

Goodbye

P.O.S.

Don't let them tell you what you think is cool
Don't let them tell you what you think is right
Don't let them tell you what you think you should do
(I receive the right)

Do you recognize when the world won't stop for you?
Or When the days don't care, what you got to do?
Or when you weight is too tough to lift up, what do you do? head on your shoes for you, don't let em choose for you

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Yeah, another day another dime, another state another mind, 48 moves to choose but no matter what coast we all, toast the same to who we are so much settling for ours, there's so many lives and so many lines waiting, there's only so much time, so many die patient, so many skate only when the ice is thin we too nice to not dive in right after them we too right to not swear a little wiggle from the path middle up foot up on the gas like the past's in the rear view last laugh lands on the man with the plan to do, all that he can to do, all that he can.

And we all say face in the face of our friends and we all bent backwards to make amends
And we all take chances to change us
Simple with yourself, hate just won't do

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Alright, a lot of my friends shake when they don't drink all my friends wheeze on they sleep all my friends think green but can't afford to live it, can't ignore the cynics can't explore the gimmicks can't afford the dividends limited only by the need to stay fed and giving up is like Latin, it's dead, it don't happen don't even cross the head lost in our own web but it's our bed, sleep sucks, I mean or least until I try or least until I

'm right but at least until I'm flyin' (let me get it on tight)
but at least until it's mine, but at least until it's time let
me set em up and knock em down com' on but at least until I'm
fine but at least until I'm warm but at least until I have a pi
ece to call my own but at least grown but at least until gone s
ay (goodbye!)

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