

parachute!

Justin Stone

Yeah
You got
Got standards
Got some manners too
Got nothing to lose
So my life can't take a noose
A nuisance
Tell them it's the truth
Yeah, I push back you pull

Now we both fall down
Then we're falling sideways
In reverse, when I die
Put my money in the dirt
In the earth, ay
Call God saying that I'm through
Young blood, you can't catch me
Got no parachute
Got no, got no parachute

Patience
I starved myself for faces I don't know
I cope with that in my
I cope with that in my dreams
In my dreams, in my dreams
In my dreams, yeah
I cope with that in my head
I cope with that in my dreams
In my dreams, in my dreams
In my dreams
Cope with that in my
Cope with that in my

Down bad, falling sideways
In reverse, when I die
Put my money in the dirt
In the earth, ay
Call God saying that I'm through
Young blood, you can't catch me
Got no parachute
Got no, got no parachute