

Here Comes Treble

The Flatliners

i wrote this for my brother
i didn't mean to become a stranger.
And this is for my mother
how could i ever turn and leave this place?
Now listen father,
I need to tell you all i've learned from you:
It's written on my face as I drive 'round the world in disgrace.
Does the telephone ring?

Can't wait to show you what a jaded fuck I've become.
I'm officially finished singing about some better way.
Cause we're all so young and there's time to change
just tell me aren't these the reddest eyes you've ever seen.

Sitting on the steps of where my family's grown
I fold from this game after the hundredth time this feeling's passed over me

i'll try my best not to take my time
making the telephone ring
i'll waste my life and never make up the time

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i didn't mean to become a stranger
and this is for my mother
how could i ever turn and leave this place?
now listen father,
I need to tell you all i've learned from you:
It's written on my face as i drive 'round the world in disgrace

i'm not gonna take my time
making the telephone ring
i'll waste my life and never make up the time
You still happy to see my pale face?
oh tell me why i rot on the inside!

Dry your eyes off in half-time.
We'll only speak when it matters to me.
How I despise this disguise.
I'll never take my time
making the telephone ring.

I'll waste my life and never make up the time.

Are you happy to see my pale face?

Oh tell me why I sit and I rot on the inside.

I can't find the words to dry your eyes

(ain't life grand sometimes?)

Lyrics submitted by James Mello.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>