

Ghost Man On Third

Taking Back Sunday

Jinx me something crazy, thinking if it's three
Then I'm as smooth as the skin that rolls across the small of your back
It's too bad its not my style if you need me
I'm out, and on the parkway patient and waiting for
Headlights dressed in a fashion that's fitting
To the inconsistency of my moods
It's times like these when silence means everything
No one is to know about this
It's times like these when silence means everything
No one is to know about
It's a campaign of distraction
And revisionist history
It's a shame I doubt they'd notice
It's a shame, I doubt they even care
No one is to know about this
It's a shame I doubt they'd notice
It's a shame, I doubt they even care
Don't let me down
But whatever I have been getting myself into
Lately has been slicing inches from my waist
It's my fist vs. the bottle
And that's how bad could this hurt
Against I won't feel a thing, I tell you all about
It's just not workin' out, not workin' out
It's a campaign of distraction
And revisionist history
It's a shame, I doubt they'd notice
It's a shame, I doubt they even care
No one is to know about this
It's a shame, I doubt they'd notice
It's a shame, I doubt they even care
No one is to know about this
Don't let me down
[Incomprehensible]
This is what living like this does
This is what living like this does
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This is what living like this does
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