

## Commentators

City and Colour

I don't wanna be revolutionary  
No, I'm just looking for the sweetest melody  
If I overstayed my welcome  
I would take my things and leave  
'Cause I'm not trying to be revolutionary

What gave you the impression  
That your opinion means anything to anyone?  
What gave you the right  
To bear arms against me... against us?

You're nothing but a bunch of amateur commentators  
Who live your lives hiding behind a wall of insecurities

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Imagine it's already broken  
As you hold it in your hand  
Think of all the work you're doing  
As work that you can only understand

Suppose it's already faded  
As it drapes across your back  
Believing all you have is wonderful  
Instead of everything that you lack

(2x)

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