

They Looked Like Strong Hands

Bayside

This isn't who I am.
From confidence to self doubt in 60 seconds.
Storming stages and stereos from here to there,
trying to prove that I belong.
Trying to win approval from people that I don't know.

And I look so strong
when the weight of all the world
don't take it's toll.
And I'd choose my sides
if I believed in what was right,
but I'm all wrong.

I'm not larger than life, I'm not taller than trees.
Do I mean what I say? Is it just this disease where I never go
home.
Never telling the truth how this life eats away.
Not admitting I'm fake
and I'm questioning whether this whole thing was worth it to di
e poor and all alone?

Just don't tell me this doesn't mean the world,
'cause my ears would bleed and my heart would hit the floor.