

# Backseat

Save Face

Misery, oh, won't you keep me company, oh, please?  
I know you hate the way I drag my feet  
Why does this conversation always seem to take the back seat?  
Why does the littlest confrontation always seem to make you angry?

You make me wish I was somebody else  
Somebody else

Inconsistent chemicals have brought me to my knees  
You know you love to walk away  
I hate to watch you leave  
Why does this hesitation feel so heavy?  
And why's it seem like every time I go to take my prescription,  
it's always empty?  
(And why's it seem like every time, it's empty?)

You make me wish I was someone else  
You make me wish I was someone else  
You make me wish I was someone else  
Oh honey, why does this conversation always seem to take the back seat?  
(Always seem to take the back seat)

You love to walk away  
I hate to watch you leave  
You love to walk away  
I hate to watch you walk away

You make me wish I was someone else  
You make me wish I was someone else  
You make me wish I was someone else  
You make, you make, you make