

## If I Cut My Hair, Hawaii Will Sink

Chiodos

You keep tugging on my shirt,  
just to pull me closer.  
One single step at a time.  
Your skin against mine.  
I can just feel you wondering.  
Fit to be tied,

Fit to be tied.  
Fit to be, fit to be tied.

I feel weak.  
Thrown in wide open spaces.  
We turn ourselves inside out,  
expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.  
I tell myself.  
I keep pulling  
I keep pulling

Now grown numb.  
Petrified, I think.  
No, no you don't mean it.  
You simply say it, because you like the way that it sounds

I feel weak.  
Thrown in wide open spaces.  
We turn ourselves inside out,  
expose what we're afraid to see.

And I know what you're thinking.  
I feel weak,  
And I give up.  
And I give up.  
Sell it well.  
C'mon and sell it, sell it.  
Sell it well.  
C'mon and sell it, sell it.  
I feel weak