

# Country Song

## Murmurs

I'm sick of your lies  
And I'm sick of your threats  
I'm sick of the way you want  
And I'm sick of the way you get Wait'll I take off  
Wait'll you're so bored  
You'll still be waiting someday  
But you'll never be sure You're calling me with the blues  
It's something I've gotten use to  
You treat me like a meal  
That you wanna throw-up You treat me and you trick me  
And you don't show up  
Don't worry of the queen  
If the seats not sold  
I'm sure you'll keep your tan  
When the sun makes you look old  
You're calling me so what do you need  
Isn't that why you called? I know you think  
I'm such a fabulous person  
That's not the point  
Just tell me which way did you fall Just like that I've gone back on my word  
I love you too much to let you fly with a bird  
Coming down from an aeroplane crash  
Tapping off the shivers on your cigarette ash You're calling me with the blues  
It's something I've gotten use to  
You drive too fast  
[Unverified] in your mirrors  
I'm still one the fly  
That you'll get it together  
But when's the last time  
That you checked your mirrors I hope for your sake  
The vision is clearer  
You're calling me  
So what do you need? Isn't that why you called  
I know you think I'm such a fabulous person  
That's not the point  
Just tell me which way did you fall

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