

# Follow The Format

## Taking Back Sunday

Make a big scene  
Make this glass house my coffin  
You miss the big picture  
Well it's the words that you're coughin' out,  
out on your sleeve  
So forge my sins here in song  
Well I'm telling you now what you've known all along  
And it's tired, so true,  
More subtle than you  
There's a lull in the stereo  
It's calling for you (calling for you)  
It's calling for you  
Well I'm a slave to my vices  
It's true  
They've all been renamed as a crutch  
So drag my name and my face through the mud  
You're better at confronting me  
Showing just how vicious you can be  
Do what you came here to do (do what you came here to do)  
Trigger finger gets you pointed in the right direction  
My new found discretion  
  
It's not a lie if you believe it  
It's no mistake if it's always repeated  
It's not a lie if you believe it  
It's no mistake if it's always repeated  
Shall we call it quits or just wait? (It's not a lie If you believe it)  
Even, even if my last name rhymes with your rescue of hear say  
Do not say you know (It's no mistake if its repeated)  
Call me out  
It's not a lie (It's such a lie)  
But I don't need to hear it from you  
So what's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)  
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)  
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)  
What's another word for (I don't need to hear it from you)  
It gets easier with doses of time (easier with dull sense of time)  
Easier with doses of time (easier with dull sense of time)  
Easier with doses of time (easier with dull sense of time)

Easier with doses of time (easier with dull sense of time)  
Show us just how vicious you can be (be)

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