

All Time Low, Jasey Rae

The lights out,
I still hear the rain,
These images that fill my head,
Now keep my fingers from making mistakes,
Tell my voice what it takes,
To speak up,
Speak up,
and keep my conscience clear when I wake.

Don't make this easy,
I want you to mean it,
Jasey. (say you mean it)
You're dressed to kill,
I'm calling you out, (don't waste your time on me)

Now there's an aching in my back;
a stabbing pain that says I lack,
the common sense and confidence,
to bring an end to promises,
that I make in times of desperate conversation,
hoping my night could be better than theirs in the end.
Just say when.

Don't make this easy,
I want you to mean it,
Jasey. (say you mean it)
You're dressed to kill,
I'm calling you out, (don't waste your time on me)

I've never told a lie,
and that makes me a liar,
I've never made a bet,
but we gamble with desire,
I've never lit a match,
with intent to start a fire,
but recently the flames,
are getting out of control.
Call me a name,
Kill me with words,
Forget about me,
It's what I deserve,
I was your chance,
to get out of this town,
but I ditched the car,
and left you to,

Wait outside,
I hope the air will serve to remind you,
that my heart is as cold as the clouds of your breath,
and my words are as timed as the beating in my chest.