Temporary Title

Butch Walker

I opened up a can of worms
I could see myself hanging onto.
It's gonna sting, it's gonna burn
I can't win either way.

And over time I will just find a way to lose you after all
Until then we'll carry on.

I took a lot of shots for you
Some made my hangovers worse somedays.
The movies that you sat me through
Were never quite my taste

Don't get me wrong I miss the way I used to use you after all
But for now, just carry on.

We pass a bridge, we made it through
You feel different or all things the same.
The modulation never do
The story is untold.

And all I want is to get back to what I'm used to after all
Until then I'll carry on

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