

Best Places to Be a Mom

Taking Back Sunday

I thought a lot about the morning after.
"There are some things I need to get off of my chest."
I forget the preconceptions, we both surely had.
"Like what if the grass is always greener,
Or temptation tastes much sweeter?"

I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
Peel back your skin.
Invite me in.

"Am I just like the rest of them,
The sum of my father and all his sins?"
I didn't need an answer when,
You said it all saying nothing at all.
You said it all saying nothing at all.

And now I see you so much clearer,
Through the smoke and past the mirrors,
Past the bright brutality of the people we have been.
But you didn't need that explanation,
No, I had no expectations.

I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
Peel back your skin.
Invite me in.

"Am I just like the rest of them,
The sum of my father and all his sins?"
I didn't need an answer when,
You said it all saying nothing at all.
You said it all.

The waiting florescent suspense,
The hope at the foot of my bed.
I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
I don't want to talk, I don't want to talk.
I just want to taste you.

"Am I just like the rest of them,
The sum of my father and all his sins?"

I didn't need an answer when,
You said it all saying nothing at all.
You said it all saying nothing at all.
You said it all saying nothing at all.
You said it all saying nothing at all.

Lyrics submitted by Sabrina.

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