Shots rang out, but there's no gun Still, you hurt on everyone
In the dips of you, the sparks are good But you're not even trying, trying
You feel the knife in your gut
But you're so scared of what you want
You bite your lip and hold your tongue
What are you hiding? Hiding

We got tired of your charms

And tired of your false alarms

You're just a book that never turns its page

You can stand on the edge shouting out that you're ready to change (ready to change)
You can say what you want

You won't jump, you're not ready to change, ready to change

Happy times, there's been a few
A different me, a different you
Now you sell your soul for something new
But nobody's buying (buying)

'Cause we got tired of your charms
And tired of your false alarms
You're just a book that never turns its page

You can stand on the edge shouting out that you're ready to change (ready to change)

You can say what you want

You won't jump, you're not ready to change, ready to change

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