

My Low

Free Throw

Today's cold
And tomorrow's not looking up
Would it be too bold
To say that we're fucked?
To say we're fucked

All your excuses just came to light
And two of your wrongs probably means I'm right
Those feelings you brought out tonight
Might make me take the shit end of this fight

But I don't care
If tomorrow you're still here
Because right now
I'm living off that fear

Fuck!

Who says we can't be happy? (It's just love!)
Who says I can't be miserable?