

The Host

Frank Iero

I can't stand the fun we're having
Drifting off and rambling on
High roads full of mass contusions
My crippling fears, your designer jeans

And you're choking on all your good decisions
(I never wanted)
While I'm basking in what I settled for
(To want much more)

Unmade beds and blanket statements
You're playing house like we're home alone
On and on, so far gone
On and on, I'm so far gone

You're choking on all your good decisions
(I never wanted)
While I'm basking in what I settled for
(To want much more)

What have I waited for?
I'm running out of time
I'm running out of time
I'd give up everything
Just for a glimpse

On and on, so far gone
On and on, I'm so far gone
On and on, so far gone
On and on, I'm so far gone

And you're choking on all those good decisions
(I never wanted)
While I'm basking in what I settled for
(To want much more)

I'm looking for a sign
I'm looking for a sign
I'm looking for a sign
I did it right