

Violins

Yellowcard

I am just another fool, and I have to, keep telling myself that
I am just a hypocrite, and I have to, keep calling you one
And I forgot to bite my tongue, and my assumption, was the mother of all mistakes

So I assume the role, open my mouth, and clumsy words escape

So why you, wanna to be there, when you could be here, you are slipping away

I awake with your replacement, a bottle in my grasp, in an unfamiliar place

Because you put me out, the butt of a sick joke, into this ashtray life

As you come and go, and I forgot to service you, and we broke down

And you can't live with my mistakes, so I assume false grace
Open my arms and grasp at something true

How are you, how have you been, girl I miss you, wanna see you again

So why you, wanna to be there, when you could be here, you are slipping away

I bring out the worst in you, and you try and let me know
You bring out the worst in me, anxiety, anxiety

I'm trying to let you go, you say I'm giving you the creeps
So I assume the role, open my claws and grasp for your heart

How are you, how have you been, girl I miss you, wanna see you again

Into you like a mortal stake so vindictive
Your love's slipping away

Violins, into this ashtray life

Violins, the butt of your sick joke

Violins, I'm trying hard to let you go

Violins