

Hope Less Romantics

Make Out Monday

We're all creatures of habit
We spill all our tragic thoughts in their little black boxes
Turn our love switches off
In the morning when freedom is calling
And all they can hear are the sounds of the haves and have-nots

They'll break you ten ways to Sunday
And eleven to Monday, my dear
They'll break you ten ways to Sunday
And eleven to Monday, my dear

Don't give 'em your hearts, give 'em your bullets
They'll hurt less when they throw them back at you
Hope less romantics
Come on, hope a little less romantics

He never smiles when he's laughing
But gah there's a passion
You feel when he's gasping
We sleep with the monsters we make
In the evening, when curses have meanings
And every demon's just some other angel's mistake

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So bleed those wrists, and purse those lips
It's never getting any better than this (I'm afraid)
All endings are tragic, it's not that dramatic
They're so cause you wrote them that way

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Don't give 'em your hearts, give 'em your bullets
You'll never feel the trigger if it's you that pulls it
Hope less romantics
Come on, hope a little less romantics
Don't give 'em your hearts, give 'em your bullets
They'll hurt less when they throw them back at you
No surgeon will patch you
But at least love, you'll still have your heart
At least you'll still have your heart

Hope a little less romantics
Come on, hope a little less romantics
Hope a little less romantics