

Mouthful of Diamonds

Phantogram

Wake up
You're gettin' high on your own supply
Oh, baby, you're still alive when you could've died, oh
The world is not around because of you
You know I'm not around because of you You've got a mouthful of diamonds
And a pocketful of secrets
I know you're never telling anyone
Because the patterns they control your mind
Those patterns take away my time
Hello, goodbye
Wasted
You tell the truth when you could've lied
And troubles are on the rise 'cause you're in disguise, oh
And if it isn't me
Then pack your bags and leave
I wish I could believe the devils won't take you back
Out to the salty sea
You've got a mouthful of diamonds
And a pocketful of secrets
I know you're never telling anyone
Because the patterns they control your mind
Those patterns take away my time
Hello
Goodbye
I wish I could believe ...

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>