

May 24

Trophy Eyes

In a small town,
Where the old screen door on the corner store,
Always smelt like grease.
We were fucking around and wasting days,
In the middle of the street.
There lied my innocence,
It was taken from me,
The day the needle met your arm.

You swore to me,
I would never see you die,
Saving my meals,
To make sure that you ate at night.

I'll wait for you to call and say,
Things were just as fucked as I remember,
But it wasn't up to us to change.
If someone could have listened,
Maybe we'd have crossed their minds,
And I could un-see everything and feel responsible for my own life.

No you checked out,
Told yourself it's not your fault.
Running from the ghost of the days,
That you left us with.

And Lately,

I guess that's fine,
no one we knew took their lives,
Revenge is fucking tasteless.
But an eye will always cost an eye.

I'm taking responsibility,
For everything I did,
'Cause nobody made me do that shit.
The hard part is coming to terms,
With everything I've seen,
And that ain't easy.

I'll wait for you to call and say,
Things were just as fucked as I remember,
But it wasn't up to us to change.
If someone could have listened,
Maybe we'd have crossed their minds,
And I could un-see everything and feel responsible for my own life.

The hard part is coming to terms,
With everything I've seen,
And that ain't easy.

And I guess that's fine,
Nobody took their lives,
Revenge is tasteless,
But an eye will always cost an eye.

I still feel so fucking lost,

When I hear Blink on the radio.
So fucking lost, so lost.
I still feel so fucking lost,
When I hear Blink on the radio.
So fucking lost, so lost.

The hard part is coming to terms,
With everything I've seen,
And that ain't easy.