

Guilty Conscience

MAY-A

What do you, what do you, what you think?
What do you, what do you, what you think?
You'll just sit there and lie to me
Hear the shut of the door and the run of the sink
Taking your hands and washing them clean
Oh, you can lie to clear your name
I see through your cellophane

There's always an excuse
I'm starting to see through
Love me with an empty promise
Kiss me with your guilty conscience

We're sleeping with more room
Feel like I don't know you
Your touch is an empty promise
Kiss me with your guilty conscience

What do you, what do you, what do you play
Giving me love just to take it away
Blame it on needing space
Oh-oh
Look at me, look at me, right in my face
Don't tell me I'm crazy by shifting the blame
Oh, it doesn't matter what you say, you know I know it anyway

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It's more than just a feeling
It's how the floors are creaking
The stop and start, when I would ask the way your heart is beating