

**53% Accurate**

**Into It. Over It.**

(Give me one more week and don't remind me)

Cool

I've seen this look on faces two other times before  
Full of sickness, with signs of terror, on my front porch  
You drove it all the way home  
And parked on the shop's bathroom floor  
To send a message to my pocket which should have said, "These tests are hardly accurate"

Oh please, don't let this get the best of me  
It's probably nothing  
It has got to be nothing

A perfect chance to right my wrongs where I've made mistakes before  
In stoic anticipation on my front porch  
But, our teeth are sore in places from the bullet we haven't bit  
So I'll ball my hands into fists  
To take the shaking from my fingertips

Oh please, don't let this get the best of me  
It's probably nothing  
It has got to be nothing

Any other news is good news on a day like today  
Give me one more week and keep me busy  
Any other news is good news on a day like today  
Give me one more week and don't remind me

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It's probably nothing  
It has got to be nothing  
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