

Dying of Silence

Phantom Planet

So as I stand here dying of silence tonight
The quiet spell you slung on the ceiling fan You will return again Why?

I ask myself sometimes
Dine on small talk after school
Why?

I ask myself sometimes So as the mood gets darker and darker tonight
Can't help but feel a little uncomfortable alright You will return again Why?

I ask myself sometimes
Dine on small talk after school
Why, why? Why?

I ask myself sometimes
Why, why?

I ask myself sometimes
Why, why?

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