What did I miss here?
What can't you take anymore?
Expecting a whisper,
I heard the slam of a door

You say that all we ever do is fight Gee, I don't know that that's true. then I wonder, am I right? or is that part of our problem? Maybe I'm out of my mind. Maybe I'm blocking out the truth. But it seems like just a little thing, like you don't want to listen, and I can't shut up.

You don't have to smile at me. we don't have to talk. all that I ask is you stop, and remember, it isn't always this way.

You have the problem, it comes with our private jokes. when you're in a fury, laughter gets stuck in my throat.

Sometimes I wonder why we have so much trouble cheering each other up sometimes, when one or the other of us is down.

Instead it's like, when you're in a bad mood I look at you and I say, maybe she's knows something I don't know, maybe I should be upset.

You don't have to smile at me We don't have to talk.
All that I ask is you stop and remember, it isn't always this way.

The way that I feel when you laugh is like laughing. The way that I feel when you cry is so bad.