

Disenchanted

Handguns

Woah, sorry
Woah, hahaha
Woah...

Woah-woah
Woah-woah
Woah-woaaaah
Woah-woah
Woah-woah
Woah-woaaaah

Just like a wrecking ball swinging through a second story window
Everything's in pieces, my eyes just can't believe that
I feel the undertow pulling hard, never letting go
I can't fight this sinking feeling, hate the hands that they've been dealing

Instill the image of a saint
Into the heads of the people you hate

Lost my way and all my faith
The only thing that I believed in
Turned out to be something so different
And all I have left in me
Is some paper and a microphone
A sore throat and a broken home

Woah-woah
Woah-woah
Woah-woaaaah
Woah-woah
Woah-woah
Woah-woaaaah

On the opposing team, out for blood, not playing clean
Racking up the penalties. I don't watch my mouth I, say what I mean
Been doing this since nineteen what makes you think that you know anything,
yeah
It's you who fuels the anger for these words I put on paper

Thick skin but I can see through you
Vomit lies while you choke on the truth

Lost my way and all my faith
The only thing that I believed in
Turned out to be something so different
And all I have left in me
Is some paper and a microphone
A sore throat and a broken home

I won't forget that first December
I felt alive for the first time ever
Disappointment swallowed me
And sent me right back on the street

I lost my way and all my faith
The only thing that I believed in
Turned out to be something so different

And all I have left in me
Is some paper and a microphone
A sore throat and a broken home

The reason for my disenchantment
I know you'll take this for granted
Bled me dry of all my passion
This didn't go the way I planned it
The reason for my disenchantment
I know you'll take this for granted
Bled me dry of all my passion
This didn't go the way I planned it