

Lights out,
I still hear the rain,
these images that fill my head.
Now keep my fingers from making mistakes,
tell my voice what it takes,
to speak up,
speak up,
and keep my conscience clean when I wake.

Don't make this easy,
I want you to mean it, Jasey.
(Say you'll mean it.)
You're dressed to kill,
I'm calling you out.
(Don't waste your time on me.)

Now there's an aching in my back,
a stabbing pain that says I lack,
the common sense and confidence,
to bring an end to promises,
that I make in times of desperate conversation,
hoping my night could be better than this in the end.
Just say when.

Don't make this easy,
I want you to mean it, Jasey.
(Say you'll mean it.)
You're dressed to kill.
I'm calling you out,
(Don't waste your time on me.)

I've never told a lie
and that makes me a liar.
I've never made a bet,
but we gamble in desire.
I've never lit a match,
with intent to start a fire.
But recently the flames
are getting out of control.

Call me a name,
kill me with words,
forget about me,
it's what I deserve.
I was your chance
to get out of this life,
but I ditched the car
and left you to drown

Wait outside,
I hope the air will serve to remind you,
that my heart is as cold as the clouds of your breath
and my words are as timed as the beating in my chest.

You're dressed to kill.
I'm calling you out,
(Don't waste your time on me.)