

The Average

Breathe Electric

I've got a Saturday night and I'm all alone
I've got my phone right here and I hope she'll call
But she's too pissed off at the way I am
And she calls me what I want from her
I've been expected too much to continue writing
All these shitty lame love songs that I hate
It's becoming real clear that I have no talent
And the kids are what I'm trying to reach

Oh, Come on

Love me, Steal me away
'Cause I've had enough of this
And I am whole
And I am strong
'Cause we're growing up too fast

Who's to say I'm always wrong
I think it's further from the truth to point that out
But I'm trying new style to progress once more
But real pop is where the money's at
Da-da-da-da-da is how it goes
But I guess it's in the eye of the beholder
It's because I don't stand right out
I guess guitar could be the difference

I could fight
I could fear
I could bruise
I could burn
We can kill
We can die
We can fight the good fight
We could fight, we could sleep, we could touch, we
could fuck
We could die, we could fall, we could stand up for each
other
We could fight the good fight

You've got to put it right back where it started
To figure out that we are meant for more
You've got to sit back and relax
'Cause I've found out that all this stress is killing
me