

Nose Bleed

Trophy Eyes

Typical me in the nosebleeds
Late to my own funeral
Down, down in front
A childhood flash in front of me
No matter how hard you try
You just can't fix what isn't there
I'll never love you like a father
But I'll love you like a friend

I'll learn to love you if it kills me

Taught to run and die alone
Left you wasted by the phone
You sure made men out of us
You sure made men out of us
Taught to run and die alone
Left you wasted by the phone
You sure made men out of us

Typical me in the palm trees
Got no time for anyone
Call, call your son
And break your heart with the message tone
A heavy hand makes the man
I know you knew no different
So I can't hate you for it
But I can't help the distance

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Friend
I'll learn to love you if it kills me

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