

# I Can't Seem to Tell

The Menzingers

one, two, three, four

well the silence hasn't been broken  
as we reach the point of utter disgust  
as the weeks drag on, the lies unfold  
the alcohol loses its touch  
and i once held your words close to my heart  
with a knife protecting all of them  
but now we've made our beds in a deep, dense forest  
we're sound  
we'll never take the blame

as i dig my hands in the cold, dark dirt  
in a search for roots now lost forever  
with one last great hope of a messiah  
i check the time and admit to the surrender terms  
remember the days when i had a conscience?  
yeah, me neither  
and i'm warning, i'm warning, i'm warning you  
and i'm warning, i'm warning, i'm warning you

that i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
if it's my head or the earth that's spinning around  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell anymore

i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
if it's my head or the earth that's spinning around  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
i can't seem to tell  
no, i can't seem to tell  
if it's my head or the earth that's spinning around