

Song About You

Handguns

Don't tell me to write a song about you
Don't tell me what to do

This is getting old
And I don't know what to say anymore
I just don't feel like I did before

And I'm sorry, but my friends say that I shouldn't be
I just traded in this season for better company

I get sick to my stomach, every time I try to confront this
So many nights spend staring at the ceiling

Trying to put the right words together
To let you know that I'm leaving forever
Trying to put the right words together
Like a dull blade to the dead weight I severed

And I don't know where to begin
You're fading out and wearing me thin
And it's not that I lost my touch
I just can't make it hard enough
I think it's like my friend Joe says "I don't need anyone or anything"
I just need something to believe in

You tell me that I'm running away, yeah
You hit the nail on the head
Drive one last nail into my ear drum
Bleed your voice out of my head

Stick the nail in your hand drive it into my head
I don't regret a thing I said
Take the nail in your hand drive it into my head
Because I'm already dead

Trying to put the right words together
Now I'm gone and leaving forever
Trying to put the right words together
In search of something better