

The pressure is too much to take.
Every bend reaches a break,
but that's a sore subject.
It's time to get your head checked.
You can't keep dwelling on every
moment that slipped by, because
with every sunset is a sunrise.
And we don't know or care where we go,
just turn up that radio.
We'll sing along to all our favorite songs
and hope these interstates will go
on and on and on.

So long sincerity, escape your mind
Its your save haven from reality
but it's okay it didn't mean much anyway
to me.

It seems like just yesterday.
when we would stay up late out on your front lawn
talking about where we've been and all
the places we're going.
we would lose track of time watching
cars pass us by and I would sneak back
home before the sunrise
and how everyday would seem so long
and every night could go
on and on and on

Still bleeding from these back stabbed scars
young boys dying in an old mans war
and your sympathy can't take that away.

'Cause every night could go
on and on and on

so long sincerity, escape from reality. (5x)