

Rough Draft

Yellowcard

1-2-3-4

Like a Saturday night I'll be gone
Like a Saturday night I'll be gone
before you knew that I was there

So you wrote it down
I'm supposed to care
Even though it's never there
Sorry if I'm not prepared
Is it hard to see the things you substitute
For me and all my thoughts of you
It's eating me alive to leave you

Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrong
But so is your blank stare in lieu of this song
Maybe it's childish and maybe it's wrong

Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song

I'm breathing in your skin tonight
Quiet is my loudest cry
Wouldn't wanna wake the eyes that make me melt inside
And if it's healthier to leave you be
may a sickness come and set me free
Kill me while I still believe that you were meant for me

I'm finding my own words, my own little stage
my own epic drama, my own scripted page
I'll send you the rough draft, I'll seal it with tears
Maybe you'll read it and I'll reappear
From the start it was shaky and the characters rash,
A nice setting for heartache where emotions come last
All I have deep inside, to overcome this desire
are friendly intentions and fair-weather smiles

And I don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
you're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song
Don't wanna be, don't wanna be wrong
You're leaving me, you're leaving me in lieu of this song

Like Saturday night I'll be gone
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Like Saturday night I'll be gone before you knew that I was there