

Look at the mess that we made  
Who's gonna come and clean it up?  
Love is a game that we play  
The winners are wrong and they lose it all  
I'm only seconds away from throwing it down and giving it up  
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Figure it out in my brain, am I insane or falling in love?  
Figure it out in my brain, am I insane or falling in love?

Sirens calling, ringing out in my head  
And I'm falling, falling, falling in love again  
And I'm tired of trying and sick of the pain  
Sick of the lies and I'm sick of the games  
And I hear the sirens calling

Look at the mess that we made  
Nobody came to clean it up  
Nothing about us has changed  
All of the love, and all of the luck  
Even that look on your face, you're fading away and giving it up  
Even that look on your face, you're fading away and giving it up

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