

If I find my bearings, can I settle down?
Hiding my face often, since I lost my crown
Where did my faith go since it left town?
Do I die a little less often when I feign profound?

I say the wrong thing at the perfect time
That's my signature on the silver line

When I leave my home, I'm angled south
Where did my friends go? Have they heard my mouth?
I'm a sparkling diamond when I have my doubts
Do I die a little less often when I feign profound?

I say the wrong thing at the perfect time
That's my signature on the silver line

Do I die a little less often?
Do I die a little less often
Do I die a little less often
Do I die a little less often
Do I die a little less often when I feign profound?

I say the wrong thing at the perfect time
That's my signature on the silver line
I say the wrong thing at the perfect time
It's an accident when I fall in line

There is an elegance
I find in every risk
That I so often miss