

Burn After Writing

The Menzingers

Here's to you, the same chords that I stole
From a song that I once heard
The Same melody I borrowed from the void
I'd rather observe than structure a narrative
The characters are thin; the plot does not develop
It ends where it begins
It's on the screen, in paperbacks
In section 8 and cul-de-sacs
Electro haikus and drunk sonnets
Are moving me along

You cut my hair
You left red ink everywhere
Do my hands tell a story?
Is it boring?
(2x)

What I'd give to force your sigh
What I'd give to see you cry
What I'd give for your caress
To see your blue cotton dress
Balled up on the floor
Certain memories are the problem
Certain drunken lines are the shame
Seven hundred miles and four years
I can't fight the flame; it burns

You cut my hair
You left red ink everywhere
Do my hands tell a story?
Is it boring?
(2x)

Was I wishing on satellites?
Tell me how you've been doing that trick
I'm just wishing the flame away
Now I'm wishing the flame away