

Dying Of Silence

Phantom Planet

So as I stand here dying
Of silence tonight
The quiet spell you slung
At the ceiling fan
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
I can't help but feel
A little uncomfortable, alright?
It will return again Why?
I ask myself sometimes
Dine on small talk after school
Why Why? Why Why? Why? Why?
I ask myself sometimes.
Why? Why? Why? Why?
I ask myself sometimes.
Why? Why?
Why? Why?

Songwriters

Greenwald, Alexander Published by

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