Stitches

Much The Same

A violent scream is better than the whisper of sweet nothings. It holds us together, and I'll never understand Why we don't let the flame burn the fan No I'll never understand, why we don't let the flames burn the fan

Kindness is where we fail Don't understand why we're happy to be (content to be!) in disc ontent This life is not well spent Is it better to suffer than to be alone?

So hide your heart and close your mind And put the key in a dark place that I can't find and don't for get to lie 'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind No don't forget to lie 'Cause we would rather leave the truth behind

If I treated you like dirt would you stick to me like mud? Why is this your idea of love? And I cant be clean we're coming apart at the seams Stitches can't fix everything