

The Only Thing Worse than Beating a Dead Horse Is Betting On One

Relient K

Just listen to the politician
Wishing his position wasn't missing
Everything his heart would like to say
And a constant in the constitution
Is that there can't be one solution
It'd be so far from the truth
And we would hate it anyway
Opinions are immunity to being told you're wrong
Paper, rock, and scissors
They all have their pros and cons

And all of us we will endure
Just like we always have
But you just can't be too sure
How long this will last

'cause we control the chaos
In the back of our minds
Our problems seem so small
But they grow on us like gravity
But gravity still makes us fall