

We fall
In the good and bad
From the second story or love
A Saturday doesn't get much better than this
I found a reason
I found a reason to bleed
Forget the stories that they read to you
And don't you worry about anything
Forget the stories that they read to you
I have a feel that everything will
Be just fine
Forget the stories that they read to you
Everything will be just fine
Forget the stories that they read to you
Tear out the pages and we can write our own book
Divided in two
The needle and you
We can write our own book
The fire that grew
Collided with new and grew
And grew
You won't find the answers
If you can't find the question
But maybe it's not in me
I'm just a fucked up kid
With a fucked up head
Wearing fucked up clothes
Spitting fucked up words to get to you
Words to get through
I am asking not begging
Just asking
So what do you think?
Don't give this a second thought
Cause I don't think I can
I don't think I can
Cause I'm a bad man
But if you think you can
I can build a plan
I plan to build a virtue
But if you think you can
If you think you can
I'll be on
I'll be strong
I'll be honestly honestly yours
We have a reason to fight now
We have a reason to fight
And now I'm staring up at the sky
Believing
Last night
I stared up at the sky
Believing that the voices
The annoying voices
Were whispering voices of angels
As the world started burning
We couldn't feel a thing
Cause everything's perfect
Everything's perfect