

# The Jealous Sound, Recovery Room

It's been a month since the Fourth of July  
Stood there and stared at the grief in my eyes  
Leave it to me to live out a lie

So I sat on the curb and I cried like a child  
Catching my breath just walk for awhile  
And I thought of what could go wrong

I'm already gone  
Don't say a word  
I can't hear you  
Don't hold me close  
I can't feel you

So I stopped at the store to grab cigarettes  
Couldn't say it out loud couldn't fathom it yet  
You finally feel and we feel like this

I'm sorry just wasn't enough destroying your faith  
Preserving your trust we couldn't choose  
And neither could I

I know that I left you for dead  
Don't give up so soon  
Because you know that we all have a bed  
It's waiting for you in the recovery room

Just forget everything that I said  
Washed out the wounds  
Walls painted red  
Waiting for you in the recovery room

She stood there in her summer dress  
Wind caught her hair and failed to confess  
I smiled as we raced through the night  
My hand caught her wings then nothing felt right

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Because you know that we all have a bed  
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Just forget everything that I said  
Washed out the wounds  
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