lieu of this, lieu of this songI'm breathin' in your skin tonight
Quiet is my loudest cry
Wouldn't wanna wake the eyes, that make me melt inside
And if it's healthier to leave you be
May a sickness come and set me free
Kill me while I still believe that you were meant for meI'm finding my own words, my own little stage
My own epic drama, my own scripted page
I'll send you the rough draft, I'll seal it with tears
Maybe you'll read it and I'll reappear
From the start it was shaky and the characters rash
A nice setting for heart ache where emotions come last
All I have deep inside, to overcome this desire
Of friendly intentions and fair-weather smilesAnd I don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me
In lieu of this song
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me
In lieu of this, lieu of this songLike Saturday night I'll be gone
Like Saturday night I'll be gone
Like Saturday night I'll be gone
Like Saturday night I'll be gone
Before you knew that I was there

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