Hand of God

Distorted Memory

Been gone more days this year than I have been home
Trading friends for trips to the coast
This hotel room feels more ohh oh like a tomb
Been gone more days this year than I have been home
Trading friends for trips to the coast
This hotel room feels more ohh oh like a tomb
It's not gossip if it's the truth
I'm sick of always writing songs for you to slit your wrists to
So which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?
Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?
Hand over my heart, gun to my head
I swear to God I'm through with this
I am the worst liar I know
It's not gossip if it's the truth
I'm sick of always writing songs for you to slit your wrists to

So which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?
Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?
Which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?
Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?
(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)
(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)
(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it? (So which is it?)
(So which is it?) So which is it? Which is it?
Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?
Which is it: the boy who writes the songs or the boy who's in them?
Who's the girl? Is this truth or is he writing fiction?
(Been gone more days this year than I have been home)
(Been gone more days this year than I have been home)

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