

Seeing Sound

Bayside

This is the first scene of an act
With my own hand stuck in my back
Around here the puppet is the puppeteer
And I was down for the proverbial count
So what do you want from me?
Another song about apathy?
Heartbreak is a friend these days
But I couldn't care less
That's what I've been paid to say

I am lost a lot, but you can't believe me
And my stomach knots, but you can't see that
Whoa, I can't find my way, Whoa, I can't find it
Should I say something sensational now?
This life comes with some doubts

And now my life has become a circus
In the center ring, I'm a crying clown
It's a little too exciting on the trapeze
When you swing with your eyes closed to the ground
And pain can feel like a boomerang
You close your eyes it comes back again
Heartbreak is a trend these days
I couldn't care less
I've never been that trendy anyway

I am lost a lot, but you can't believe me
And my stomach knots, but you can't see that
Whoa, I can't find my way, Whoa, I can't find it
Should I say something sensational now?
This life comes with some doubts

We'll run along thinking everything is wrong
Watch our lives from a bar
Looking back is not so bad
Realize what you've been missing

Whoa, I can't find my way, Whoa, I can't find my way
Whoa, I can't find my way, Whoa, I can't find my way