

Switchblades

The Copyrights

We brought knives to a gunfight, we're in over our heads
There's one in the chamber and all eyes seeing red
With switchblades blazing, we found a way out
Just keep on stabbing in the dark

Painted myself into a corner, don't even know where to start
Could walk through it with brand new shoes, or rot here staring
at my art
I try to tiptoe but it doesn't work, I look back at the smeared
up floor
Everything looks better than before

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We're grasping at straws
We're drawing for sticks
We look it over
It can't be fixed
Nothing is broken so it can't be fixed