

Bluff

Make Do and Mend

They called you on your bluff.
Your good intentions weren't ever good enough to keep their minds from making up.

Is it alright if I don't come out tonight
and we let the old rules turn their pages for a while?
I'm like a match that won't light, I toe a line I can't fight;
only as good as "remember whens?" of the way it used to go.

I don't want to know.

Play me a song from the legion halls, back of the van and the truck stop walls.
Show me you've got something to say; you know that I'm waiting.
I heard they gave you the words to sing, and listening now I can't feel a thing.
How does it feel to speak that loud and know you don't mean it?