

# Ambitions

Donkeyboy

Now, I can't behave  
I feel it in my feet on the streets  
But don't you know?  
There's something I can feel when I breathe

I told you once  
You're breaking into separate parts  
But don't you know?  
It's something that I can't live without

And if somebody's going to make it  
Then this somebody ought to be you  
And I keep telling my reflection  
Ambitions are already starting to fade

I can't tolerate  
The feelings that I feel when I feel  
But don't you know?  
Some feelings never seem to let go

Like a silver blade  
I cut my way out of control  
But don't you know?  
Some blades will cut you right to the bone

And if somebody's going to make it  
Then this somebody ought to be you  
And if somebody's going to fake it  
Then this somebody, somebody is you  
If it's me that was going to take it  
Then I know that it wouldn't be straight  
And I keep telling my reflection  
Ambitions are already starting to fade

I Can't tolerate (can't tolerate)  
I Can't tolerate (can't tolerate)

And if somebody's going to make it  
Then this somebody ought to be you  
And if somebody's going to fake it  
Then this somebody, somebody is you  
If it's me that was going to take it  
Then I know that it wouldn't be straight  
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