

We used to throw ourselves to the lions
And they'd just run off
You should have heard them laugh
When you turned your back
They never liked your style

And I hope that you hang in
Waiting for what's not there
That little mess you made
When it all came down
You should have saw your face

There was no one to stop it
No one to hold you back
I think I'll wait it all out
Until they cut you a deal
It never made much sense
I know you'll thank me someday