

Beware

Lucky Boys Confusion

Cut the engine when I'm all revved up, pull the rug beneath my feet
Pull the trigger when I'm wound up, then you turn your back on me
Then you say that I'm taking too much, that I'm talking to myself
And whether you like it or not you'll never ask for help
Breathing for you
Can't be all in my head
Changing scares you
This is all in your head
Beware, I swear, I will be waiting there
Draw the battlelines and back me down to the corner with such ease
Turn the knife til I'm so worked up all I do is aim to please
The power balance is now upside down with a sudden change of gears
Every single word is now washed up by your crocodile tears
The setting sun crumbles in the distance
Feeble words meeting new resistance
Tired games do they make a difference
Tired games, tired games