

Count Me Out

Luca Brasi

Said "don't worry about a single thing"
Cause I'm not worried about anything
Make a mess of myself as I mumble
The words fall out
Just so worried about everything

If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat

I got half a mind
(I got half a mind)
Tearing this thing from the floor it's like nailed down
To tear it out
To make a sound
To feel alive
If only one last time

If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat
If this is all we're gonna be
Then count me out
If this is all we're gonna be
Then count me out

If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
If this is all we're gonna be
I have developed a taste for defeat
If this is all we're gonna be