

Saints and Sailors

Dashboard Confessional

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is where I say I've had enough
And no one should ever feel the way that I feel now
A walking open wound, a trophy display of bruises
And I don't believe that I'm getting any better, any better
Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence
Wandering this house like I've never wanted out
And this is about as social as I get now
And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you
'Cause they would never do, I would never do, never
Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence
But don't be a liar, don't say that
Everything is working when everything is broken
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me
But I'm not laughing, you're not leaving
Well, who do I think I am kidding?
When I'm the only one locked in this hell
Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring
And I'm thinking awful things, I'm pretty sure that few would notice
And this apartment is starving for an argument
Anything at all to break the silence
So don't be a liar, don't say that
Everything is working when everything is broken
And you smile like a saint but you curse like a sailor
And your eyes say the jokes on me

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