

House Of Cards

Young Rising Sons

I could be your house of cards
Build me up or knock me down baby
I could be your shooting star
Make a wish or burn me out

Drown in the ocean of the things that we've done
We face the mirror or stare at the sun
We take our chances at falling in love
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
In your old Camaro but the engine won't turn
We're a book of matches but the fire don't burn
Keep reading the same page, but never learn
Is it black and white every time?

'Cause I could be your house of cards
Build me up or knock me down, baby
I could be your shooting star
Make a wish or burn me out
You can deal me in or you can count me out
You can show your bluff, it's in your hands now
'Cause I could be your house of cards
Build me up and knock me down

Maybe the damage is already done
I'll carry the baggage if it weighs too much
I'm crossing my fingers for a bit of luck
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Are we outta time or are we just jaded?
It's not black and white, things get complicated
Our hands are tied and I hate it

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And you are a still point in a turning world
Yeah you, you can hold me here or watch me swirl

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