

The revolving door spins as my stomach turns  
It's 2am, 3rd degree burns  
In my eyes, and sometimes  
It's alright, it's alright  
And the telephone rings. Now it's off the hook.  
While I try to sing the telephone book  
For someone to come by  
And save me for the night

I'm so, I'm so, I'm so suffocated  
In the emergency room waiting  
But I think it's gonna be a while  
Light a match, burn all the files  
Code Orange on speed dial  
Speed dial

Watch the headlights pull away  
And my stomach drops into my legs  
And oh my god, it's been a day  
There was so much more that I want to say  
Lemon lime and cherry picking all the promises that you kept fo  
rgetting  
We mixed up the paperwork. Now we're in deep shit.  
Sir, for a dollar, how do you feel about it?

Do you, do you even know why?  
I do, I do believe it's a sign  
Golly, would you look at the time?  
I'm gonna take back what is mine

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