

I'm never going to change, I'm  
never going to change a thing and  
what is there to gain, pretending  
you're something when you're not  
and there's nothing left of how things used to be.  
To nail the blame of your mistakes to anyone but you.  
I'm cutting the cord;  
I'm cutting the cord that keeps me.  
I'm cutting the ties;  
I'm cutting the ties that  
bind my feet to the ground  
It's getting harder to stay true  
when we were younger but that's  
not to say we should give in.  
To nail the blame of your mistakes to anyone but you.  
I'm cutting the cord;  
I'm cutting the cord that keeps me.  
I'm cutting the ties;  
I'm cutting the ties that  
bind my feet to the ground, my head in the sand.  
And when did the doors start to  
close and why did we just turn away?  
In favour of some passing  
trend that lets us down everyday.  
And do we believe in the words?  
Do we believe in the words that  
we say when we're screaming in  
each other's faces just like the good old days?