Mouthful Of Diamonds

Phantogram

wake up you're getting high on your own supply
oh baby you're still alive when you could've died
the world is not round because of you
you know i'm not around because of you

you've got a mouthful of diamonds
and a pocketful of secrets
i know you're never telling anyone
because the? patterns they control your mind
those patterns take away my time
hello, goodbye

wasted you tell the truth when you could've lied
troubles are on the rise cause you're in disguise
and if it isn't me then pack your bags and leave
i wish i could believe
the devils won't take you back out to the salty seas

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and a pocketful of secrets
i know you're never telling anyone
because the? patterns they control your mind
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i wish i could believe

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