

We are all contestants in your silly little game  
Your love's only expression is your personal gain  
You think that you're delicious in anything you do  
With silence as my witness, your cacophony's the truth

So I'll ask, don't lose what's already lost  
I'm begging you, don't lose what's already lost

How can you think that you've figured this out?  
You haven't got the range  
How do you think that the man gets made?  
It isn't magically

You never sought salvation, a life was being played  
But still you're getting married, you're gonna get paid  
Hard not to be suspicious of everything you do  
His absence is a sickness, his presence goes too smooth

So I'll ask, please don't walk out that door  
I'm begging you, don't dare walk through that door

Because how can you think that you've figured this out?  
You haven't got the range  
How do you think that the man gets made?  
It isn't magically  
Why do you think that the world owes you?  
(I want you)  
You and no-one else?  
(I need you)  
Wet bed, drip-fed, there's no hope  
(I bleed you)  
Though we never stood a chance  
(I love you)

Real love's much better than this  
Real love's much better  
Is it real love?  
Is it real love?  
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Is it real love?  
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