

(Do Your Part To Save The Scene And Stop Going To Shows)

This has been said so many times that I'm not sure if it matters  
But we never stood a chance  
And I'm not sure if it matters  
If you are the shores, I am the waves begging for big moons  
I'm mailing letters to addresses in a ghost town

You're secrets out  
I know it hurts, it was meant to  
Your secrets out and the best part is it isn't even a good one  
And it's mind over (you don't) matter

This has been said so many times that I'm not sure if it matters  
But it must be said again that all us boys are just screaming  
Into microphones for attention  
Because we're just so bored  
We never knew that you would pick it apart, oh  
I'm falling apart to songs about hips and hearts

You're secrets out  
I know it hurts, it was meant to  
Your secrets out and the best part is it isn't even a good one  
And it's mind over (you don't) matter

I used to obsess over living,  
Now I only obsess over you  
Tell me you'd like boys like me better  
In the dark lying on top of you  
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I know it hurts, it was meant to  
Your secrets out and the best part is it isn't even a good one  
And it's mind over (you don't) matter

From day one I talked about getting out  
But not forgetting about  
How all my worst fears are letting out  
He said why put a new address on the same old loneliness  
When breathing just passes the time  
Until we all just get old and die  
Now talking's just a waste of breath  
And living's just a waste of death  
And why put a new address on the same old loneliness  
And this is you and me and me and you until we've got nothing left