

Write It On Your Hand

Marvelous 3

Don't ask me, I just crawled in here on my hands and knees
I can't see, from the fog on my glasses and sweating to death from the heat
It's alright, I've been shit on before, I've had other doors slammed in my face
But it's cool, I'll just go back to school
And learn how to lie to you better

(chorus)

Let me write it on your hand
So you won't forget
Forget just what you had
Go and write it on your hand

13 rings, and I picked up my cell phone and you gave me hell for awhile
About stupid things, like hanging out with that guy, and why the hell does he always smile
It's alright, 'cause my phone's out of range, ain't it funny and strange how you're fading away, I can't hear what you say
I guess you can write me a letter

(chorus)